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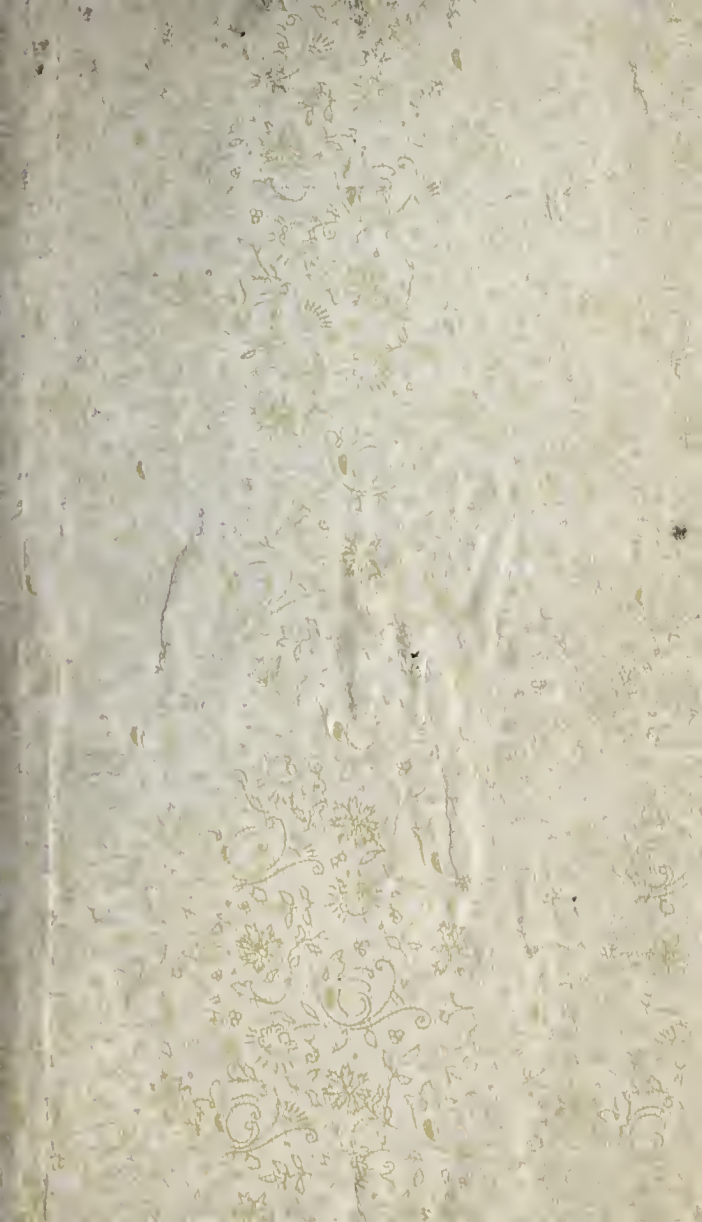
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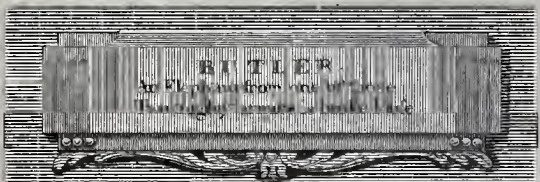
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THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
BRITISH POETS.

WITH  
LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,  
BY  
EZEKIEL SANFORD.

---

VOL. X.  
BUTLER, &c.

---

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.  
William Brown, Printer.

1819.

*Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit :*

BE IT REMEMBERED That on the sixteenth day of March, in the forty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

“ The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors, by Ezekiel Sanford.”

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “ An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned.”—And also to the act, entitled, “ An act supplementary to an act, entitled, ‘ An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

D. CALDWELL,  
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

# CONTENTS.

## WORKS OF BUTLER.

	Page
Preface . . . . .	1
The Elephant in the Moon . . . . .	5
----- in long verse . . . . .	21
----- a Fragment . . . . .	38
Repartees between Cat and Puss at a Caterwauling, in the modern heroic way . . . . .	41
To the Hon. Edward Howard, Esq. upon his incomparable Poem of the British Princes . . . . .	45
Palinode to the Hon. Edward Howard, Esq. upon the same . . . . .	47
Panegyric upon Sir John Denham's Recovery from his Mad- ness . . . . .	50
Upon Critics who judge of modern Plays precisely by the Rules of the Ancients . . . . .	53
Prologue to the Queen of Arragon, acted before the Duke of York, upon his Birth-day . . . . .	56
Epilogue to the same. To the Duchess . . . . .	57
Upon Philip Nye's thanksgiving Beard . . . . .	58
Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man . . . . .	63
----- upon the licentious Age of Charles II. . . . .	70
----- upon Gaming . . . . .	76
----- to a bad Poet . . . . .	79
----- on our ridiculous Imitation of the French . . . . .	83
----- upon Drunkenness . . . . .	87
----- upon Marriage . . . . .	90
----- upon Plagiaries . . . . .	94
----- in Two Parts, upon the Imperfection and Abuse of Human Learning. Part I. . . . .	100
Fragments of an intended Second Part of the foregoing Sa- tire . . . . .	106

	Page
Upon an hypocritical Nonconformist. A Pindaric Ode	116
Upon Modern Critics. A Pindaric Ode	125
To the happy Memory of the most renowned Du Val. A Pindaric Ode	129
A Ballad upon the Parliament which deliberated upon making Oliver a King	135
A Ballad, in Two Parts. Conjectured to be on Oliver Cromwell. Part I.	137
Part II.	139
Miscellaneous Thoughts	141
Triplets upon Avarice	167
Description of Holland	<i>ib.</i>
To his Mistress	168
To the same	<i>ib.</i>
Epigram on a Club of Sots	169
Hudibras's Elegy	<i>ib.</i>
Hudibras's Epitaph	173

### SELECT POEMS OF THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

Life of the Author	177
To Charles the Second, on his Restoration	179
To the Queen Mother, on the Death of the Princess of Orange	180
Dialogue between Strephon and Daphne	182
Alexis and Strephon	185
The Discovery	188
The Mistress, a Song	189
Love and Life, a Song	190
Song, 'While on those lovely looks I gaze'	191
Ditto, 'Give me leave to rail at you'	<i>ib.</i>
Answer to Ditto	192
Constancy, a Song	193
Song, 'My dear Mistress has a heart'	194
Ditto. In imitation of Sir John Eaton	<i>ib.</i>
Epistle from Lord Rochester to Lord Mulgrave	195
Satire against Mankind	198
Upon Nothing	205
An Allusion to the tenth Satire of the first book of Horace	207
To Sir Car Scrope, a Satire	211
Epilogue	212
Prologue, spoken at Whitehall, before King Charles II.	214

## SELECT POEMS OF THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

	Page
Life of the Author . . . . .	219
An Essay on Translated Verse . . . . .	223
Paraphrase on the 148th Psalm . . . . .	236
Prologue spoken to the Duke of York, at Edinburgh .	239
Song on a Young Lady who sung finely, and was afraid of a Cold . . . . .	240
Ode on Solitude . . . . .	241
The Dream . . . . .	242
The Ghost of the old House of Commons to the new one to meet at Oxford . . . . .	243
On the Death of a Lady's Dog . . . . .	245
Epilogue to Alexander the Great . . . . .	246
The Day of Judgment . . . . .	247
Ross's Ghost . . . . .	249
On Dryden's 'Religio Laico' . . . . .	250

## SELECT POEMS OF THOMAS OTWAY.

Life of the Author . . . . .	255
The Poet's Complaint to his Muse . . . . .	259
Ode, 'To a high hill where never yet stood tree' . .	261
The Enchantment . . . . .	284
The Complaint . . . . .	285

## SELECT POEMS OF JOHN POMFRET.

Life of the Author . . . . .	289
The Choice . . . . .	291
Love triumphant over Reason . . . . .	296
The fortunate Complaint . . . . .	315
Strephon's love for Delia justified . . . . .	320
Pastoral Essay on the Death of Queen Mary . . . .	325
To a Friend under affliction . . . . .	332
To another Friend under affliction . . . . .	335
To his Friend inclined to marry . . . . .	338
To a Painter drawing Dorinda's Picture . . . . .	339

	Page
To the same, after he had finished the Picture . . .	340
Cruelty and Lust . . . . .	341
On the Divine Attributes . . . . .	354
Eleazer's Lamentation over Jerusalem . . . . .	367
A Prospect of Death . . . . .	375
The General Conflagration and ensuing Judgment . . .	380

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
SAMUEL BUTLER.

WITH  
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY  
EZEKIEL SANFORD.





## PREFACE.

---

**IT** would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these REMAINS. Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste; and all that can be required from the Publisher is to satisfy the world, that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions.

This has already been attempted in the printed proposals for the subscription; but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion, that the manuscripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own hand-writing; as evidently appears from some original letters of his found amongst them: that, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple; who (as the writer of Butler's life informs us) was at the charge of burying him; that, upon Mr. Longueville's decease they became the property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, Esq. who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Esq. and that this gentle-

man has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

‘ I do hereby certify, that the papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer, are the *original manuscripts* of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of *Hudibras*, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq.

‘ Walgherton, Cheshire,  
Nov. 20, 1754.

JOHN CLARKE.’

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this work, and it be very certain that every thing in it is the performance of Butler; yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance: others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars; and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the poet’s character and memory; and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader, which the posthumous works of every writer have a just claim to.

It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments, or such pieces as he had not given the

last hand to. Without controverting the justness of this remark in general; one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular case, and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of *Hudibras* is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expense, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity; and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half intelligible seraps of an ancient classic: no reason can, I think, be assigned, why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege; except we will absurdly and enthusiastically fancy, that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals. It may be added, too, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular, too, in his manner of writing; every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity.

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own sentiments upon these *Remains*; and shall rather choose to wait for the judgment of the public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me, that I have faithfully discharged the office of an editor; and shall leave to future erities the pleasure

of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the author's meaning; by reciting and explaining some circumstances, not generally known, to which he alludes: and he cannot but observe, that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions.

Although my author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets; the world may probably think that the publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner. All that I have to say (and to persons of candour I need to say no more) is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature; and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own.

THE  
ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.\*

---

A LEARN'D society of late,  
The glory of a foreign state,  
Agreed, upon a summer's night,  
To search the Moon by her own light;  
To take an invent'ry of all  
Her real estate, and personal;  
And make an accurate survey  
Of all her lands, and how they lay,  
As true as that of Ireland,† where  
The sly surveyors stole a shire:  
To' observe her country, how 'twas planted,‡  
With what she' abounded most, or wanted;  
And make the properest observations  
For settling of new plantations,

\* This poem was intended by the author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which, according to his opinion at least, ran too much, at that time, into the virtuosi taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

† A supposed satirical allusion to Sir William Petty, who was employed in taking a survey of Ireland in Cromwell's time; and was afterwards impeached, for mismanagement in the allotments of the Irish lands.

‡ Bishop Wilkins wrote a discourse to prove, that the moon may be an habitable world.

If the Society should incline  
To' attempt so glorious a design.

This was the purpose of their meeting,  
For which they chose a time as fitting,  
When, at the full, her radiant light  
And influence too were at their height.  
And now the lofty tube, the scale  
With which they heav'n itself assail,  
Was mounted full against the Moon,  
And all stood ready to fall on,  
Impatient who should have the honour  
To plant an ensign first upon her.

When one, who for his deep belief  
Was virtuoso then in chief,\*  
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,  
To solve impossibilities,  
Advancing gravely, to apply  
To the' optie glass his judging eye,  
Cried, ' Strange !'—then reinforce'd his sight  
Against the Moon with all his might,  
And bent his penetrating brow,  
As if he meant to gaze her through ;  
When all the rest began to' admire,  
And, like a train, from him took fire ;  
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,  
At what they did not understand,  
Cried out, impatient to know what  
The matter was, they wonder'd at.

Quoth he, ' The' inhabitants o' th' Moon,  
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,  
Do live in cellars under ground,  
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,

\* William, Viscount Brownlow, then president of the Royal Society, is the person supposed.



(In which at once they fortify  
Against the sun and th' enemy)  
Which they count towns and cities there,  
Because their people's civiler  
Than those rude peasants, that are found  
To live upon the upper ground,  
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are  
Perpetually in open war ;  
And now both armies, highly' enrag'd,  
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,  
And many fall on both sides slain,  
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.  
Look quickly then, that every one  
May see the fight before 'tis donc.'

With that a great philosopher,  
Admir'd and famous far and near,  
As one of singular invention,  
But universal comprehension,  
Applied one eye, and half a nosc,  
Unto the optic engine close ;  
For he had lately undertook  
To prove, and publish in a book,  
That men, whose natural eyes are out,  
May, by more powerful art, be brought  
To see with the' empty holes, as plain  
As if their eyes were in again ;  
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,  
'To make an optic of a nose,  
As clearly' it may, by those that wear  
But spectacles, be made appear,  
By which both senses being' united,  
Does render them much better sighted.  
This great man, having fix'd both sights  
To view the formidable fights,

Observ'd his best, and then cried out,  
'The battle's desperately fought;  
The gallant Subvolvani rally,  
And from their trenches make a sally  
Upon the stubborn enemy,  
Who now begin to rout and fly.

'These silly ranting Privolvans,  
Have every summer their campaigns,  
And muster, like the warlike sons  
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,  
As numerous as soland geese  
I' the' islands of the Orcades,  
Courageously to make a stand,  
And face their neighbours hand to hand,  
Until the long'd-for winter's come,  
And then return in triumph home,  
And spend the rest o' the' year in lies,  
And vapouring of their victories.  
From the' old Arcadians they're believ'd  
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,  
And when her orb was new created,  
To people her were thence translated:  
For as the' Arcadians were reputed  
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,  
Whom nothing in the world could bring  
To civil life, but fiddling;  
They still retain the antique course  
And custom of their ancestors,  
And always sing and fiddle to  
Things of the greatest weight they do.'

While thus the learn'd man entertains  
The' assembly with the Privolvans;  
Another, of as great renown,  
And solid judgment, in the Moon,

That understood her various soils,  
 And which produc'd best genet-moyles.\*  
 And in the register of fame  
 Had enter'd his long-living name;  
 After he had por'd long and hard  
 I' the' engine, gave a start, and star'd—

Quoth he, 'A stranger sight appears  
 Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;  
 A wonder more unparallel'd,  
 Than ever mortal tube beheld;  
 An Elephant from one of those  
 Two mighty armies is broke loose,  
 And with the horror of the fight  
 Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:  
 Look quickly, lest the sight of us  
 Should cause the started beast to' imboss.†  
 It is a large one, far more great  
 Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,  
 From which we boldly may infer,  
 The Moon is much the fruitfuller.  
 And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought  
 Those living castles first, 'tis thought,  
 Against the Romans, in the field;  
 It may an argument be held  
 (Arcadia being but a piece,  
 As his dominions were, of Greece)  
 To prove what this illustrious person  
 Has made so noble a discourse on,  
 And amply satisfied us all  
 Of the' Privolvans' original.

\* John Evelyn, Esq. F. R. S. wrote a treatise called *Pomona*, in which (speaking of the best sort of cider-apples) he says, 'Some commend the fox-whelp; and the gennet-moyle was once preferred to the very red-streak,' &c.

† To imboss, is to hide himself, or run into cover.

That Elephants are in the Moon,  
 Though we had now discover'd none,  
 Is easily made manifest;  
 Since, from the greatest to the least,  
 All other stars and constellations  
 Have cattle of all sorts of nations;  
 And heaven, like a Tartar's horde,  
 With great and numerous droves is stor'd :  
 And if the Moon produce by Nature,  
 A people of so vast a stature,  
 'Tis eonsequent she should bring forth  
 Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,  
 (As by the best aecounts appears  
 Of all our great'st diseoverers)  
 And that those monstrous ereatures there  
 Are not such rarities as here.'

Meanwhile the rest had had a sight  
 Of all partieulars o' th' fight,  
 And every man, with equal care,  
 Perus'd of the' Elephant his share,  
 Proud of his interest in the glory  
 Of so miraculous a story;  
 When one, who for his excellenee  
 In heightning words and shadowing sense,  
 And magnifying all he writ  
 With curious microscopie wit,  
 Was magnified himself no less  
 In home and foreign eolleges,  
 Began (transported with the twang  
 Of his own trillo) thus to' harangue.

'Most excellent and vertuous friends,  
 This great diseovery makes amends  
 For all our unsuecessful pains,  
 And lost expense of time and brains :

For, by this sole phenomenon,  
We've gotten ground upon the Moon,  
And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute  
With all the planets that stand out ;  
To carry this most vertuous war  
Home to the door of every star,  
And plant the' artillery of our tubes  
Against their proudest magnitudes ;  
To stretch our victories beyond  
The' extent of planetary ground,  
And fix our engines, and our ensigns,  
Upon the fixt stars' vast dimensions,  
(Which Archimede, so long ago,  
Durst not presume to wish to do)  
And prove, if they are other suns,  
(As some have held opinions,)  
Or windows in the' empyreum,  
From whence those bright effluvias come  
Like flames of fire, (as others guess)  
That shine i' the mouths of furnaces.  
Nor is this all we have achiev'd,  
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,  
And have no more our best designs,  
Because they're ours, believ'd ill signs,  
To' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,  
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge ;  
Nor shall our ablest vertuosis  
Prove arguments for coffee-houses ;  
Nor those devices, that are laid  
Too truly on us, nor those made  
Hereafter, gain belief among  
Our strictest judges, right or wrong ;  
Nor shall our past misfortuncs more  
Be charg'd upon the ancient score ;

No more our making old dogs young  
Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;  
Nor new-invented ehariots draw  
The boys to course us, without law;  
Nor putting pigs to' a bitch to nurse,  
To turn 'em into mongrel-eurs,  
Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,  
And hold too much wit, or too little;  
Nor shall our speculations, whether  
An elder-stick will save the leather  
Of schoolboys' breeches from the rod,  
Make all we do appear as odd.  
'This one discovery's enough  
To take all former scandals off—  
But since the world's incredulous  
Of all our scrutinies, and us;  
And with a prejudice prevents  
Our best and worst experiments,  
(As if they' were destin'd to miscarry,  
In concert tried, or solitary,)  
And since it is uncertain when  
Such wonders will occur again;  
Let us as cautiously contrive  
To draw an exact Narrative  
Of what we every one can swear  
Our eyes themselves have seen appear;  
That when we publish the account,  
We all may take our oaths upon't.'

This said, they all with one consent  
Agreed to draw up th' instrument;  
And, for the general satisfaction,  
To print it in the next Transaction.  
But whilst the chiefs were drawing up  
This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,

One, peeping in the tube by chance,  
Beheld the Elephant advance,  
And from the west side of the Moon  
To the' east was in a moment gone.

This being related, gave a stop  
To what the rest were drawing up ;  
And every man, amaz'd anew  
How it could possibly be true,  
That any beast should run a race  
So monstrous, in so short a space,  
Resolv'd, howe'er to make it good,  
At least as possible as he could,  
And rather his own eyes condemn,  
Than question what he 'ad seen with them.

While all were thus resolv'd, a man  
Of great renown there, thus began—  
' 'Tis strange, I grant ; but who can say  
What cannot be, what can, and may ?  
Especially' at so hugely vast  
A distance as this wonder's plac'd,  
Where the least error of the sight  
May show things false, but never right ;  
Nor can we try them, so far off,  
By any sublunary proof :  
For who can say that Nature there  
Has the same laws she goes by here ?  
Nor is it like she has infus'd,  
In every species there produc'd,  
The same efforts she does confer  
Upon the same productions here ;  
Since those with us, of several nations,  
Have such prodigious variations,  
And she affects so much to use  
Variety in all she does.



Hence may b' infer'd that, though I grant  
We 'ave seen i' the' Moon an Elephant,  
That Elephant may differ so  
From those upon the earth below,  
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,  
As being of a different breed,  
'That though our own are but slow-pac'd,  
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,  
And yet be Elephants, no less  
'Than those of Indian pedigrees.'

This said, another of great worth,  
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,  
Look'd wise, then said—'All this is true,  
And learnedly observ'd by you ;  
But there's another reason for't,  
'That falls but very little short  
Of mathematic demonstration,  
Upon an accurate calculation,  
And that is—As the earth and moon  
Do both move contrary upon  
Their axes, the rapidity  
Of both their motions cannot be  
But so prodigiously fast,  
That vaster spaces may be past  
In less time than the beast has gone,  
Though he 'ad no motion of his own,  
Which we can take no measure of,  
As you have clear'd by learned proof.  
This granted, we may boldly thence  
Lay claim to' a nobler inference,  
And make this great phænomenon  
(Were there no other) serve alone  
To clear the grand hypothesis  
Of the' motion of the earth from this.'

With this they all were satisfied,  
 (As men are wont to be bias'd side),  
 Applauded the profound dispute,  
 And grew more gay and resolute,  
 By having overcome all doubt,  
 Than if it never had fall'n out :  
 And, to complete their Narrative,  
 Agreed to' insert this strange retrieve.

But while they were diverted all  
 With wording the Memorial,  
 The footboys, for diversion too,  
 As having nothing else to do,  
 Seeing the telescope at leisure,  
 Turn'd vertuosis for their pleasure ;  
 Began to gaze upon the Moon,  
 As those they waited on had done,  
 With monkey's ingenuity,  
 That love to practice what they see ;  
 When one, whose turn it was to peep,  
 Saw something in the engine creep,  
 And, viewing well, discover'd more  
 Than all the learn'd had done before ;  
 Quoth he, ' A little thing is slunk  
 Into the long star-gazing trunk,  
 And now is gotten down so nigh,  
 I have him just against mine eye.'

This being overheard by one  
 Who was not so far overgrown  
 In any vertuous speculation,  
 To judge with mere imagination ;  
 Immediately he made a guess  
 At solving all appearances,  
 A way far more significant  
 Than all their hints of the' Elephant,

And found, upon a second view,  
His own hypothesis most true;  
For he had scarce applied his eye  
To the engine, but immediately  
He found a Mouse was gotten in  
The hollow tube, and, shut between  
The two glass windows in restraint,  
Was swell'd into an Elephant;  
And prov'd the vertuous occasion  
Of all this learned dissertation:  
And, as a mountain heretofore  
Was great with child, they say, and bore  
A silly mouse; this mouse, as strange,  
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.

Meanwhile the rest in consultation  
Had pen'd the wonderful Narration,  
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,  
To attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,  
When this accurs'd phænomenon  
Confounded all they 'ad said or done.  
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,  
But they' all were in a tumult straight,  
More furiously enrag'd by far,  
Than those that in the Moon made war,  
To find so admirable a hint,  
When they had all agreed to' have seen't,  
And were engag'd to make it out,  
Obstructed with a paltry doubt:  
When one, whose task was to determine  
And solve the' appearances of vermin,  
Who 'ad made profound discoveries  
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice,  
(Though not so curious, 'tis true,  
As many a wise rat-catcher knew)

After he had with signs made way  
For something great he had to say :  
——— ‘ This disquisition  
Is, half of it, in my discession ;  
For though the Elephant, as beast,  
Belongs of right to all the rest,  
The Mouse, being but a vermin, none  
Has title to, but I alone ;  
And therefore hope I may be heard,  
In my own province, with regard.

‘ It is no wonder we ’re cried down,  
And made the talk of all the Town,  
That rants and swears, for all our great  
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,  
If every one have leave to doubt,  
When some great secret’s half made out ;  
And, ’cause perhaps it is not true,  
Obstruct, and ruin all we do.  
As no great act was ever done,  
Nor ever can, with truth alone,  
If nothing else but truth we’ allow,  
’Tis no great matter what we do :  
For Truth is too reserv’d, and nice,  
To’ appear in mix’d societies ;  
Delights in solit’ry abodes,  
And never shows herself in crowds ;  
A sullen little thing, below  
All matters of pretence and show ;  
That deal in novelty and change,  
Not of things true, but rare and strange,  
To treat the world with what is fit,  
And proper to its natural wit ;  
The world, that never sets esteem  
On what things are, but what they seem ;

And if they be not strange and new,  
They 're ne'er the better for b'ing true.  
For what has máankind gain'd by knowing  
His little truth, but his undoing,  
Which wisely was by Nature hidden,  
And only for his good forbidden?  
And therefore with great prudenee docs  
The world still strive to keep it elose ;  
For if all seeret truths were known,  
Who would not be once more undone?  
For truth has always danger in't,  
And here, perhaps, may cross some hint  
We have already' agreed upon,  
And vainly frustrate all we 'ave done ;  
Only to make new work for Stubbs,\*  
And all the aeademie elubs.  
How much, then, ought we have a care  
That no man know above his share,  
Nor dare to understand, henceforth,  
More than his contribution's worth ;  
That those who 'ave purehas'd of the college  
A share, or half a share, of knowledge,  
And brought in none, but spent repute,  
Should not be' admitted to dispute,  
Nor any man pretend to know  
More than his dividend eomes to ?  
For partners have been always known  
To cheat their publie interest prone ;  
And if we do not look to ours,  
'Tis sure to run the self-same course.'

\* Henry Stubbes, physician at Warwick, published a book entitled, 'Legends no Histories ; or a Specimen of some Animadversions upon the History of the Royal Society,' 1670.

'This said, the whole assembly' allow'd  
The doctrine to be right and good,  
And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,  
Resolv'd to give Truth no regard,  
But what was for their turn to vouch,  
And either find, or make it such :  
That 'twas more noble to create  
Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,  
Than with vexatious pains and doubt  
To find, or think to' have found, her out.

This being resolv'd, they, one by one,  
Review'd the tube, the Mouse, and Moon ;  
But still the narrower they pry'd  
The more they were unsatisfy'd,  
In no one thing they saw agreeing,  
As if they 'ad several faiths of seeing.  
Some swore, upon a second view,  
That all they 'd seen before was true,  
And that they never would recant  
One syllable of the' Elephant ;  
Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,  
But a true Elephant's proboscis.  
Others began to doubt and waver,  
Uncertain which o' the' two to favour,  
And knew not whether to espouse  
The cause of the' Elephant or Mouse  
Some held no way so orthodox  
To try it, as the ballot-box ;  
And, like the nation's patriots,  
To find, or make, the truth by votes :  
Others conceiv'd it much more fit  
To' unmount the tube, and open it,  
And for their private satisfaction,  
To re-examine the Transaction,

And after explicate the rest,  
As they should find cause for the best.

To this, as the' only expedient,  
The whole assembly gave consent ;  
But ere the tube was half let down,  
It clear'd the first phænomenon :  
For, at the end, prodigious swarms  
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,  
Had all past muster, by mischance,  
Both for the Sub-and Privolvans.  
This being discover'd, put them all  
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,  
Asham'd that men so grave and wise  
Should be Chaldes'd by gnats and flies,  
And take the feeble insects' swarms  
For mighty troops of men at arms ;  
As vain as those who, when the Moon  
Bright in a crystal river shone,  
Threw casting-nets as subtly at her,  
To catch and pull her out o' the water.

But when they had unscrew'd the glass,  
To find out where the' impostor was,  
And saw the Mouse, that, by mishap,  
Had made the telescope a trap ;  
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,  
To be so openly convicted,  
Immediately they get them gone,  
With this discovery alone ;—  
That those who greedily pursue\*  
Things wonderful, instead of true ;

\* From his moral application of the whole, it may be observed that the Poet's real intention, in this satire, was not to ridicule real and useful philosophy, but only that conceited and whimsical taste for the marvellous and surprising, which hath prevailed so much among the learned of all ages.



That in their speculations choose  
To make discoveries strange news,  
And natural hist'ry a Gazette  
Of tales stupendous and far-fet ;  
Hold no truth worthy to be known  
That is not huge and overgrown,  
And explicate appearances,  
Not as they are, but as they please,  
In vain strive nature to suborn,  
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

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## THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE.\*

A VERTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late  
The pride and glory of a foreign state,  
Made an agreement, on a summer's night.  
To search the Moon at full by her own light ;  
To take a perfect invent'ry of all  
Her real fortunes, or her personal,  
And make a geometrical survey  
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,  
As accurate as that of Ireland, where  
The sly surveyor's said to' have sunk a shire :  
To' observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,  
And what she most abounded with, or wanted ;  
And draw maps of her properest situations  
For settling, and erecting new plantations,

\* After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other is manifest (said Mr. Thyer) from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper.

If ever the Society should incline  
To' attempt so great and glorious a design :  
[A task in vain, unless the German Kepler\*  
Had found out a discovery to people her,  
And stock her country with inhabitants  
Of military men and Elephants :  
For the' Ancients only took her for a piece  
Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,  
Till he appear'd ; for which, some write, she sent  
Upon his tribe as strange a punishment.]

This was the only purpose of their meeting,  
For which they chose a time and place most fitting,  
When, at the full, her equal shares of light  
And influence were at their greatest height.  
And now the lofty telescope, the scale,  
By which they venture Heav'n itself to' assail,  
Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,  
And all the rest stood ready to fall on ;  
Impatient who should bear away the honour  
To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.

When one, who for his solid deep belief  
Was chosen virtuoso then in chief,  
Had been approv'd the most profound and wise  
At solving all impossibilities,  
With gravity advancing, to' apply  
To the' optic glass his penetrating eye,  
Cried out, ' O strange ! ' then reinforc'd his sight  
Against the Moon with all his art and might,  
And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,  
As if he meant to stare and gaze her through,

\* This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition ; and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed between Brackets.

While all the rest began as much to' admire,  
And, like a powder-train, from him took fire,  
Surpris'd with dull amazement beforehand,  
At what they would, but could not understand,  
And grew impatient to discover what.

The matter was they so much wonder'd at.

Quoth he, 'The old inhabitants of the Moon,  
Who, when the sun shines hottest about noon,  
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,  
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,  
In which at once they use to fortify  
Against the sun-beams and the enemy,  
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,  
Because the' inhabitants are civiller  
Than those rude country peasants that are found,  
Like mountaineers, to live on the' upper ground,  
Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are  
Perpetually in state of open war.

And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,  
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,  
And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain,  
As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain.  
Look in it quickly then, that every one  
May see his share before the battle's done.

At this a famous great philosopher,  
Admir'd and celebrated, far and near,  
As one of wondrous singular invention,  
And equal universal comprchension ;  
[By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,  
For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,  
An universal canting idiom,  
To understand the swinging pendulum,  
And to communicate, in all designs,  
With the' Eastern vertuosi mandarines,]

Applied an optic nerve, and half a nose,  
To the' end and centre of the engine, close :  
For he had very lately undertook  
To vindicate and publish in a book,  
That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,  
May by more admirable art be brought  
To see with empty holes, as well and plain  
As if their eyes had been put in again.  
This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight  
To' observe the bloody formidable fight,  
Consider'd carefully, and then cried out,  
' 'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought ;  
'The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,  
And from their trenches valiantly sally,  
To fall upon the stubborn enemy,  
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.  
These paltry domineering Privolvans  
Have, every summer-season, their campaigns,  
And muster, like the military sons  
Of Rawhead and victorious Bloodybones,  
As great and numerous as soland geese  
I' the' summer-islands of the Oreades,  
Courageously to make a dreadful stand,  
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,  
Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,  
And then disband, and march in triumph home,  
And spend the rest of all the year in lies,  
And vapouring of their unknown victories.  
From the' old Arcadians they have been believ'd  
To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd ;  
And, when her orb was first of all created,  
To be from thence, to people her, translated :  
For as those people had been long reputed,  
Of all the Pelopounesians the most stupid,

Whom nothing in the world could ever bring  
To' endure the civil life but fiddling,  
They ever since retain the antique course,  
And native frenzy of their ancestors,  
And always use to sing and fiddle to  
Things of the most important weight they do.'

While thus the virtuoso entertains  
The whole assembly with the Privolvans,  
Another sophist, but of less renown,  
Though longer observation of the Moon,  
That understood the difference of her soils,  
And which produe'd the fairest genet-moyles,  
[But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension  
Had fin'd for wit, and judgment; and invention,]  
Who, after poring tedious and hard  
In the' optie engine, gave a start, and star'd,  
And thus began—'A stranger sight appears  
Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres;  
A greater wonder, more unparallel'd  
Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld;  
A mighty Elephant from one of those  
Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,  
And with the desperate horror of the fight  
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright:  
Look quickly, lest the only sight of us  
Should cause the startled creature to imboss.  
It is a large one, and appears more great  
Than ever was produe'd in Afrie yet;  
From which we confidently may infer,  
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.  
And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought  
Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,  
Against the Roman army in the field,  
It may a valid argument be held,

(The same Arcadia being but a piece,  
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)  
To vindicate what this illustrious person  
Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on,  
And giv'n us ample satisfaction all  
Of the' ancient Privolván's original.

‘That Elephants are really in the Moon,  
Although our fortune had discover'd none,  
Is easily made plain, and manifest,  
Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,  
All other globes of stars and constellations  
Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations,  
And Heaven, like a northern Tartar's horde,  
With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd:  
And if the Moon can but produce by Nature  
A people of so large and vast a stature,  
'Tis more than probable, she should bring forth  
A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth;  
As by the best accounts we have, appears  
Of all our crediblest discoverers,  
And that those vast and monstrous creatures there  
Are not such far-fet rarities as here.’

Meanwhile, the' assembly now had had a sight,  
Of all distinct particulars o' the' fight,  
And every man, with diligence and care,  
Perus'd and view'd of the' Elephant his share,  
Proud of his equal interest in the glory  
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story;  
When one, who for his fame and excellence  
In heightening words and shadowing of sense,  
And magnifying all he ever writ  
With delicate and microscopic wit,  
Had long been magnified himself no less  
In foreign and domestic colleges,

Began at last (transported with the twang  
Of his own elocution) thus to' harangue :

‘ Most vertuous and incomparable Friends,  
This great discovery fully makes amends  
For all our former unsuccessful pains,  
And lost expenses of our time and brains ;  
For by this admirable phænomenon,  
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,  
And gain'd a pass to' engage and hold dispute  
With all the other planets that stand out,  
And carry on this brave and vertuous war  
Home to the door of thc' obstinatest star,  
And plant the' artillery of our optic tubes  
Against the proudest of their magnitudes ;  
To stretch our future victories beyond  
The uttermost of planetary ground,  
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,  
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,  
To prove if they are other suns or not,  
As some philosophers have wisely thought,  
Or only windows in the' empyreum,  
Through which those bright effluvias use to come  
Which Archimede, so many years ago,  
Durst never venture but—to wish to know.  
Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd,  
But greater things!—hencforth to be believ'd;  
And have no more our best or worst designs;  
Because they're ours, suspected for ill signs.  
To' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,  
Shall, hencforth, be no more laid to our charge ;  
Nor shall our best and ablest vertuosis  
Prove arguments again for coffee-houses ;  
[Nor little stories gain belief among  
Our criticallest judges, right or wrong:]



Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw  
 The boys to course us in 'em without law ;  
 [Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,  
 Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries :  
 No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)  
 With butter only harden'd in the sun ;  
 Or men that use to whistle loud enough  
 To' be heard by others plainly five miles off,  
 Cause all the rest, we own and have avow'd,  
 To be believ'd as desperately loud.]  
 Nor shall our future speculations, whether  
 An elder-stick will render all the leather  
 Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,  
 Make all we undertake appear as odd.  
 This one discovery will prove enough  
 To take all past and future scandals off :  
 But since the world is so incredulous  
 Of all our usual scrutinies and us,  
 And with a constant prejudice prevents  
 Our best as well as worst experiments,  
 As if they were all destin'd to miscarry,  
 As well in concert tried as solitary ;  
 And that the' assembly is uncertain when  
 Such great discoveries will occur again,  
 'Tis reasonable we should, at least, contrive  
 To draw up as exact a Narrative  
 Of that which every man of us can swear  
 Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,  
 That when 'tis fit to publish the account,  
 We all may take our several oaths upon 't.'

This said, the whole assembly gave consent  
 To drawing up the' authentic instrument,  
 And, for the nation's general satisfaction,  
 To print and own it in their next Transaction :



But while their ablest men were drawing up  
The wonderful Memoir o' th' telescope,  
A member peeping in the tube by chance,  
Beheld the Elephant begin to advance,  
That from the west-by-north side of the Moon  
To the' east-by-south was in a moment gone.  
This being related, gave a sudden stop  
To all their grandees had been drawing up,  
And every person was amaz'd a-new,  
How such a strange surprisal should be true,  
Or any beast perform so great a race,  
So swift and rapid, in so short a space,  
Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,  
Or render all as fairly as they could,  
And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,  
Than question what they had beheld with them.

While every one was thus resolv'd, a man  
Of great esteem and credit thus began :  
' 'Tis strange, I grant ; but who, alas ! can say  
What cannot be, or justly can, and may ?  
Especially' at so hugely wide and vast  
A distance, as this miracle is plac'd ;  
Where the least error of the glass, or sight,  
May render things amiss, but never right ?  
Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,  
By any equal sublunary proof :  
For who can justify, that Nature there  
Is tied to the same laws she acts by here ;  
Nor is it probable she has infus'd  
Int' every species in the Moon produc'd,  
The same efforts she uses to confer  
Upon the very same productions here ;  
Since those upon the earth, of several nations,  
Are found t' have such prodigious variations,

And she affects so constantly to use  
Variety in every thing she does.  
From hence may be infer'd that, though I grant  
We have beheld i' the' Moon an Elephant,  
That Elephant may chanee to differ so  
From those with us upon the earth below,  
Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,  
As being of a different kind and breed,  
That though 'tis true our own are but slow-pac'd,  
Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,  
And yet be very Elephants, no less  
Than those deriv'd from Indian families.'

This said, another member of great worth,  
Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,  
[In which the mannerly and modest author  
Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,]  
Look'd wise a while, then said—'All this is true,  
And very learnedly observ'd by you ;  
But there's another nobler reason for't,  
That, rightly' observ'd, will fall but little short  
Of solid mathematic demonstration,  
Upon a full and perfect calculation ;  
And that is only this—As the' earth and moon  
Do constantly move contrary upon  
Their several axes, the rapidity  
Of both their motions cannot fail to be  
So violent, and naturally fast,  
That larger distances may well be pass'd  
In less time than the Elephant has gone,  
Although he had no motion of his own,  
Which we on earth can take no measure of,  
As you have made it evident by proof.  
This granted, we may confidently hence  
Claim title to another inference,

And make this wonderful phænomenon  
(Were there no other) serve our turn alone  
To vindicate the grand hypothesis,  
And prove the motion of the earth from this.

This said, the' assembly now was satisfied,  
As men are soon upon the bias'd side ;  
With great applause receiv'd the' admir'd dispute,  
And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,  
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,  
Than if the' occasion never had fall'n out ;  
Resolving to complete their Narrative,  
And punctually insert this strange retrieve.

But while their grandees were diverted all  
With nicely wording the Memorial,  
The foot-boys, for their own diversion, too,  
As having nothing, now, at all to do,  
And when they saw the telescope at leisure,  
Turn'd vertuosis, only for their pleasure,  
[With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity,  
That take delight to practise all they see,]  
Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,  
As those, they waited on, before had done :  
When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,  
Saw something in the lofty engine creep,  
And, viewing carefully, discover'd more  
Than all their masters hit upon before.  
Quoth he, ' O strange ! a little thing is slunk  
On the' inside of the long star-gazing trunk ;  
And now is gotten down so low and nigh  
I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.'

This chancing to be overheard by one  
Who was, not yet, so hugely overgrown  
In any philosophic observation,  
As to conclude with mere imagination ;

And yet he made immediately a guess  
At fully solving all appearances  
A plainer way, and more significant  
'Than all their hints had prov'd o' the' Elephant,  
And quickly found, upon a second view,  
His own conjecture, probably, most true;  
For he no sooner had applied his eye  
To the' optie engine, but immediately  
He found a small field-mouse was gotten in  
'The hollow telescope, and shut between  
The two glass-windows, closely in restraint,  
Was magnified into an Elephant,  
And prov'd the happy vertuous occasion  
Of all this deep and learned dissertation.  
And as a mighty mountain heretofore,  
Is said to' have been begot with echild, and bore  
A silly mouse; this captive mouse, as strange,  
Produe'd another mountain in exchange.

Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,  
Had finish'd the miraeulous Narration,  
And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,  
To' attest and vouch the truth of all they'd writ,  
When this unfortunate phænomenon  
Confounded all they had deelar'd and done:  
For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at,  
But all the rest were in a tumult straight,  
More hot and furiously enrag'd by far,  
Than both the hosts that in the moon made war,  
To find so rare and admirable a hint,  
When they had all agreed and sworn to' have seen't,  
And had engag'd themselves to make it out,  
Obstrueted with a wretched paltry doubt.  
When one, whose only task was to determine  
And solve the worst appearances of vermin,

Who oft' had made profound discoveries,  
In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,  
(Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,  
As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew)  
After he had a while with signs made way  
For something pertinent he had to say,  
At last prevail'd—Quoth he, ' This disquisition  
Is, the one half of it, in my discession ;  
For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,  
Belongs, of natural right, to all the rest ;  
The Mousc, that's but a paltry vermin, none  
Can claim a title to but I alone ;  
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,  
In my own province, freely with regard.

' It is no wonder that we are cried down,  
And made the table-talk of all the Town,  
That rants' and vapours still, for all our great  
Designs and projects, we 'ave done nothing yet ;  
If every one have liberty to doubt,  
When some great secret's more than half made out,  
Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true,  
And put a stop to all we' attempt to do,  
As no great action ever has been done,  
Nor ever's like to be, by Truth alone,  
If nothing else but only truth we' allow,  
'Tis no great matter what we' intend to do ;  
[For truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,  
To' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd ;  
A solitary anchorite, that dwells  
Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,]  
Disdains all great assemblies, and defies  
The press and crowd of mix'd societies,  
That use to deal in novelty and change,  
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,

To entertain the world with what is fit  
And proper for its genius and its wit ;  
The world that's never found to set esteem  
On what things are, but what they' appear and seem ;  
And if they are not wonderful and new,  
They're ne'er the better for their being true.  
[For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind  
Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,  
A greediness and gluttony o' the brain,  
That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,  
And grows more desperate, like the worst diseases  
Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes ?]  
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing  
His little truths, unless his own undoing,  
That prudently by Nature had been hidden,  
And, only for his greater good, forbidden ?  
And therefore with as great discretion does  
The world endeavour still to keep it close :  
For if the secrets of all truths were known,  
Who would not, once more, be as much undone ?  
For truth is never without danger in't,  
As here it has depriv'd us of a hint  
The whole assembly had agreed upon,  
And utterly defeated all we 'ad done,  
[By giving foot-boys leave to interpose,  
And disappoint whatever we propose :]  
For nothing but to cut out work for Stubbs,  
And all the busy academic clubs,  
[For which they have deserv'd to run the risks  
Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks.]  
How much, then, ought we have a special care  
That none presume to know above his share,  
Nor take upon him to' understand, henceforth,  
More than his weckly contribution's worth ;

That all those that have purchas'd of the college  
A half, or but a quarter share of knowledge,  
And brought none in themselves, but spent repute,  
Should never be admitted to dispute ;  
Nor any member undertake to know  
More than his equal dividend comes to ?  
For partners have perpetually been known  
To' impose upon their public interest prone ;  
And if we have not greater care of ours,  
It will be sure to run the self-same course.'

This said, the whole Society allow'd  
The doctrine to be orthodox and good,  
And from the' apparent truth of what they 'ad heard,  
Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard ;  
But what was for their interests to vouch,  
And either find it out, or make it such :  
That 'twas' more admirable to create  
Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit,  
Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,  
To find, or but suppose to' have found it out.

This being resolv'd, the' assembly, one by one,  
Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon ;  
But still the more and curiouser they pry'd,  
They but became the more unsatisfied :  
In no one thing they gaz'd upon, agreeing,  
As if they 'ad different principles of seeing.  
Some boldly swore, upon a second view,  
That all they had beheld before was true,  
And damn'd themselves, they never would recant  
One syllable they had seen of th' Elephant ;  
Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,  
But a true natural Elephant's proboscis.  
Others began to doubt as much, and waver,  
Uncertain which to disallow or favour :



[Until they had as many cross resolves,  
As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,]  
And grew distracted whether to espouse  
The party of the Elephant or Mouse.  
Some held there was no way so orthodox,  
As to refer it to the ballot-box,  
And, like some other nation's patriots,  
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:  
Others were of opinion 'twas more fit  
To' unmount the telescope and open it,  
And, for their own and all men's satisfaction,  
To search and re-examine the Transaetion;  
And afterward to explicate the rest,  
As they should see occasion for the best.

To this, at length, as the' only expedient,  
The whole assembly freely gave consent;  
But ere the optie tube was half let down,  
Their own eyes clear'd the first phanomenon:  
For at the upper end, prodigious swarms  
Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,  
Had all past muster in the glass by chance,  
For both the Peri and the Subvolvans.

This being discover'd, once more put them all  
Into a worse and desperater brawl;  
Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise  
Should be trepan'd by paltry gnats and flies,  
And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms  
For squadrons and reserves of men in arms:  
As politic as those who, when the Moon  
As bright and glorious in a river shone,  
Threw easting-nets with equal eunning at her,  
To catch her with, and pull her out o' the' water.

But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass,  
To find out where the sly impostor was,



And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap  
 Had catch'd himself, and them, in the' optic trap;\*  
 Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted  
 To find themselves so openly convicted,  
 Immediately made haste to get them gone,  
 With none, but this discovery alone,—  
 That learned men, who greedily pursue  
 Things that are rather wonderful than true,  
 And, in their nicest speculations, choose  
 To make their own discoveries strange news,  
 And natural history rather a Gazette  
 Of rarities stupendous and far-fet;  
 Believe no truths are worthy to be known,  
 That are not strongly vast and overgrown,  
 And strive to explicate appearances,  
 Not as they're probable, but as they please,  
 In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,  
 And, for their pains are justly paid with scorn.

\* Butler, to compliment his Mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, to the end of this Poem subjoined the following epigrammatical note.

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long  
 Ago been tried, and by old Homer sung,  
 And purchas'd him more everlasting glory  
 Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,  
 Though he appears unequal match'd I grant,  
 In hulk and stature by the Elephant,  
 Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle,  
 To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,  
 When having boldly enter'd the redoubt,  
 And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout;  
 The little vermin, like an errant-knight,  
 Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

## *THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.*

A FRAGMENT.\*

A LEARNED man, whom once a week  
A hundred vertuosis seek,  
And like an oracle apply'd to,  
'To' ask questions, and admire, and lie to,  
Who entertain'd them all of course  
(As men take wives for better or worse)  
And past them all for men of parts,  
Though some but sceptics in their hearts:  
For when they're cast into a lump,  
Their talents equally must jump;  
As metals mixt, the rich and base  
Do both at equal values pass.

With these the ord'nary debate  
Was after news, and things of state;  
Which way the dreadful comet went,  
In sixty-four, and what it meant?  
What nations yet are to bewail  
The operation of its tail?  
Or whether France or Holland yet,  
Or Germany, be in its debt?  
What wars and plagues in Christendom  
Have happen'd since, and what to come?  
What kings are dead, how many queens  
And princesses are poison'd since?

\* Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which was found among his papers fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain; the Fragment, that is preserved, is in some sort explanatory of the preceding poem.

And who shall next of all by turn  
Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?  
What parties next of foot, or horse,  
Will rout, or routed be, of course?  
What German marches, and retreats,  
Will furnish the next month's Gazettes?  
What pestilent contagion next,  
And what part of the world infect?  
What dreadful meteor, and where,  
Shall in the heavens next appear?  
And when again shall lay embargo  
Upon the' Admiral, the good ship Argo?  
Why currents turn in seas of ice  
Some thrice a day, and some but twice?  
And why the tides, at night and noon,  
Court, like Caligula, the Moon?  
What is the natural cause why fish,  
That always drink, do never p---ss?  
Or whether in their home, the deep,  
By night or day, they ever sleep?  
If grass be green, or snow be white,  
But only as they take the light?  
Whether possessions of the devil,  
Or mere temptations do most evil?  
What is't that makes all fountains still  
Within the earth to run up hill,  
But on the outside down again,  
As if th' attempt had been in vain?  
Or what's the strange magnetic cause  
The steel or loadstone's drawn, or draws?  
The star the needle, which the stone  
Has only been but touch'd upon?  
Whether the North-star's influence  
With both does hold intelligence?

(For red-hot iron, held towards the pole,  
Turns of itself to't, when 'tis cool :)  
Or whether male and female screws  
In the' iron and stone the' effect produce ?  
What makes the body of the sun,  
That such a rapid course does run,  
To draw no tail behind through the' air,  
As comets do, when they appear ;  
Which other planets cannot do,  
Because they do not burn, but glow ?  
Whether the Moon be sea or land,  
Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand ;  
Or if the dark holes that appear,  
Are only pores, not cities there ?  
Whether the atmosphere turn round,  
And keep a just pace with the ground ;  
Or loiter lazily behind,  
And clog the air with gusts of wind ?  
Or whether crescents in the wane,  
(For so an author has it plain)  
Do burn quite out, or wear away  
Their snuffs upon the edge of day ?  
Whether the sea increase, or waste,  
And if it do, how long 'twill last ?  
Or if the sun approaches near  
The earth, how soon it will be there ?

These were their learned speculations,  
And all their constant occupations,  
To measure wind, and weigh the air,  
And turn a circle to a square ;  
To make a powder of the sun,  
By which all doctors should b' undone ;  
To find the north-west passage out,  
Although the furthest way about ;

If chemists from a rose's ashes  
 Can raise the rose itself in glasses?  
 Whether the line of incidence  
 Rise from the object, or the sense?  
 To stew the' elixir in a bath  
 Of hope, credulity, and faith;  
 To explicate, by subtle hints,  
 The grain of diamonds and flints,  
 And in the braying of an ass  
 Find out the treble and the bass;  
 If mares neigh alto, and a cow  
 A double diapason lowe.

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## *REPORTEES BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS,*

### AT A CATERWAULING.

#### IN THE MODERN HEROIC WAY.\*

It was about the middle age of night,  
 When half the earth stood in the other's light,  
 And sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,  
 Gave wearied Nature a restorative;  
 When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs,  
 Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,  
 Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,  
 And sporting on delightful faggot-piles;

\* This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain: as any one may perceive who will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,  
As ladies use at midnight in the Park ;  
Or seeking in tall garrets an aleove,  
For assignations in th' affairs of love.  
At once his passion was both false and true,  
And the more false, the more in earnest grew.  
He fancied that he heard those amorous charms  
That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,  
To which he always brought an equal flame,  
To fight a rival, or to court a dame :  
And as in dreams love's raptures are more taking  
Than all their actual enjoyments waking,  
His amorous passion grew to that extreme,  
His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.  
Thought he, ' What place is this ? or whither art  
Thou vanish'd from me, mistress of my heart ?  
But now I had her in this very place,  
Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace ;  
And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,  
I know not how, nor whither, thou'rt escap'd :  
Stay, and I'll follow thee'—With that he leapt  
Up from the lazy couch on which he slept,  
And wing'd with passion, through his known purlieu,  
Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,  
Nor stop'd, until his fire had him convoy'd  
Where many assignations he 'ad enjoy'd ;  
Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,  
That long had stay'd and call'd before he came ;  
Impatient of delay, without one word,  
To lose no further time, he fell aboard,  
But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,  
While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd :—  
C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address ;  
Canst thou, at once, both injure and caress ?

*P.* Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy powerful charms,

And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.

*C.* He that does love would set his heart a-tilt,  
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.

*P.* Your wounds are but without, and mine within ;  
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin ;  
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,  
You blame the' effect, of which you are the cause.

*C.* How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade ?  
Had it not first been by your own betray'd ?

Hence 'tis my greatest crime has only been  
(Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being seen.

*P.* I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.

*C.* That's worse than making cruelty a sport.

*P.* Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,  
That sets it off to a more noble height.

*C.* He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,  
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.

*P.* Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.

*C.* But grows intolerable if it last.

*P.* Love is too full of honour to regard  
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.

What knight durst ever own a lover's name,  
That had not been half-murder'd by his flame ;  
Or lady, that had never lain at stake,  
To death, or force of rivals for his sake ?

*C.* When love does meet with injury and pain,  
Disdain's the only med'cine for disdain.

*P.* At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,  
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.

*C.* Preposterous way of pleasure and of love,  
That contrary to its own end would move !

'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy ;

Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.

*P.* Enjoying and destroying are all one ;  
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.

*C.* He never lov'd at any generous rate,  
That in the' enjoyment found his flame abate ;  
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make  
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,  
So should fruition do the lover's fire,  
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.

*P.* What greater proof that passion does transport,

When what I would die for, I'm forc'd to hurt ?

*C.* Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,  
And far below a sullen humour priz'd,  
That is more seorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,  
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds :  
But since you understand not what you do,  
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.

*P.* Passion begins indifferent to prove,  
When love considers any thing but love.

*C.* The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,  
And though they pierce it, never hurt the skin ;  
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,  
Though through the tenderest part of all, the eye ;  
But your sharp claws have left enough to shew  
How tender I have been, how cruel you.

*P.* Pleasure is pain ; for when it is enjoy'd,  
All it could wish for was but to be alloy'd.

*C.* Force is a rugged way of making love.

*P.* What you like best, you always disapprove.

*C.* He that will wrong his love will not be nice,  
To' excuse the wrong he does to wrong her twice.

*P.* Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.

*C.* Wounds are ill cur'd with a good intent.

*P.* When you mistake that for an injury  
I never meant, you do the wrong, not I.



*C.* You do not feel yourself the pain you give ;  
 But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,  
 But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,  
 That can be cruel where you own a flame.

*P.* 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty  
 Which you at once outdo, and blame in me ;  
 For while you stifle and inflame desire,  
 You burn, and starve me, in the self-same fire.

*C.* It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,  
 Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't ;  
 As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,  
 Make others pay for what themselves have done.

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TO THE HONOURABLE

*EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.*

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF THE BRITISH  
 PRINCES.\*

SIR,

You have oblig'd the British nation more  
 Than all their bards could ever do before ;  
 And, at your own charge, monuments more hard  
 Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd :  
 For as all warlike nations take delight  
 To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,  
 You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,  
 And no less virtuously improv'd your own :

\* Most of the celebrated wits in Charles the Second's reign addressed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called 'The British Princes,' and, among the rest, Butler.

For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,  
Or they have acted at a nobler height.  
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd  
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd ;  
Describ'd their eustoms and their rites anew,  
Better than all their Druids ever knew ;  
Unriddled their dark oracles as well  
As those themselves that made them could foretel :  
For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,  
Arthur would come to govern them again,  
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,  
And in this poem plac'd him on his throne.  
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,  
To raise the dead, and give new life to men ;  
Make rival princes meet in arms and love,  
Whom distant ages did so far remove :  
For as eternity has neither past  
Nor future, (authors say) nor first nor last,  
But is all instant ; your eternal Muse  
All ages can to any one reduce..  
Then why should you, whose miracle of art  
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,  
Trouble in vain your better-busied head  
To' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead ?  
For since you have such arbitrary power,  
It were defect in judgment to go lower,  
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,  
As use to take the vulgar latitude.  
There's no man fit to read what you have writ,  
That holds not some proportion with your wit ;  
As light can no way but by light appear,  
He must bring sense that understands it here.

## A PALINODE

TO THE

*HON. EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.*

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE BRITISH PRINCES.

It is your pardon, sir, for which my Muse  
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, sues ;  
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,  
She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit ;  
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write,  
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white :  
But such is her belief in your just candour,  
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,  
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense  
Of silly emulation or offence ;  
No : your sufficient wit does still declare  
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare  
So vain and senseless a presumption own,  
To yoke your vast parts in comparison :  
And yet you might have thought upon a way  
To' instruct us how you'd have us to obey ;  
And not command our praises, and then blame  
All that's too great or little for your fame :  
For who could choose but err, without some trick  
To take your elevation to a nick ?  
As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,  
To make the Mayor of London an oration,  
Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might  
Take measure of his mouth, to fit it right :

So, had you sent a seantling of your wit,  
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;  
But 'tis not just to' impose, and then cry down  
All that's unequal to your huge renown:  
For he that writes below your vast desert,  
Betrays his own, and not your want of art.  
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close  
To the' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose;  
Derives its comeliness from being unfit,  
And such have been our praises of your wit;  
Which is so extraordinary, no height  
Of fancy but your own can do it right:  
Witness those glorious poems you have writ  
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,  
And those stupendous discoveries  
You've lately made of wonders in the skies:  
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear  
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere?  
Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,  
Or put a circle about *vacuum*?  
What should confine those undetermin'd crowds,  
And yet extend no further than the clouds?  
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,  
A sign and an ascendant were all one?  
Or how 'tis possible the moon should shrowd  
Her faee, to peep at Mars behind a eloud;  
Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,  
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?  
Who ever did a language so enrich,  
To scorn all little partieles of speech? [found  
For though they make the sense clear, yet they're  
To be a scurvy hindrance to the sound;  
Therefore you wisely seorn your style to humble,  
Or for the sense's sake to wave the rumble.

Had Homer known this art, he'd ne'er been fain  
To use so many particles in vain,  
'That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps  
To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.  
You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those  
Which, in construction, you o'ersee and lose ;  
And by this art do Priscian no wrong  
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.  
These are your own discoveries, which none  
But such a Muse as your's could hit upon,  
That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,  
Make things more intricate than all the schools :  
For what have laws of art to do with you,  
More than the laws with honest men and true ?  
He that's a prince in poetry, should strive  
To cry 'em down by his prerogative, &  
And not submit to that which has no force  
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.  
Your poems will endure to be tried  
I' th' fire, like gold, and come forth purified ;  
Can only to eternity pretend,  
For they were never writ to any end.  
All other books bear an uncertain rate,  
But those you write are always sold by weight ;  
Each word and syllable brought to the scale,  
And valued to a scruple in the sale.  
For, when the paper's charg'd with your rich wit,  
'Tis for all purposes and uses fit ;  
Has an abstersive virtue to make clean  
Whatever Nature made in man obscene.  
Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kite,  
Without your verse, can make a noble flight.  
It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet ;  
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it ;

For burning but one leaf of your's, they say,  
 Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.  
 Cooks keep their pies from burning with your wit,  
 Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit :  
 And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,  
 When arsenic's only wrapp'd up in the verse.  
 These are the great performances that raise  
 Your mighty parts above all reach of praise,  
 And give us only leave to' admire your worth,  
 For no man, but yourself, can set it forth ;  
 Whose wond'rous pow'rs so generally known,  
 Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

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### *A PANEGYRIC*

UPON SIR JOHN DENHAM'S RECOVERY FROM HIS  
 MADNESS.\*

SIR, you've outliv'd so desperate a fit  
 As none could do, but an immortal wit ;  
 Had your's been less, all helps had been in vain,  
 And thrown away, though on a less sick brain ;  
 But you were so far from receiving hurt,  
 You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.  
 As when the' Arabian bird does sacrifice,  
 And burn himself in his own country's spice,  
 A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,  
 Which after does to a young phoenix turn :  
 So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,  
 Did life renew'd, and vigorous youth acquire ;

\* Wood informs us that Denham was made a knight of the Bath, and much esteemed by the king ; but, upon some discontent arising from a second marriage, became for a time deranged.

And with so much advantage, some have guest,  
Your after-wit is like to be your best,  
And now expect far greater matters of ye  
Than the bought 'Cooper's Hill,' or borrow'd 'So-  
Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse, [phy;'  
Like those he made himself, or not much worse;  
And Seneca's dry sand, unmix'd with lime,  
Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in rhyme.  
Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride  
And native insolence quite laid aside;  
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont  
All, that you durst with safety, to affront.  
No china cupboard rudely overthrown,  
Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down;  
No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,  
With verses forty times more lewd than his:  
Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,  
And hold it out, where you had built a sconce;  
Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,  
For asking what in fruit and love you'd scor'd;  
But all civility and complaisance,  
More than you ever us'd before or since.  
Beside, you never over-reach'd the King  
One farthing, all the while, in reckoning;  
Nor brought in false accompt, with little tricks  
Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks;  
False mustering of workmen by the day,  
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay  
For those that never lived; all which did come,  
By thrifty management, to no small sum.  
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,  
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,  
As you were wont; till all you built appear'd  
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd:

For had the stones (like his) charm'd by your verse,  
Built up themselves, they could not have done worse :  
And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,  
You did design to do't no other way.

All this was done before those days began  
In which you were a wise and happy man :  
For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,  
Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes ?  
Who ever greater treasure could command,  
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,  
Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast  
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,  
Or all those practis'd upon public money ?  
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.  
For ever are you bound to curse those quacks  
That undertook to cure your happy cracks ;  
For though no art can ever make them sound,  
The tampering cost you threescore thousand pound.  
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and lost,  
Yet been no more undone by being choust ;  
Nor forc'd upon the King's accompt to lay  
All that, in serving him, you lost at play !  
For nothing but your brain was ever found  
To suffer sequestration, and compound.  
Yet you've an imposition laid on brick,  
For all you then laid out at Beast or Gleek ;  
And when you've rais'd a sum, straight let it fly,  
By understanding low, and venturing high ;  
Until you have reduc'd it down to tick,  
And then recruit again from lime and brick.



## *UPON CRITICS,*

WHO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS PRECISELY BY THE  
RULES OF THE ANCIENTS\*.

WHOEVER will regard poetic fury,  
When it is once found Idiot by a jury,  
And every pert and arbitrary fool  
Can all poetic licence over-rule;  
Assume a barbarous tyranny to handle  
The Muses, worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;  
Make 'em submit to verdict and report,  
And stand or fall to the' orders of a court?  
Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary  
Proceedings of a witless plagiarist,  
That forges old records and ordinances  
Against the right and property of fancies;  
More false and nice, than weighing of the weather  
To the' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,  
Or measuring of air upon Parnassus,  
With cylinders of Torricellian glasses;  
Reduce all tragedy, by rules of art,  
Back to its antique theatre, a cart;  
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads  
Of reverend choruses and episodes;  
Reform and regulate a puppet-play,  
According to the true and ancient way,

\* This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, historiographer to Charles II. who censured three tragedies of Beaumont and Fletcher; and who stigmatised some of Shakespeare's plays as bloody farces, and his heroes as jack-puddings.

That not an actor shall presume to squeak,  
Unless he have a licence for't in Greek ;  
Nor Whittington henceforward sell his eat in  
Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin :  
No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,  
Unless it be in order to raise pity ;  
Nor devil in the puppet-play be' allow'd  
To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd,  
Unless some god or demon chance t' have piques  
Against an ancient family of Greeks ;  
That other men may tremble and take warning,  
How such a fatal progeny they're born in ;  
For none but such for Tragedy are fitted,  
That have been ruin'd only to be pitied ;  
And only those held proper to deter,  
Who've had the' ill luck against their wills to err :  
Whence only such as are of middling sizes,  
Between morality and venal vices,  
Are qualified to be destroy'd by Fate,  
For other mortals to take warning at.

As if the antique laws of Tragedy  
Did with our own municipal agree,  
And serv'd, like cobwebs, but t' ensnare the weak,  
And give diversion to the great to break ;  
To make a less delinquent to be brought  
To answer for a greater person's fault,  
And suffer all the worst, the worst approver  
Can, to excuse and save himself, discover.

No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd  
To draw true images of all mankind ;  
To punish in effigy criminals,  
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false ;  
But a club-law to execute and kill,  
For nothing, whomsoe'er they please, at will,

To terrify spectators from committing  
The crimes they did, and suffer'd for unwitting.

These are the reformations of the Stage,  
Like other reformations of the age,  
On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,  
As the' other did all law and conscience ;  
No better than the laws of British plays,  
Confirm'd in the' ancient good King Howel's days,  
Who made a general council regulate  
Men's catching women by the—you know what;  
And set down in the rubric at what time  
It should be counted legal, when a crime,  
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,  
And on what days it went out or came in.

An English poet should be tried by' his peers,  
And not by pedants and philosophers,  
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,  
As butchers are forbid to be' of a jury ;  
Besides the most intolerable wrong  
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,  
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,  
Or Tales falser than Euripides ;  
When not an English native dares appear  
To be a witness for the prisoner ;  
When all the laws they use to' arraign and try  
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,  
Were made by a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,  
To put an end to all poetic scruples ;  
And by th' advice of virtuosi-Tuscans,  
Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins ;  
Gave judgment on all past and future plays,  
As is apparent by Speroni's case,  
Which Lope Vega first began to steal,  
And after him the French filou Corneille ;

And since our English plagiaries him,  
And steal their far-fet criticisms from him,  
And by an action falsely laid of Trover,  
The lumber for their proper goods recover;  
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers  
Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,  
Who for a few misprisions of wit,  
Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit;  
And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,  
Are censur'd for't with more unlucky sense;  
When all their worst miscarriages delight,  
And please more, than the best that pedants write.

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*PROLOGUE*

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

ACTED BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS  
BIRTH-DAY.

SIR, while so many nations strive to pay  
The tribute of their glories to this day,  
That gave them earnest of so great a sum  
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,  
And which you have discharg'd at such a rate,  
That all succeeding times must celebrate;  
We, that subsist by your bright influence,  
And have no life but what we own from thence,  
Come humbly to present you, our own way,  
With all we have, (beside our hearts) a play.  
But as devoutest men can pay no more  
To deities than what they gave before,

We bring you only what your great commands  
Did rescue for us from engrossing hands,  
That would have taken our administration  
Of all departed poets' goods i' the nation ;  
Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays  
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays ;  
And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit ;  
But that your justice put a stop to it.  
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad  
To' admit of all who now write new and bad ;  
For still the wickeder some authors write,  
Others to write worse are encourag'd by't ;  
And though those fierce inquisitors of wit,  
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ ;  
But just as tooth-draw'rs find, among the rout,  
Their own teeth work, in pulling others out,  
So they, decrying all of all that write,  
Think to erect a trade of judging by't.  
Small poetry, like other heresies,  
By being persecuted multiplies ;  
But here they're like to fail of all pretence ;  
For he that writ this play is dead long since,  
And not within their power : for bears are said  
To spare those that lie still, and seem but dead.

---

### *EPILOGUE*

TO THE SAME. TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,  
No less than to your royal Lord, to you ;  
And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,  
You have, what's greater than them all, his heart ;

That heart that, when it was his country's guard,  
 The fury of two elements outdar'd,  
 And made a stubborn haughty enemy  
 The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;  
 And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms  
 Appear no less victorious than his arms;  
 For which you oft have triumph'd on this day,  
 And many more to come Heav'n grant you may!  
 But as great princes use, in solemn times  
 Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,  
 If we have sin'd without an ill intent,  
 And done below what really we meant;  
 We humbly ask your pardon for't, and pray  
 You would forgive, in honour of the day.

---

UPON

*PHILIP NYE'S THANKSGIVING BEARD.\**

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,  
 That Nature orders for no other place;

\* Philip Nye was educated at Oxford, first in Brazen Nose College, and afterwards in Magdalen Hall, where, under the influence of a puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition, and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament, and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit up the cause of the Covenant; in defence of which he wrote several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side; and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire.

The fringe and tassel of a countenance,  
That hides his person from another man's,  
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,  
Is never worn until his perfect growth ;  
A privilege no other creature has,  
To wear a natural mask upon his face,  
That shifts its likeness every day he wears,  
To fit some other persons' characters ;  
And by its own mythology implies,  
That men were born to live in some disguise.

This satisfied a reverend man, that clear'd  
His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.  
He 'ad been prefer'd i' the' army, when the church  
Was taken with a *Why not?* in the lurch ;  
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,  
Were turn'd to officers of horse, and zealots,  
From whom he held the most pluralities  
Of contributions, donatives, and salaries ;  
Was held the chiefest of those sp'ritual trumpets,  
That sounded charges to their fiercest combats,  
But in the desperate of defeats  
Had never blown as opportune retreats ;  
Until the Synod order'd his departure  
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,  
'To sit among 'em, as he had been chosen,  
And pass or null things at his own disposing ;  
Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,  
And, for their fees, discharge and let them out ;  
Which made some grandees bribe him with the place  
Of holding-forth upon Thanksgiving-days,  
Whither the Members, two and two abreast,  
March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast ;  
But by the way repeated the oh-hones  
Of his wild Irish, and chromatic tones ;

His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,  
He practis'd only t' animate the Cause,  
With which the Sisters were so prepossest,  
'They could remember nothing of the rest.

He though upon it, and resolv'd to put  
His Beard into as wonderful a cut,  
And, for the further service of the women,  
To' abate the rigidness of his opinion;  
And, but a day before, had been to find  
The ablest virtuoso of the kind,  
With whom he long and seriously confer'd  
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;  
By whose advice he sate for a design  
In little drawn, exactly to a line;  
That if the creature chance to have occasion  
To undergo a thorough reformation,  
It might be borne conveniently about,  
And by the meanest artist copied out.

This done, he sent a journeyman sectary  
He 'ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,  
'To find out one that had the greatest practice,  
'To prunc and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,  
And set their most confus'd disorders right,  
Not by a new design, but newer light;  
Who us'd to shave the grandees of their sticklers,  
And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;  
'To whom he show'd his new-invented draught,  
And told him how 'twas to be copied out.

Quoth he, "'Tis but a false and counterfeit,  
And scandalous device of human wit,  
That's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,  
To make of any carnal thing the picture.'

Quoth t' other saint, 'You must leave that to us  
'To' agree what's lawful, or what scandalous;



For till it is determin'd by our vote,  
'Tis either lawful, scandalous, or not ;  
Which since we have not yet agreed upon,  
Is left indifferent to avoid or own.'

Quoth he, ' My conscience never shall agree  
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be ;  
For though I use it in a lawful time,  
What if it after should be made a crime ?

' 'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,  
'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense,  
Which I'm resolv'd perpetually to' avow,  
And make it lawful whatsoe'er we do ;  
Then do your office with your greatest skill,  
And let the' event befall us how it will.'

This said, the nice barbarian took his tools  
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowls ;  
Talk'd on as pertinently, as he snipt,  
A hundred times for every hair he clipt ;  
Until the Beard at length began to' appear,  
And reassume its antique character ;  
Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,  
And stand in competition with the life ;  
For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips  
Of sables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,  
And set in such an artificial frame,  
As if it had been wrought in filograin,  
More subtly fill'd and polish'd, than the gin,  
That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in ;  
That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,  
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.

But being design'd and drawn so regular,  
To' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,  
Who could imagine that it should be portal  
To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal ?

And yet it was, and did abominate  
 The least compliance in the Church or State ;  
 And from itself did equally dissent,  
 As from religion and the government.\*

\* Mr. Thyer found among Mr. Butler's manuscripts several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following :

This reverend brother, like a goat,  
 Did wear a tail upon his throat,  
 The fringe and tassel of a face,  
 That gives it a becoming grace.  
 But set in such a curious frame,  
 As if 'twere wrought in filograin,  
 And cut so even, as if't had been  
 Drawn with a pen upon his chin.  
 No topiary hedge of quickset  
 Was e'er so neatly cut or thickset.  
 That made beholders more admire,  
 Than China plate that's made of wire ;  
 But being wrought so regular  
 In every part, and every hair,  
 Who would believe it shou'd be portal  
 To unconforming inward mortal ?  
 And yet it was, and did dissent  
 No less from its own government,  
 Than from the Church's, and detest  
 That which it held forth and profest ;  
 Did equally abominate  
 Conformity in Church and State ;  
 And, like an hypocritic brother,  
 Profess'd one thing, and did another ;  
 As all things, where they're most profest,  
 Are found to be regarded least.

*A SATIRE:*

UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

Who would believe that wicked earth,  
 Where Nature only brings us forth  
 To be found guilty and forgiv'n,  
 Should be a nursery for Heav'n ;  
 When all we can expect to do  
 Will not pay half the debt we owe,  
 And yet more desperately dare,  
 As if that wretched trifle were  
 Too much for the eternal Powr's,  
 Our great and mighty creditors,  
 Not only slight what they enjoin,  
 But pay it in adulterate coin ?  
 We only in their mercy trust,  
 To be more wicked and unjust ;  
 All our devotions, vows, and prayr's  
 Are our own interest, not theirs ;  
 Our offerings, when we come to' adore,  
 But begging presents to get more ;  
 The purest business of our zeal  
 Is but to err, by meaning well,  
 And make that meaning do more harm  
 Than our worst deeds, that are less warm ;  
 For the most wretched and perverse  
 Does not believe himself he errs.

Our holiest actions have been  
 The' effects of wickedness and sin ;  
 Religious houses made compounders  
 For the' horrid actions of the founders ;

Steeple that totter'd in the air,  
By lechers sin'd into repair ;  
As if we had retain'd no sign  
Nor character of the divine  
And heavenly part of human nature,  
But only the coarse earthy matter.  
Our universal inclination  
Tends to the worst of our creation,  
As if the stars conspir'd to' imprint,  
In our whole species, by instinct,  
A fatal brand and signature  
Of nothing else but the impure.  
The best of all our actions tend  
To the preposterousest end,  
And, like to mongrels, we're inclin'd  
To take most to the' ignobler kind ;  
Or monsters, that have always least  
Of the' human parent, not the beast.  
Hence 'tis we've no regard at all  
Of our best half original ;  
But, when they differ, still assert  
The interest of the' ignobler part ;  
Spend all the time we have upon  
The vain caprices of the one,  
But grudge to spare one hour, to know  
What to the better part we owe.  
As in all compound substances,  
The greater still devours the less :  
So, being born and bred up near  
Our earthy gross relations here,  
Far from the ancient nobler place  
Of all our high paternal race,  
We now degenerate, and grow  
As barbarous, and mean, and low,

As modern Grccians are, and worse,  
 To their brave nobler ancestors.  
 Yet as no barbarousness beside  
 Is half so barbarous as pride,  
 Nor any prouder insolence  
 Than that which has the least pretence;  
 We are so wrtched to profess  
 A glory in our wretchedness,  
 To vapour sillily, and rant  
 Of our own misery and want,  
 And grow vain-glorious on a score  
 We ought much rather to deplore;  
 Who, the first moment of our lives,  
 Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves,  
 And our great'st grace is not to know  
 When we shall pay 'em back, nor how,  
 Begotten with a vain caprich,  
 And live as vainly to that pitch.

Our pains are real things, and all  
 Our pleasures but fantastical:  
 Diseases of their own accord,  
 But cures come difficult and hard.  
 Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,  
 Arc but outhouses to our tombs;  
 Cities, though e'er so great and brave,  
 But mere warehouses to the grave.  
 Our bravery's but a vain disguise,  
 To hide us from the world's dull eyes,  
 The remedy of a defect  
 With which our nakedness is deckt;  
 Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,  
 As if we 'ad gain'd by being lost.

All this is nothing to the evils  
 Which men, and their confederate devils

Inflict, to aggravate the curse  
 On their own hated kind much worse,  
 As if by Nature they 'd been serv'd  
 More gently than their fate deserv'd,  
 Take pains (in justice) to invent,  
 And study their own punishment ;  
 That, as their crimes should greater grow,  
 So might their own inflictions too.  
 Hence bloody wars at first began,  
 The artificial plague of man,  
 That from his own invention rise,  
 To scourge his own iniquities ;  
 That if the heav'ns should chance to spare  
 Supplies of constant poison'd air,  
 They might not, with unfit delay,  
 For lingering destruction stay,  
 Nor seek recruits of death so far,  
 But plague themselves with blood and war.

And if these fail, there is no good  
 Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,  
 But he can easily divert  
 To his own misery and hurt ;  
 Make that which Heaven meant to bless  
 The' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace ;  
 With luxury' and excess, as fast,  
 As war and desolation waste ;  
 Promote mortality, and kill  
 As fast as arms, by sitting still ;  
 Like earthquakes, slay without a blow,  
 And only moving, overthrow ;  
 Make law and equity as dear  
 As plunder and free-quarter were,  
 And fierce encounters at the bar,  
 Undo as fast as those in war ;

Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,  
 Pimps, scriveners, silenc'd ministers ;  
 That get estates by being' undone  
 For tender conscience, and have none.  
 Like those that with their credit drive  
 A trade, without a stock, and thrive ;  
 Advance men in the church and state  
 For being of the meanest rate,  
 Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,  
 Before integrity and parts ;  
 Produce more grievous complaints  
 For plenty, than before for wants,  
 And make a rich and fruitful year  
 A greater grievance than a dear ;  
 Make jests of greater dangers far,  
 Than those they trembled at in war ;  
 Till, unawares, they 've laid a train  
 To blow the public up again ;  
 Rally with horror, and in sport,  
 Rebellion and destruction court ;  
 And make Fanatics, in despite  
 Of all their madness, reason right,  
 And vouch to all they have foreshown,  
 As other monsters oft have done,  
 Although from truth and sense as far,  
 As all their other maggots are ;  
 For things said false, and never meant,  
 Do oft prove true by accident.

That wealth, that bounteous Fortune sends  
 As presents to her dearest friends,  
 Is oft laid out upon a purchase  
 Of two yards long in parish-churches,  
 And those too happy men that bought it  
 Had liv'd, and happier too, without it :

For what does vast wealth bring but cheat,  
 Law, luxury, disease, and debt;  
 Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport;\*  
 An easy-troubled life, and short?

But all these plagues are nothing near  
 Those, far more cruel and severe,  
 Unhappy man takes pains to find,  
 To' inflict himself upon his mind:  
 And out of his own bowels spins  
 A rack and torture for his sins;  
 Torments himself, in vain, to know  
 That most which he can never do;  
 And the more strictly 'tis denied,  
 The more he is unsatisfied;  
 Is busy in finding scruples out,  
 To languish in eternal doubt;  
 Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,  
 And starts, as horses do at posts;  
 And, when his eyes assist him least,  
 Discerns such subtle objects best.

\* On a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, Mr. Thyer found the following verses, which probably were intended to be added; but as they are not regularly inserted, he chose rather to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into  
 The bowels of the earth below,  
 For metals, that are found to dwell  
 Near neighbour to the pit of hell,  
 And have a magic power to sway  
 The greedy souls of men that way:  
 But with their bodies have been fain  
 To fill those trenches up again;  
 When bloody battles have been fought  
 For sharing that which they took out:  
 For wealth is all things that conduce  
 To man's destruction or his use;  
 A standard both to buy and sell  
 All things from heaven down to hell.



On hypothetic dreams and visions  
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,  
And raises endless controversies  
On vulgar theorems and hearsays;  
Grows positive and confident,  
In things so far beyond the' extent  
Of human sense, he does not know  
Whether they be at all or no,  
And doubts as much in things that are  
As plainly evident and clear;  
Disdains all useful sense, and plain,  
To' apply to the' intricate and vain;  
And cracks his brains in plodding on  
That, which is never to be known;  
To pose himself with subtleties,  
And hold no other knowledge wise;  
Although the subtler all things are,  
They're but to nothing the more near;  
And the less weight they can sustain,  
The more he still lays on in vain,  
And hangs his soul upon as nice  
And subtle curiosities,  
As one of that vast multitude  
That on a needle's point have stood;  
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,  
Upon as nice and subtle scales,  
As those that turn upon a plane  
With the' hundredth part of half a grain;  
And still the subtler they move,  
The sooner false and useless prove:  
So man, that thinks to force and strain,  
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,  
In vain torments it on the rack,  
And, for improving, sets it back;

Is ignorant of his own extent,  
 And that to which his aims are bent;  
 Is lost in both, and breaks his blade  
 Upon the anvil where 'twas made :  
 For as abortions cost more pain  
 Than vigorous births, so all the vain  
 And weak productions of man's wit  
 That aim at purposes unfit,  
 Require more drudgery, and worse,  
 Than those of strong and lively force.

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*SATIRE*

UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

'Tis a strange age we've liv'd in, and a lewd,  
 As e'er the sun in all his travels view'd;  
 An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,  
 Like a fantastie lecher, to be scourg'd;  
 Nor has it scap'd, and yet has only learn'd,  
 The more 'tis plagued, to be the less concern'd.  
 Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,  
 Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age;  
 The one to mow vast crowds of people down,  
 The other (as then needless) half the Town;\*  
 And two as mighty miraeles restore  
 What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before;  
 In all as unconcern'd as if they 'ad been  
 But pastimes for diversion to be seen,

\* Alluding to the plague and fire of London, in the year 1665 and 1666.

Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,  
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.

Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly  
blockhead)

The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket ;  
Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose

As e'er the devil could teach, or sinners use ;

And on the other side at once put in

As impotent, iniquity, and sin.

As skulls that have been crack'd are often found

Upon the wrong side to receive the wound,

And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,

To break at the' other still that's opposite ;

So men, who once extravagance would shun,

Into the contrary extreme have run ;

And all the difference is, that as the first

Provokes the other freak to prove the worst,

So, in return, that strives to render less

The last delusion, with its own excess ?

And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,

With bungling t' help out one another's play.

For those who heretofore sought private holes,

Securely in the dark to damn their souls,

Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal

And slink away in masquerade to hell ;

Now bring their crimes into the open sun,

For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,

As eagles try their young against his rays,

To prove if they're of generous breed or base ;

Call heav'n and earth to witness how they've aim'd,

With all their utmost vigour to be damn'd,

And by their own examples, in the view

Of all the world, strive to damn others too ;

On all occasions sought to be as civil  
As possible they could, to' his grace the Devil,  
To give him no unnecessary trouble,  
Nor in small matters use a friend so noble ;  
But with their constant practice done their best  
To' improve and propagate his interest :  
For men have now made vice so great an art  
The matter of fact's become the slightest part ;  
And the debauched'st actions they can do,  
Mere trifles to the circumstance and show.  
For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin, ~  
But what they lewdly' affect and glory in,  
As if propostercously they would profess  
A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness ;  
And affectation, that makes good things bad,  
Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad ;  
For vices for themselves may find excuse,  
But never for their complement and shews ;  
That if there ever were a mystery  
Of moral secular iniquity,  
And that the churches may not lose their due  
By being incroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new :  
For men are now as scrupulous and nice,  
And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice,  
Disdain as proudly to be thought to have  
To do in any mischief but the brave,  
As the most scrupulous zealot of late times  
To' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes ;  
Have as precise and strict punctilios  
Now to appear, as then to make no shows ;  
And steer the world by disagreeing force  
Of different customs 'gainst her natural course :  
So powerful 's ill example to incroach,  
And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch,

Example, that imperious dictator  
 Of all that's good or bad to human nature,  
 By which the world's corrupted and reclaim'd,  
 Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd;  
 That reconciles all contrarieties,  
 Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise;  
 Imposes on divinity, and sets  
 Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits;  
 Alters all characters of virtue' and vice,  
 And passes one for the' other in disguise;  
 Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,  
 The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;  
 That slyly counterchanges wrong and right,  
 Like white in fields of black, and black in white:  
 As if the laws of Nature had been made  
 Of purpose only to be disobey'd;  
 Or man had lost his mighty interest,  
 By having been distinguish'd from a beast;  
 And had no other way but sin and vice,  
 To be restor'd again to Paradise.

How copious is our language lately grown  
 To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon!  
 And yet how' expressive and significant,  
 In *damme*, at once to curse, and swear, and rant!  
 As if no way express'd men's souls so well,  
 As damning of them to the pit of hell;  
 Nor any asseveration were so civil,  
 As mortgaging salvation to the devil;  
 Or that his name did add a charming grace,  
 And blasphemy a purity' to' our phrase.  
 For what can any language more enrich,  
 Than to pay souls for vitiating speech;

When the great'st tyrant in the world made those\*  
But lick their words out, that abus'd his prose?

What trivial punishments did then protect  
To public censure a profound respect,  
When the most shameful penance, and severe,  
That could be' inflicted on a Cavalier  
For infamous debauchery, was no worse  
Than but to be degraded from his horse,  
And have his livery of oats and hay,  
Instead of cutting spurs off, ta'en away?  
They held no torture then so great as shame,  
And that to slay was less than to defame;  
For just so much regard as men express  
To the' censure of the public, more or less,  
The same will be return'd to them again,  
In shame or reputation, to a grain;  
And how perverse soe'er the world appears;  
'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears;  
And, for that virtue, strives to be allow'd  
For all the injuries it does the good.

How silly were their sages heretofore,  
To fright their heroes with a syren-whore?  
Make 'em believe a water-witch, with charms,  
Could sink their men of war as easy' as storms,  
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,  
Into land-porpuesses, and cod, and ling;  
To terrify those mighty champions,  
As we do children now with Bloodybones;  
Until the subtlest of their conjurers  
Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,

\* This tyrant was Caligula; the fact is recorded by Suetonius.

And tied his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd  
 The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast;  
 And rather venture drowning than to wrong  
 The sea-pug's chaste ears with a bawdy song:  
 To be' out of countenance, and, like an ass,  
 Not pledge the lady Circe one beer-glass;  
 Unmannerly refuse her treat, and wine,  
 For fear of being turn'd into a swine;  
 When one of our heroic' advent'urers now  
 Would drink her down, and turn her into' a sow.

So simple were those times, when a grave sage  
 Could with an old-wife's tale instruct the age;  
 Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice,  
 Than ours will now endure to' improve in vice;  
 Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,  
 Do more than all our holdings-forth are able;  
 A forc'd obscure mythology convince,  
 Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins;  
 When an old proverb, or an end of verse,  
 Could more than all our penal laws coerce,  
 And keep men honester than all our furies  
 Of gaolers, judges, constables, and juries;  
 Who were converted then with an old saying,  
 Better than all our preaching now, and praying.  
 What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,  
 Where the best reason's made ridiculous,  
 And all the plain and sober things we say,  
 By raillery are put beside their play?  
 For men are grown above all knowledge now,  
 And what they're ignorant of, disdain to know;  
 Engross truth (like fanatics) underhand;  
 And boldly judge, before they understand;  
 The self-same courses equally advance  
 In sp'ritual and carnal ignorance,



And, by the same degrees of confidence,  
Become impregnable against all sense;  
For as they outgrew ordinances then,  
So would they now morality again.  
Though Drudgery and Knowledge are of kin,  
And both descended from one parent, Sin;  
And therefore seldom have been known to part,  
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art;  
Yet they have north-west passages to steer,  
A short way to it, without pains or care:  
For as implicit faith is far more stiff  
Than that which understands its own belief;  
So those that think, and do but think, they know,  
Are far more obstinate than those that do;  
And more averse, than if they'd ne'er been taught  
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;  
Take boldness upon credit beforehand,  
And grow too positive to understand;  
Believe themselves as knowing and as famous,  
As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,  
A bill of store to take up a degree,  
With all the learning to it, custom-free,  
And look as big for what they bought at Court,  
As if they 'ad done their exercises for't.

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### SATIRE.

#### UPON GAMING.

WHAT fool would trouble Fortune more,  
When she has been too kind before;  
Or tempt her to take back again  
What she had thrown away in vain,  
By idly venturing her good graces  
To be dispos'd of by ames-aces;



Or settling it in trust, to uses  
Out of his power, on trays and deuces :  
To put it to the chance, and try,  
I' th' ballot of a box and die,  
Whether his money be his own,  
And lose it, if he be o'erthrown ;  
As if he were betray'd and set  
By his own stars to every cheat,  
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate  
To throw dice for his own estate ;  
As mutineers, by fatal doom,  
Do for their lives, upon a drum ?  
For what less influence can produce  
So great a monster as a chouse,  
Or any two-legg'd thing possess  
With such a brutish sottishness ?  
Unless those tutelary stars,  
Intrusted by astrologers,  
To have the charge of man, combin'd  
To use him in the self-same kind ;  
As those that help'd them to the trust,  
Are wont to deal with others just.  
For to become so sadly dull  
And stupid, as to fine for gull,  
(Not as, in cities, to be' excus'd,  
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd)  
That whosoe'er can draw it in  
Is sure inevitably to' win,  
And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,  
To grow more dully desperate,  
The more 'tis made a common prey,  
And cheated foppishly at play,  
Is their condition ; Fate betrays  
To folly first, and then destroys.

For what but miracles can serve  
So great a madness to preserve,  
As his, that ventures goods and chattles,  
(Where there's no quarter giv'n) in battles,  
And fights with money-bags as bold,  
As men with sand-bags did of old;\*  
Put lands, and tenements, and stocks,  
Into a paltry juggler's box;  
And, like an alderman of Gotham,  
Embarketh in so vile a bottom;  
Engages blind and senseless hap  
'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap,  
(As Tartars, with a man of straw,  
Encounter lions hand to paw)  
With those that never venture more  
Than they had safely' insur'd before;  
Who, when they knock the box, and shake,  
Do like the Indian rattle-snake,  
But strive to ruin and destroy  
Those that mistake it for fair play;  
That have their Fulham† at command,  
Brought up to do their feats at hand;  
That understand their calls and knocks,  
And how to place themselves i' th' box;  
Can tell the oddses of all games,  
And when to answer to their names;  
And, when he conjures them to' appear,  
Like imps are ready every where;  
When to play foul, and when run fair  
(Out of design) upon the square,  
And let the greedy cully win,  
Only to draw him further in;

\* Alluding probably to the sport of the Quintin.

† False dice manufactured at Fulham in Middlesex.

While those with which he idly plays  
Have no regard to what he says,  
Although he jernie and blaspheme  
(When they miscarry) Heav'n and them;  
And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,  
And crucify his Saviour worse  
Than those jew-troopers that threw out,  
When they were raffling for his coat;  
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,  
And rightly understood and fear'd,  
And would take heed another time,  
How to commit so bold a crime;  
When the poor bones are innocent  
Of all he did, or said, or meant,  
And have as little sense, almost,  
As he that damns them when he 'as lost;  
As if he had relied upon  
Their judgment rather than his own;  
And that it were their fault, not his,  
That manag'd them himself amiss,  
And gave them ill instructions how  
To run, as he would have them do;  
And then condemns them, sillily,  
For having no more wit than he?

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*SATIRE.*

(TO A BAD POET.)

GREAT famous wit, whose rich and easy vein,  
Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,  
Has all Apollo's treasure at command,  
And how good verse is coin'd do'st understand;

In all Wit's combats master of defence,  
Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense ?  
'Tis said they' apply to thee, and in thy verse  
Do freely range themselves as volunteers.  
And without pain, or pumping for a word,  
Place themselves fitly of their own accord.  
I, whom a loud caprich (for some great crime  
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,  
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain  
To reconcile 'em, but alas ! in vain :  
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,  
And, when I would say white, the verse says black.  
When I would draw a brave man to the life  
It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,  
Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,  
If he had met with any to have bought her.  
When I would praise an author, the untoward  
Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme—says  
Howard.\*

In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,  
The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out.  
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains mispent,  
I give it over, tir'd, and discontent ;  
And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,  
By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes ;  
But having curs'd the Muses, they appear,  
To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware.  
Spite of myself, I straight take fire again,  
Fall to my task, with paper, ink, and pen,  
And breaking all the oaths I made, in vain,  
From verse to verse expect their aid again.  
But if my Muse or I were so discreet  
To' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,

\* See before, a poem to Edward Howard, Esq. p. 49.

I might, like others, easily command  
Words without study, ready and at hand.  
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,  
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes;—  
And gold and rubies, with as little care,  
To fit the colour of her lips and hair; [stones,  
And mixing suns and flowers, and pearls and  
Make 'em serve all complexions at once.  
With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,  
I could make verses without art or wit;  
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,  
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own:  
But in the choice words my scrupulous wit  
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit;  
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,  
At a line's end with one insipid phrase;  
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,  
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.  
May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,  
To' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;  
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,  
And make his reason to his rhyme submit.  
Without this plague I freely might have spent  
My happy days with leisure and content;  
Had nothing in the world to do or think,  
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;  
Had past my time as pleasantly away,  
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.  
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,  
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,  
To' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,  
Or for preferment following the Court.  
How happy had I been if, for a curse,  
The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse?

But ever since this peremptory vein,  
With restless frenzy, first possess'd my brain,  
And that the devil tempted me, in spite  
Of my own happiness, to judge and write;  
Shut up against my will, I waste my age  
In mending this, and blotting out that page,  
And grow so weary of the slavish trade,  
I envy their condition that write bad.  
O happy Scudery!\* whose easy quill  
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;  
For though thy works are written in despite  
Of all good sense; impertinent, and slight;  
They never have been known to stand in need  
Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;  
For so the rhyme be at the verse's end,  
No matter whither all the rest does tend.  
Unhappy is that man who, spite of's heart,  
Is forc'd to be tied up to rules of art.  
A fop that scribbles, does it with delight,  
Takes no pains to consider what to write:  
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,  
Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;  
While brave and noble writers vainly strive  
To such a height of glory to arrive;  
But still with all they do unsatisfied,  
Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside:  
And those whom all mankind admire for wit,  
Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ.  
Thou, then, that seest how ill I spend my time,  
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;  
And if the' instructions chance to prove in vain,  
Teach—how ne'er to write again.

\* Monsieur Scudery was also tartly satirized by Boileau, for the fecundity of his pen.

*SATIRE,*

(ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.)

Who would not rather get him gone  
 Beyond the' intolerable zone,  
 Or steer his passage through those sea  
 That burn in flames, or those that freeze,  
 Than see one nation go to school,  
 And learn of another, like a fool?  
 To study all its tricks and fashions  
 With epidemic affectations,  
 And dare to wear no mode or dress,  
 But what they in their wisdom please ;  
 As monkies are, by being taught  
 To put on gloves and stockings, caught ;  
 Submit to all that they devise,  
 As if it wore their liveries ;  
 Make ready' and dress the' imagination,  
 Not with the clothes, but with the fashion ;  
 And change it (to fulfil the curse  
 Of Adam's fall) for new, though worse ;  
 To make their breeches fall and rise  
 From middle legs to middle thighs.  
 The tropics between which the hose  
 Move always as the fashion goes :  
 Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,  
 And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids ;  
 With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas,  
 And sometimes narrow' as Punchinello :  
 In coldest weather go unbrac'd  
 And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd ;

Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,  
And sometimes straiter than a hide :  
Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs  
Disguise the true ones, and their years ;  
That, when they're modish, with the young  
The old may seem so in the throng :  
And as some pupils have been known,  
In time to put their tutors down,  
So ours are often found to 'ave got  
More tricks than ever they were taught :  
With sly intrigues and artifices  
Usurp their p—xes and their vices ;  
With garnitures upon their shoes,  
Make good their claim to gouty toes ;  
By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,  
Pretend to aches in their bones,  
To scabs and botches ; and lay trains  
To prove their running of the reins ;  
And, lest they should seem destitute  
Of any minge that's in repute,  
And be behind hand with the mode,  
Will swear to crystalline and node ;  
And, that they may not lose their right,  
Make it appear how they came by't :  
Disdain the country where th' were born,  
As bastards their own mothers scorn ;  
And that which brought them forth contemn,  
As it deserves for bearing them ;  
Admire whate'er they find abroad,  
But nothing here, though e'er so good :  
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,  
And only foreigners at home ;  
'To which th' appear so far estrang'd,  
As if they 'ad been i' the' cradle chang'd,



Or from beyond the seas convey'd  
By witches—not born here, but laid ;  
Or by outlandish fathers were  
Begotten on their mothers here,  
And therefore justly slight that nation  
Where they've so mongrel a relation ;  
And seek out other climates, where  
They may degenerate less than here ;  
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,  
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,  
Forsake the countries where they're hatch'd,  
And seek out others to be catch'd :  
So they more naturally may please  
And humour their own geniuses,  
Apply to all things which they see  
With their own fancies best agree ;  
No matter how ridiculous,  
'Tis all one, if it be in use ;  
For nothing can be bad or good,  
But as 'tis in or out of mode ;  
And as the nations are that use it,  
All ought to practise or refuse it ;  
T' observe their postures, move and stand,  
As they give out the word o' command ;  
To learn the dullest of their whims,  
And how to wear their very limbs ;  
To turn and manage every part,  
Like puppets, by their rules of art ;  
To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,  
And politicly shake the head,  
Until the ignorant (that guess  
At all things by the' appearances)  
To see how Art and Nature strive,  
Believe them really alive,

And that they're very men, not things  
That move by puppet-work and springs ;  
When truly all their fates have been  
As well perform'd by motion-men,  
And the worst drolls of Punchinellos  
Were much the' ingeniouiser fellows ;  
For when they 're perfect in their lesson,  
'Th' hypothesis grows out of season,  
And, all their labour lost, they're fain  
To learn new, and begin again ;  
To talk eternally and loud,  
And altogether in a crowd,  
No matter what ; for, in the noise  
No man minds what another says ;  
To' assume a confidence beyond  
Mankind, for solid and profound,  
And still the less and less they know.  
The greater dose of that allow :  
Decry all things : for to be wise,  
Is not to know, but to despise :  
And deep judicious confidence  
Has still the odds of wit and sense,  
And can pretend a title to  
Far greater things than they can do :  
To' adorn their English with French scraps :  
And give their very language claps :  
To jernie rightly, and renounce,  
I' the' pure and most approv'd-of tones,  
And, while they idly think to' enrich,  
Adulterate their native spech :  
For though to smatter ends of Greek  
Or Latin be the rhetoric  
Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,  
To smatter French is meritorious :

And to forget their mother-tongue,  
Or purposely to speak it wrong,  
A hopeful sign of parts and wit,  
And that they' improve and benefit :  
As those that have been taught amiss  
In liberal arts and sciences,  
Must all they 'ad learnt before in vain  
Forget quite, and begin again.

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*SATIRE.*

(UPON DRUNKENNESS.)

'Tis pity wine, which Nature meant  
To man in kindness to present,  
And gave him kindly, to caress  
And cherish his frail happiness,  
Of equal virtue to renew  
His wearied mind and body too,  
Should (like the cider-tree in Eden,  
Which only grew to be forbidden)  
No sooner come to be enjoy'd,  
But the' owner's fatally destroy'd :  
And that which she for good design'd,  
Becomes the ruin of mankind,  
That for a little vain excess  
Runs out of all its happiness,  
And makes the friend of Truth and Love  
Their greatest adversary prove :  
To' abuse a blessing she bestow'd  
So truly' essential to his good,  
To countervail his pensive cares,  
And slavish drudgery of affairs :

To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,  
And more than all these, confidence :  
To pass his times of recreation  
In choice and noble conversation,  
Catch truth and reason unawares,  
As men do health in wholesome airs ;  
(While fools their conversants possess  
As unawares with sottishness)  
To gain access a private way  
To man's best sense, by its own key,  
Which painful judgers strive in vain  
By any other course to' obtain ;  
To pull off all disguise, and view  
Things as they're natural and true ;  
Discover fools and knaves, allow'd  
For wise and honest in the crowd ;  
With innocent and virtuous sport  
Make short days long, and long nights short,  
And mirth the only antidote  
Against diseases ere they 're got :  
To save health harmless from the' access  
Both of the med'cine and disease ;  
Or make it help itself, secure  
Against the desperat'st fit, the cure.

All these sublime prerogatives  
Of happiness to human lives,  
He vainly throws away, and slights  
For madness, noise, and bloody fights ;  
When nothing can decide, but swords  
And pots, the right or wrong of words,  
Like princes' titles ; and he's outed  
The justice of his cause, that's routed.

No sooner has a charge been sounded  
With—*son of a whore, and damn'd confounded,*

And the bold signal giv'n, the *lie*;  
But instantly the bottles fly,  
Where cups and glasses are small shot,  
And cannon-ball a pewter-pot:  
That blood, that's hardly in the vein,  
Is now remanded back again;  
Though sprung from wine of the same piece,  
And near a-kin, within degrees,  
Strives to commit assassinations  
On its own natural relations;  
And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,  
That from their friends so lately parted,  
No sooner several ways are gone,  
But by themselves are set upon,  
Surpris'd like brother against brother,  
And put to the' sword by one another:  
So much more fierce are civil wars,  
Than those between mere foreigners;  
And man himself, with wine possess'd,  
More savage than the wildest beast.  
For serpents, when they meet to water,  
Lay by their poison and their nature;  
And fiercest creatures, that repair,  
In thirsty deserts, to their rare  
And distant rivers' banks to drink,  
In love and close alliance link;  
And from their mixture of strange seeds  
Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,  
'To whom the fiercer unicorn  
Begins a large health with his horn;  
As cuckolds put their antidotes,  
When they drink coffee, into the' pots:  
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,  
Is far more savage and untam'd;

Supplies his loss of wit and sense  
With barbarousness and insolence ;  
Believes himself, the less he's able,  
The more heroic' and formidable ;  
Lays by his reason in his bowls,  
(As Turks are said to do their souls)  
Until it has so often been  
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,  
At length it never can attain  
To find the right way back again ;  
Drinks all his time away, and prunes  
The end of 's life, as vigneron  
Cut short the branches of a vine,  
To make it bear more plenty o' wine ;  
And that which Nature did intend  
To' enlarge his life, perverts to' its end.

So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on  
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,  
And all the passengers he bore  
Were on the new world set ashore,  
He made it next his chief design  
To plant and propagate a vine ;  
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd  
Far greater numbers on dry ground,  
Of wretched mankind, one by one,  
Than all the flood before had done.

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*SATIRE.*

(UPON MARRIAGE.)

SURE marriages were never so well fitted,  
As when to matrimony' men were committed,  
Like thieves by justices; and to a wife  
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life :

For then, 'twas but a civil contract made  
Between two partners that set up a trade ;  
And if both fail'd, there was no conscience  
Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense ;  
No canon of the church nor vow was broke,  
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke ;  
But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts,  
Might have it taken off, and take their rests,  
Without being bound in duty to show cause,  
Or reckon with divine or human laws.

For since, what use of matrimony' has been  
But to make gallantry a greater sin ?

As if there were no appetite nor gust,  
Below adultery, in modish lust ;

Or no debauchery were exquisite,  
Until it has obtain'd its perfect height.

For men do now take wives to nobler ends,  
Not to bear children, but to bear 'em friends,  
Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate  
As these endearing offices of late.

For men are now grown wise, and understand  
How to improve their crimes as well as land ;

And if they've issue, make the infants pay  
Down for their own begetting on the day,

The charges of the gossiping disburse,  
A pay beforehand (ere they're born) the nurse ;

As he that got a monster on a cow,  
Out of design of setting up a show.

For why should not the brats for all account,  
As well as for the christning at the font,  
When those that stand for them, lay down the rate  
O' the' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate ?

The ancient Romans made the state allow  
For getting all men's children above two ;

Then married men, to propagate the breed,  
Had great rewards for what they never did,  
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,  
For owning what their friends were fain to do ;  
For so they 'ad children, they regarded not  
By whom (good men) or how they were begot.  
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,  
Was then the civil office of a friend ;  
And he that made a scruple in the case,  
Was held a miserable wretch and base ;  
For when they 'ad children by 'em, th' honest men  
Return'd 'em to their husbands back again.  
Then for thc' encouragement and propagation  
Of such a great concernment to the nation,  
All people were so full of complaisance,  
And civil duty to the public sense,  
They had no name to' express a cuckold then,  
But that which signified all married men ;  
Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,  
Unless among the dirty populace,  
And no man understands on what account  
Less civil nations after hit upon't :  
For to be known a cuckold can be no  
Dishonour, but to him that thinks it so ;  
For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,  
His forehead's shot-frec, and he's ne'er the worse :  
For horns (like horny calluses) are found  
To grow on skulls that have received a wound,  
Are crackt and broken ; not at all on those  
That are invulcrate, and free from blows.  
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,  
When they were held the worthiest of men,  
The real fathers of the commonwealth,  
That planted colonies in Rome itself ?



When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot  
Most Romans, was the noblest patriot ?  
For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death  
One citizen, was honour'd with a wreath,  
He that more gallantly got three or four,  
In reason must deserve a great deal more.  
Then if those glorious worthies of old Rome,  
That civiliz'd the world they 'ad overcome,  
And taught it laws and learning, found this way  
The best to save their empire from decay ;  
Why should not these, that borrow all the worth  
They have from them, not take this lesson forth,—  
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,  
By prudent managing of matrimony ?  
For if 'tis hon'able by all confest,  
Adult'ry must be worshipful at least ;  
And these times great, when private men are come  
Up to the height and politic of Rome.  
All by-blows were not only free-born then,  
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men,  
Had equal right and privilege with these  
That claim, by title, right of the four seas :  
For being' in marriage born, it matters not  
After what liturgy they were begot ;  
And if there be a difference, they have  
The' advantage of the chance in proving brave,  
By being' engender'd with more life and force  
Than those begotten the dull way of course.

The Chinese place all piety and zeal  
In serving with their wives the commonweal ;  
Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation  
Upon their women's supererogation ;  
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,  
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind ;

And those that can produce the most gallants,  
 Are held the preciouslest of all their saints;  
 Wear rosaries about their necks, to con  
 Their exercises of devotion on;  
 That serve them for certificates, to show  
 With what vast numbers they have had to do:  
 Before they're married make a conscience  
 To' omit no duty of incontinence;  
 And she that has been oft'nest prostituted,  
 Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.  
 But when the conquering Tartar went about  
 To root this orthodox religion out,  
 They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,  
 Rather than change the ancient purity  
 Of that religion, which their ancestors  
 And they had prosper'd in so many years;  
 Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,  
 And die their daughters' martyrs and their wives,  
 Before they would commit so great a sin  
 Against the faith they had been bred up in.

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### SATIRE.

(UPON PLAGIARIES.\*)

Why should the world be so averse  
 To plagiary privateers,  
 That all men's sense and fancy seize,  
 And make free prize of what they please?

\* It is not improbable that Butler, in this satire, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, on whom, in a preceding poem, he had made a direct attack. The first couplet was thus altered in the margin:

Why should the world be so severe  
 To every small-wit privateer?

As if, because they huff and swell  
Like pilferers, full of what they steal,  
Others might equal power assume,  
To pay 'em with as hard a doom;  
To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,  
For breaking into others' grounds;  
Mark 'em with characters and brands,  
Like other forgers of men's hands,  
And in effigy hang and draw  
The poor delinquents by club-law,  
When no indictment justly lies,  
But where the theft will bear a price.

For though wit never can be learn'd,  
It may be' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,  
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,  
By being transplanted and remov'd;  
And as it bears no certain rate,  
Nor pays one penny to the state,  
With which it turns no more to' account  
Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont;  
Is neither movcable, nor rent,  
Nor chattle, goods, nor tenement,  
Nor was it ever pass'd by' entail,  
Nor settl'd upon the heirs-male;  
Or if it were, like ill-got land,  
Did never fall to' a second hand;  
So 'tis no more to be engross'd,  
Than sunshine or the air inclos'd,  
Or to propriety confin'd,  
Than the' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind.

For why should that which Nature meant  
To owe its being to its vent;  
That has no value of its own,  
But as it is divulg'd and known;

As perishable and destroy'd,  
As long as it lies unenjoy'd;  
Be scant'd of that liberal use,  
Which all mankind is free to choose;  
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,  
Instead of being dispers'd and spread?  
And the more lavish and profuse,  
'Tis of the nobler general use;  
As riots, though supplied by stealth,  
Are wholesome to the commonwealth;  
And men spend freelier what they win,  
Than what they 'ave freely coming in.

The world's as full of curious wit,  
Which those that father never writ;  
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot  
And cuckold owns, that ne'er begot;  
Yet pass as well as if the one  
And t' other by-blow were their own.  
For why should he that's impotent  
To judge, and fancy, and invent,  
For that impediment be stopt  
To own and challenge, and adopt,  
At least th' expos'd and fatherless  
Poor orphans of the pen and press,  
Whose parents are obscure or dead,  
Or in far countries born and bred?

As none but kings have pow'r to raise  
A levy, which the subject pays;  
And though they call that tax a loan,  
Yet, when 'tis gather'd, 'tis their own:  
So he that's able to impose  
A wit-excite on verse or prose,  
And, still the abler authors are,  
Can make them pay the greater share,

Is prince of poets of his time,  
And they his vassals that supply' him ;  
Can judge more justly' of what he takes  
Than any of the best he makes,  
And more impartially conceive  
What's fit to choose, and what to leave.  
For men reflect more strictly' upon  
The sense of others than their own ;  
And wit, that's made of wit and sleight,  
Is richer than the plain downright :  
As salt that's made of salt, 's more fine,  
Than when it first came from the brine ;  
And spirits of a nobler nature  
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.

Hence mighty Virgil's said, of old,  
From dung to have extracted gold,  
(As many a lout and silly clown  
By his instructions since has done)  
And grew more lofty by that means,  
Than by his livery-oats and beans,  
When from his carts and country-farms  
He rose a mighty man at arms ;  
To' whom the' Heroics ever since  
Have sworn allegiance as their prince,  
And faithfully have in all times  
Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.

'Twas counted learning once, and wit,  
To void but what some author writ,  
And what men understood by rote,  
By as implicit sense to quote :  
Then many a magisterial clerk  
Was taught, like singing birds, i' th' dark,  
And understood as much of things,  
As the' ablest blackbird what it sings ;

And yet was honour'd and renown'd  
For grave, and solid, and profound.  
Then why should those who pick and choose  
The best of all the best compose,  
And join it by Mosaic art,  
In graceful order, part to part,  
To make the whole in beauty suit,  
Not merit as complete repute  
As those who with less art and pains  
Can do it with their native brains,  
And make the homespun business fit  
As freely with their mother-wit:  
Since what by Nature was denied  
By art and industry's supplied,  
Both which are more our own, and brave,  
Than all the alms that Nature gave?  
For what we' acquire by pains and art  
Is only due to' our own desert;  
While all the' endowments she confers,  
Are not so much our own as her's,  
That, like good fortune, unawares  
Fall not to' our virtue, but our shares;  
And all we can pretend to merit  
We do not purchas, but inherit.

Thus all the great'st inventions, when  
They first were found out, were so mean,  
That the' authors of them are unknown,  
As little things they scorn'd to own;  
Until by men of nobler thought  
Th' were to their full perfection brought.  
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,  
Leaves Art to polish and revivew,  
And that a wit at second-hand  
Has greatest interest and command;

For to improve, dispose, and judge,  
Is nobler than to' invent and drudge.

Invention's humorous and nice,  
And never at command applies;  
Disdains to' obcy the proudest wit,  
Unless it chance to be' in the fit;  
(Like prophecy, that can presage  
Successes of the latest age,  
Yet is not able to tell when  
It next shall prophesy again)  
Makes all her suitors course and wait,  
Like a proud minister of state;  
And, when she's serious, in some freak,  
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,  
Attend her silly lazy pleasure,  
Until she chance to be at leisure:  
When 'tis more easy to stcal wit,  
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,  
Is both the busincss and delight,  
Like hunting-sports, of those that write;  
For thievery is but one sort,  
The learned say, of hunting-sport.

Hence 'tis that some, who set up first  
As raw, and wretched, and unverst,  
And open'd with a stock as poor  
As a healthy beggar with one sore;  
That never writ in prose or verse,  
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse;  
And at the best could but commit  
The petty-larceny of wit,  
To whom to write was to purloin,  
And printing but to stamp false coin;  
Yet after long and sturdy' endeavours  
Of being painful wit-receivers,

With gathering rags and scraps of wit,  
 As paper's made, on which 'tis writ,  
 Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd  
 The right—or wrong to be admir'd;  
 And arm'd with confidence, incur'd  
 The fool's good luck, to be prefer'd.  
 For as a banker can dispose  
 Of greater sums, he only owes,  
 Than he who honestly is known  
 To deal in nothing but his own;  
 So whosoe'er can take up most,  
 May greatest fame and credit boast.

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## *SATIRE.*

### IN TWO PARTS.

(UPON THE IMPERFECTION AND ABUSE OF HUMAN  
 LEARNING.)

### PART I.

It is the noblest act of human reason  
 To free itself from slavish prepossession,  
 Assume the legal right to disengage  
 From all it had contracted under age,  
 And not its ingenuity and wit  
 To all it was imbued with first submit;  
 Take true or false for better or for worse,  
 To have or t' hold indifferently of course.

For Custom, though but usher of the school  
 Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,



Usurps a greater power and interest  
 O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,  
 That by two different instincts is led,  
 Born to the one, and to the other bred;  
 And trains him up with rudiments more false  
 Than Nature does her stupid animals;  
 And that's one reason, why more care's bestow'd  
 Upon the body, than the soul's allow'd;  
 That is not found to understand and know  
 So subtly as the body's found to grow.

Though children without study, pains, or thought,  
 Are languages and vulgar notions taught,  
 Improve their natural talents without care,  
 And apprehend, before they are aware;  
 Yet, as all strangers never leave the tones  
 They have been us'd of children to pronounce,  
 So most men's reason never can outgrow  
 The discipline it first receiv'd to know,  
 But renders words, they first began to con,  
 The end of all that's after to be known,  
 And sets the help of education back,  
 Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;  
 Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools  
 Have not been chang'd i' the' cradle, but the schools,  
 Where error, pedantry, and affectation,  
 Run them behind-hand with their education,  
 And all alike are taught poetic rage,  
 When hardly one's fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the organs of the brain  
 Quick to receive, and stedfast to retain  
 Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon  
 Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,  
 To make confounded languages restore  
 A greater drudgery than it barr'd before :

And therefore those imported from the East,  
 Where first they were incur'd, are held the best,  
 Although convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks  
 Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-  
 Are really but pains and labour lost, [books ;  
 And not worth half the drudgery they cost,  
 Unless, like rarities, as they 'ave been brought  
 From foreign climates, and as dearly bought ;  
 When those who had no other but their own,  
 Have all succeeding eloquence outdone ;  
 As men that wink with one eye, see more true,  
 And take their aim much better than with two :  
 For the more languages a man can speak,  
 His talent has but sprung the greater leak ;  
 And, for the industry he' has spent upon't,  
 Must full as much some other way discount.  
 The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,  
 Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,  
 And turn their wits, that strive to understand it,  
 (Like those that write the characters) left-handed :  
 Yet he that is but able to express  
 No sense at all in several languages,  
 Will pass for learned,er than he that's known  
 To speak the strongest reason in his own.

These are the modern arts of education,  
 With all the learned of mankind in fashion,  
 But practis'd only with the rod and whip,  
 As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship ;  
 Or Romish penitents let out their skins,  
 To bear the penalties of others' sins.  
 When letters, at the first, were meant for play,  
 And only us'd to pass the time away :  
 When the' ancient Greeks and Romans had no name  
 To' express a school and playhouse but the same ;

And in their languages, so long ago,  
 To study or be idle was all one ;  
 For nothing more preserves men in their wits,  
 Than giving of them leave to play by fits,  
 In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,  
 And waking, little less extravagances,  
 The rest and recreation of tir'd thought,  
 When 'tis run down with care and overwrought;  
 Of which whoever does not freely take  
 His constant share, is never broad awake ;  
 And when he wants an equal competence  
 Of both recruits, abates as much of sense.

Nor is their education worse design'd  
 Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:  
 The greatest inclinations with the least  
 Capacities are fatally possest.  
 Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,  
 Without an equal competence of brains;  
 While those she has indulg'd in soul and body,  
 Are most averse to industry and study,  
 And the' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,  
 For want of equal weight to counterpoise.  
 But when those great conveniences meet,  
 Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,  
 The one but strives the other to divert,  
 While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,  
 And scholars by prepost'rous over-doing,  
 And under-judging, all their projects ruin;  
 Who, though the understanding of mankind  
 Within so straight a compass is confin'd,  
 Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound  
 The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.  
 The bravest soldiers scorn, until they're got  
 Close to the enemy, to make a shot :

Yet great philosophers delight to stretch  
 Their talents most at things beyond their reach,  
 And proudly think to' unriddle every cause  
 That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws ;  
 When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude,  
 Where she denies admission, to intrude ;  
 And all their industry is but to err,  
 Unless they have free quarantine from her ;  
 Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,  
 By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.

For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,  
 Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,  
 And ever since that miserable fate  
 Learning did never cost an easier rate ;  
 For though the most divine and sovereign good,  
 That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,  
 Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance  
 To the' interest of truth than ignorance.  
 And therefore never bore so high a value  
 As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow ;  
 Had academies, schools and colleges,  
 Endow'd for its improvement and increase ;  
 With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,  
 More than a Roman magistrate had fasces ;  
 Impower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,  
 To' assume an art, and after understand it ;  
 Like bills of store for taking a degree,  
 With all the learning to it custom-free ;  
 And own professions which they never took  
 So much delight in as to read one book :  
 Like princes, had prerogative to give  
 Convicted malefactors a reprieve ;  
 And having but a little paltry wit  
 More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,

But scorn'd, as soon as 'twas but understood,  
 (As better is a spiteful foe to good,)  
 And now has nothing left for its support,  
 But what the darkest times provided for't.

Man has a natural desire to know,  
 But th' one half is for interest, t' other show:  
 As scriveners take more pains to learn the sleight  
 Of making knots, than all the hands they write:  
 So all his study is not to extend  
 The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end;  
 To' appear and pass for learned, though his claim  
 Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:  
 For most of those that drudge and labour hard,  
 Furnish their understandings by the yard,  
 As a French library by the whole is,  
 So much an ell for quartos and for folios;  
 To which they are but indexes themselves,  
 And understand no further than the shelves;  
 But smatter with their titles and editions,  
 And place them in their classical partitions:  
 When all a student knows of what he reads  
 Is not in's own, but under genaral heads  
 Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,  
 But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore,  
 Where all he can make of it, at the best,  
 Is hardly three *per cent.* for interest;  
 And whether he will ever get it out,  
 Into his own possession, is a doubt;  
 Affects all books of past and modern ages,  
 But reads no further than the title-pages,  
 Only to con the authors' names by rote,  
 Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,  
 Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance  
 With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients.

As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,  
And compliment the rabble in the street,  
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim  
Acquaintance with the meanest by his name;  
And by so mean contemptible a bribe  
Trepan'd the suffrages of every tribe :  
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,  
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,  
And he's esteem'd the learned'st of all others,  
That has the largest catalogue of authors.

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*FRAGMENTS.*

OF AN INTENDED SECOND PART OF THE FORE-GOING  
SATIRE.

MEN's talents grow more bold and confident,  
The further they're beyond their just extent,  
As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,  
The less they truly understand an art;  
And, where they 'ave least capacity to doubt,  
Are wont to' appear most perempt'ry and stout;  
While those that know the mathematic lines  
Where Nature all the wit of man confines,  
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where  
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere;  
Enjoy an absoluter free command  
O'er all they have a right to understand,  
Than those that falsely venture to encroach  
Where nature has denied them all approach;  
And still the more they strive to understand,  
Like great estates, run furthest behind-hand;

Will undertake the universe to fathom,  
 From infinite down to a single atom;  
 Without a geometric instrument,  
 To take their own capacity's extent;  
 Can tell as easy how the world was made,  
 As if they had been brought up to the trade,  
 And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,  
 Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature;  
 When all their wits to understand the world  
 Can never tell, why a pig's tail is curl'd;  
 Or give a rational account, why fish,  
 That always use to drink, do never p—ss.

WHAT mad fantastic gambols have been play'd  
 By the' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,  
 That were not much inferior to the freaks  
 Of all our lunatic fanatic sects?  
 The first and best philosopher of Athens  
 Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,  
 And had no other way to show his wit,  
 But when his wife was in her scolding fit;  
 Was after in the Pagan inquisition,  
 And suffered martyrdom for no religion.  
 Next him, his scholar striving to expel  
 All poets his poetic commonweal,  
 Exil'd himself, and all his followers,  
 Notorious poets, only bating verse.  
 The Stagyrte, unable to expound  
 The Euripus, leapt into 't, and was drown'd:  
 So he that put his eyes out to consider  
 And contemplate on natural things the steadier,  
 Did but himself for idiot convince,  
 Though reverenc'd by the learned ever since.  
 Empedocles, to be esteem'd a god,  
 Leapt into Ætna, with his sandals shod,



And being blown out, discover'd what an ass  
The great philosopher and juggler was,  
That to his own deity sacrific'd,  
And was himself the victim and the priest.  
The cynic coin'd false money, and for fear  
Of being hang'd for't, turn'd philosopher ;  
Yet with his lantern went by day, to find  
One honest man i' the' heap of all mankind ;  
An idle freak he needed not have done,  
If he had known himself to be but one.  
With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,  
The learned of all ages celebrate  
Things that are properer for Knightsbridge-college,  
Than the' authors and originals of knowledge ;  
More sottish than the two fanatics, trying  
To mend the world by laughing, or by crying ;  
Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,  
To rally on an ass that ate a thistle ;  
That the' antique sage, that was gallant to' a goose,  
A fitter mistress could not pick and choose,  
Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,  
Like two indentures, did agree to fit.

THE ancient sceptics constantly denied  
What they maintain'd, and thought they justified ;  
For when th' affirm'd that nothing's to be known,  
They did but what they said before disown ;  
And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce  
The same thing to be true and false at once.

These follies had such influence on the rabble,  
As to engage them in perpetual squabble ;  
Divided Rome and Athens into clans  
Of ignorant mechanic partisans ;  
That, to maintain their own hypotheses,  
Broke one another's block-heads, and the peacc ;



Were often set by officers i' the' stocks  
 For quarrelling about a paradox : [stools,  
 When pudding-wives were launch'd in cucking-  
 For falling foul on oyster-women's schools :  
 No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,  
 But to their gossips of their own opinions :  
 A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to sole  
 A pair of shoes of any other school ;  
 And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,  
 To go an errand of the Cyrenaics ;  
 That us'd to' encounter in athletic lists,  
 With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,  
 Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth  
 Of Academics, to maintain the truth.  
 But in the boldest feats of arms, the Stoic  
 And Epicureans were most heroic,  
 That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks;  
 To vindicate the interests of their sects,  
 And still behav'd themselves as resolute  
 In waging cuffs and bruises, as dispute ;  
 Until with wounds and bruises which th' had got,  
 Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot ;  
 When all their quarrels, rightly understood,  
 Were but to prove disputes the sovereign good.

DISTINCTIONS, that had been at first design'd  
 To regulate the errors of the mind,  
 By being too nicely overstrain'd and vex'd,  
 Have made the comment harder than the text ;  
 And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,  
 But break the bones in pieces of a point ;  
 And, with impertinent evasions, force  
 The clearest reason from its native course—  
 That argue things so' uncertain, 'tis no matter  
 Whether they are, or never were in nature ;

And venture to demonstrate when they've slur'd,  
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.  
For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence  
With blunted foils) engage with blunted sense ;  
And as they're wont to falsify a blow,  
Use nothing else to pass upon the foe ;  
Or, if they venture further to attack,  
Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack ;    [on,  
And, when they find themselves too hardly press'd  
Prevaricate, and change the state o' the' question.  
The noblest science of defence and art  
In practice now with all that controvert ;  
And the' only mode of prizes from Bear-Garden  
Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness\* fought  
As safe as in a castle or redoubt ;  
Gave one another desperate attacks,  
To storm the counterscarps upon their backs ;  
So disputants advance, and post their arms,  
To storm the works of one another's terms ;  
Fall foul on some extravagant expression,  
But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—  
So some polemics use to draw their swords  
Against the language only, and the words ;  
As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius,†  
Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases ;  
Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,  
The author of false Latin to convince ;

\* Harness was an ancient term for armour.

† Salmasius was a learned Frenchman, and the political antagonist of Milton ; who is obviously glanced at here, for having in his '*Defensio Populi*' carped at the latinity of Salmasius.

But laid the merits of the cause aside,  
By those, that understood them, to be tried;  
And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing  
More capital than to behead a king,  
For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd  
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,  
That turns with the' hundredth part of true or false;  
And still the more 'tis us'd, is wont to' abate  
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,  
Until 'tis false; and will not rise, nor fall,  
Like those that are less artificial;  
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,  
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,  
And, by their over-understanding, lose  
Its active faculty with too much use;  
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,  
Is but the next of all remov'd from none.—

It is opinion governs all mankind,  
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:  
For as those surnames are esteem'd the best  
That signify in all things else the least,  
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,  
That have the least of truth and reason in 'em.  
Truth would undo the world, if it possest  
The meanest of its right and interest;  
Is but a titular princess, whose' authority  
Is always under age, and in minority;  
Has all things done, and carried in its name,  
But most of all where it can lay no claim:  
As far from gaiety and complaisance,  
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;  
And therefore has surrender'd her dominion  
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,

That in her right usurps the tyrannies  
And arbitrary government of lies—

As no tricks on the rope but those that break,  
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,  
Are worth the sight; so nothing goes for wit  
But nonsense, or the next of all to it:  
For nonsense being neither false nor true,  
A little wit to any thing may screw;  
And, when it has a while been us'd, of course  
Will stand as well in virtue, power, and force,  
And pass for sense to' all purposes as good  
As if it had at first been understood:  
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,  
And more than all the strongest sense obliges:  
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,  
The mysteries of science to impart;  
Supplies all seminaries with recruits  
Of endless controversies and disputes;  
For learned nonsense has a deeper sound  
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile  
At charge of nothing, but the words and style;  
And the most curious critics of the learned  
Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;  
For as it is the garniture and dress  
That all things wear in books and languages,  
(And all men's qualities are wont to' appear  
According to the habits that they wear,)  
'Tis probable to be the truest test  
Of all the ingenuity o' the' rest.  
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,  
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks;  
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians  
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,

To learn the art of patrons, in defence  
 Of interest and their clients' eloquence;  
 When consuls, censors, senators, and prætors,  
 With great dictators, us'd to' apply to rhetors,  
 To hear the greater magistrate o' the school  
 Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule,  
 And those who mighty nations overcame,  
 Were fain to say their lessons and declaim.

Words are but pictures, true or false design'd,  
 To draw the lines and features of the mind;  
 The characters and artificial draughts,  
 To' express the inward images of thoughts;  
 And artists say, a picture may be good  
 Although the moral be not understood;  
 Whence some infer they may admire a style,  
 Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile;  
 Applaud the' outsides of words, but never mind  
 With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.

So orators, enchanted with the twang  
 Of their own trillos, take delight to' harangue;  
 Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,  
 Conveys and counterchanges true and false;  
 Casts mists before an audience's eyes,  
 To pass the one for t' other in disguise;  
 And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,  
 Only to serve for noise and nothing else;  
 Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,  
 And hangs for pendants in a horse's ear;  
 For if the language will but bear the test,  
 No matter what becomes of all the rest:  
 The ablest orator, to save a word,  
 Would throw all sense and reason overboard.

Hence 'tis, that nothing else but eloquence  
 Is tied to such a prodigal expense;

That lays out half the wit and sense it uses  
Upon the other half's as vain excuses:  
For all defences and apologies  
Are but specifics to' other frauds and lies;  
And the' artificial wash of eloquence  
Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,  
Only to stain the native ingenuity  
Of equal brevity and perspicuity,  
Whilst all the best and soberest things he does,  
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose;  
Handles no point so evident and clear  
(Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher;  
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,  
As if his talent had been wrapt up in't  
Unthriftilly, and now he went about  
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

THE pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn  
Among the ancient writers and the modern;  
And, while their studies are between the one  
And t' other spent, have nothing of their own:  
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,  
And equally to both their natures false:  
For whether 'tis their want of conversation  
Inclines them to all sorts of affectation;  
Their sedentary life and melancholy,  
The everlasting nursery of folly;  
Their poring upon black and white too subtly  
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley;  
Or squandering of their wits and time upon  
Too many things, has made them fit for none;  
Their constant overstraining of the mind  
Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind;

Or rude confusions of the things they read  
 Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,  
 Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,  
 And changes, in the insides of their skulls;  
 Or venturing beyond the reach of wit  
 Has render'd them for all things else unfit;  
 But never bring the world and books together,  
 And, therefore, never rightly judge of either;  
 Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics,  
 Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,  
 And by the' immoderate excess of study  
 Have found the sickly head to' outgrow the body

For pedantry is but a corn or wart,  
 Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,  
 A stupified excrescence, like a wen,  
 Fed by the pecant humours of learn'd men,  
 That never grows from natural defects  
 Of downright and untutor'd intellects,  
 But from the over-curious and vain  
 Distempers of an artificial brain—

So he that once stood for the learned'st man\*,  
 Has read out Little Britain and Duck Lane,  
 Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body;  
 And brain to nothing, with perpetual study:  
 Kept tutors of all sorts, and virtuosis,  
 To read all authors to him with their glosses,  
 And made his lackies, when he walk'd, bear folios  
 Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,  
 To be read to him every way the wind  
 Should chance to sit, before him or behind;

\* Mr. Thyer conceived that this character was designed for Sel-don, at whom several gibes were cast in Butler's common-place book. They had once been friends, but afterwards quarrelled.



Had read out all the' imaginary duels  
 That had been fought by consonants and vowels;  
 Had crack'd his skull, to find out proper places  
 To lay up all memoirs    things in cases;  
 And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,  
 To play with packs of sciences and arts,  
 That serve to' improve a feeble gamester's study,  
 That ventures at grammatic beast, or noddie:  
 Had read out all the catalogues of wares,  
 That come in dry fats o'er from Francfort fairs,  
 Whose authors use to' articulate their surnames  
 With scraps of Greek more learned than the  
           Germans;  
 Was wont to scatter books in every room,  
 Where they might best be seen by all that come,  
 And lay a train that naturally should force  
 What he design'd, as if it fell of course;  
 And all this with a worse success than Cardan,  
 Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,  
 When lighting on a philosophic spell,  
 Of which he never knew one syllable,  
*Presto, be gone*, he' unriddled all he read,  
 As if he had to nothing else been bred.

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UPON AN

*HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.*

A PINDARIC ODE.

THERE'S nothing so absurd, or vain,  
 Or barbarous, or inhumane,  
 But if it lay the least pretence  
 To piety and godliness,



Or tender-hearted conscience,  
 And zeal for gospel-truths profess,  
 Does sacred instantly commence,  
 And all that dare but question it, are straight  
 Pronounc'd the' uncircumcis'd and reprobate :-  
 As malefactors, that escape and fly  
 Into a sanctuary for defence,  
 Must not be brought to justice thence,  
 Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high;  
 And he that dares presume to do't,  
 Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up  
 To Satan, that engag'd him to't,  
 For venturing wickedly to put a stop  
 To his immunities and free affairs,  
 Or meddle saucily with theirs  
 That are employ'd by him, while he and they  
 Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

And as the Pagans heretofore  
 Did their own handyworks adore,  
 And made their stone and timber deities,  
 Their temples and their altars, of one piece,  
 The same outgoings seem to' inspire  
 Our modern self-will'd Edifier,  
 That out of things as far from sense, and more,  
 Contrives new light and revelation,  
 The creatures of the' imagination  
 To worship and fall down before;  
 Of which his crack'd delusions draw  
 As monstrous images and rude,  
 As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,  
 Or madman in a vision saw;  
 Mistakes the feeble impotence,  
 And vain delusions of his mind,

For sp'ritual gifts and offerings  
 Which Heaven, to present him, brings;  
 And still the further 'tis from sense,  
 Believes it is the more refin'd,  
 And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

But as all tricks whose principles  
 Are false, prove false in all things else;  
 The dull and heavy hypocrite  
 Is but in pension with his conscience,  
 That pays him for maintaining it  
 With zealous rage and impudence,  
 And as the one grows obstinate,  
 So does the other rich and fat;  
 Disposes of his gifts and dispensations  
 Like spiritual foundations,  
 Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd  
 To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind,  
 But still diverts them to as bad, or worse,  
 Than others are by unjust governors:  
 For, like our modern publicans,  
 He still puts out all dues  
 He owes to Heav'n, to the devil to use,  
 And makes his godly interest great gains;  
 Takes all the Brethren (to recruit  
 'The spirit in him) contribute,  
 And, to repair and edify his spent  
 And broken-winded outward man, present  
 For painful holding-forth against the government.

The subtle spider never spins  
 But on dark days his slimy gins;  
 Nor does our engineer much care to plant  
 His spiritual machines

Unless among the weak and ignorant,  
 The' inconstant, credulous, and light,  
 The vain, the factious, and the slight,  
 That in their zeal are most extravagant;  
 For trouts are tickled best in muddy water;  
 And still the muddier he finds their brains,  
 The more he's sought and follow'd after,  
 And greater ministrations gains;  
 For talking idly is admir'd,  
 And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;  
 And still the flatter and more dull  
 His gifts appear, is held more powerful;  
 For blocks are better cleft with wedges,  
 Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;  
 And dullest nonsense has been found,  
 By some, to be the solid'st and the most pro-  
 found.

A great Apostle once was said  
 With 'too much learning to be mad';  
 But our great Saint becomes distract,  
 And only with too little crackt;  
 Cries moral truths and human learning down,  
 And will endure no reason but his own:  
 For 'tis a drudgery and task  
 Not for a saint, but Pagan oracle,  
 To answer all men can object or ask;  
 But to be found impregnable,  
 And with a sturdy forehead to hold out  
 In spite of shame or reason resolute,  
 Is braver than to argue and confute:  
 As he that can draw blood, they say,  
 From witches, takes their magic pow'r away,  
 So he that draws blood into' a Brother's face,  
 Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:

For while he holds that nothing is so damn'd  
 And shameful as to be asham'd,  
 He never can be attack'd,  
 But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,  
 Among the weak and prepossess'd, [press'd.  
 Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r, op-

It is the nature of late zeal,  
 'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,  
 Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,  
 But where there's something to be gain'd;  
 And that being once reveal'd, defies  
 The law, with all its penalties,  
 And is convinc'd no pale  
 O' the' church can be so sacred as a gaol:  
 For as the Indians' prisons are their mines  
 So he has found are all restraints  
 To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints;  
 For the same thing enriches that confines:  
 And like to Lully, when he was in hold,  
 He turns his baser metals into gold;  
 Receives returning and retiring fees  
 For holding-forth, and holding of his peace;  
 And takes a pension to be advocate  
 And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state,  
 For gall'd and tender consciences;  
 Commits himself to prison to trepan,  
 Draw in, and spirit all he can;  
 For birds in cages have a call,  
 To draw the wildest into nets,  
 More prevalent and natural  
 Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

His slippery conscience has more tricks  
 Than all the juggling empirics,

And every one another contradicts ;  
 All laws of heav'n and earth can break,  
 And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy ;  
 And yet is so infirm and weak,  
 'Twill not endure the gentlest check,  
 But at the slightest nicety grows quacy ;  
 Disdains control, and yet can be  
 No where, but in a prison, free ;  
 Can force itself, in spite of God,  
 Who makes it free as thought at home,  
 A slave and villain to become,  
 To serve its interests abroad :  
 And though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning  
 At tithing mint and cummin,  
 No dull idolater was e'er so flat  
 In things of deep and solid weight ;  
 Pretends to charity and holiness,  
 But is implacable to peace,  
 And out of tenderness grows obstinate.  
 And though the zeal of God's house ate a prince  
 And prophet up (he says) long since,  
 His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal  
 Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a  
 meal.

He does not pray, but prosecute  
 (As if he went to law) his suit ;  
 Summons his Maker to appear  
 And answer what he shall prefer ;  
 Returns him back his gift of prayer,  
 Not to petition, but declare ;  
 Exhibits cross complaints  
 Against him for the breach of Covenants,  
 And all the charters of the Saints ;

Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands  
 Upon high terms and bold demands;  
 Excepts against him and his laws,  
 And will be judge himself in his own cause;  
 And grows more saucy and severe  
 Than the' heathen emperor\* was to Jupiter,  
 That us'd to wrangle with him and dispute,  
 And sometimes would speak softly in his ear,  
 And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,  
 And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

But when his painful gifts he' employs  
 In holding-forth, the virtue lies  
 Not in the letter of the sense,  
 But in the spiritual vehemence,  
 The pow'r and dispensation of the voice,  
 The zealous pangs and agonies,  
 And heavenly turnings of the eyes;  
 The groans with which he piously destroys,  
 And drowns the nonsense in the noise;  
 And grows so loud, as if he meant to force  
 And take in Heav'n by violence;  
 To fright the Saints into salvation,  
 Or scare the devil from temptation;  
 Until he falls so low and hoarse,  
 No kind of carnal sense  
 Can be made out of what he means:  
 But as the ancient Pagans were precise  
 To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice,  
 He still conforms to them, and has a care  
 To' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

The ancient churches, and the best,  
 By their own martyr's blood increas'd;

\* Caligula. See his life by Suetonius.

But he has found out a new way,  
 To do it with the blood of those  
 That dare his church's growth oppose,  
 Or her imperious canons disobey ;  
 And strives to carry on the work,  
 Like a true primitive reforming Turk,  
 With holy rage and edifying war,  
 More safe and powerful ways by far :  
 For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,  
 Was the first great reformer, and the chief  
 Of the' ancient Christian belief,  
 That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,  
 With revelations, dreams, and visions,  
 And apostolic superstitions,  
 To be held forth and carried on by war ;  
 And his successor was a Presbyter,  
 With greater right than Haly or Abubeker.\*

For as a Turk that is to act some crime  
 Against his Prophet's holy law  
 Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,  
 And leave his body for a time ;  
 So when some horrid action's to be done,  
 Our Turkish proselyte puts on  
 Another spirit, and lays by his own ;  
 And when his over-heated brain  
 Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman,  
 He's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held  
 To be prophetic, and reveal'd.  
 The one believes all madmen to be saints,  
 Which the' other cries him down for and abhors,  
 And yet in madness all devotion plants,  
 And where he differs most concurs ;

\* The sons-in-law of Mahomet.

Both equally exact and just  
 In perjury and breach of trust ;  
 So like in all things, that one brother  
 Is but a counterpart of t' other ;  
 And both unanimously damn  
 And hate (like two that play one game)  
 Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

Both equally design to raise  
 Their churches by the self-same ways ;  
 With war and ruin to assert  
 Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert ;  
 To preach the gospel with a drum,  
 And for convincing overcome :  
 And though, in worshipping of God, all blood  
 Was by his own laws disallow'd,  
 Both hold no holy rites to be so good ;  
 And both to propagate the breed  
 Of their own Saints one way proceed ;  
 For lust and rapes in war repair as fast  
 As fury and destruction waste :  
 Both equally allow all crimes  
 As lawful means to propagate a sect ;  
 For laws in war can be of no effect,  
 And license does more good in gospel-times,  
 Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been  
 The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin ;  
 For when Religion does recede  
 From her own nature, nothing but a breed  
 Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.



*UPON MODERN CRITICS.*

## A PINDARIC ODE.

'Tis well that equal Heav'n has plac'd  
Those joys above, that to reward  
The just and virtuous, are prepar'd,  
Beyond their reach until their pains are past;  
Else men would rather venture to possess  
By force, than earn their happiness;  
And only take the devil's advice,  
As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,  
Though at the' expense of Paradise:  
For, as some say, to fight is but a base  
Mechanic handy-work, and far below  
A generous spirit to' undergo;  
So 'tis to take the pains to know,  
Which some, with only confidence and face,  
More easily and ably do;  
For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,  
Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.  
Who would not rather make himself a judge,  
And boldly usurpate the chair,  
Than with dull industry and care  
Endure to study, think, and drudge,  
For that which he much sooner may advance  
With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

For all men challenge, though in spite  
Of Nature and their stars, a right,  
To censure, judge, and know;  
Though she can only order who

Shall be, and who shall ne'er be wise :  
Then why should those whom she denies  
Her favour and good graces to,  
Not strive to take opinion by surprise,  
And ravish what it were in vain to woo ?  
For he that desperately assumes  
The censure of all wits and arts,  
Though without judgment skill and parts,  
Only to startle and amuse,  
And mask his ignorance (as Indians use  
With gaudy-colour'd plumes  
Their homely nether parts to' adorn)  
Can never fail to captive some,  
That will submit to his oraculous doom,  
And reverence what they ought to scorn ;  
Admire his sturdy confidence  
For solid judgment and deep sense ;  
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,  
Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

Two self-admirers, that combine  
Against the world, may pass a fine  
Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,  
And settle it as they think fit  
On one another ; like the choice  
Of Persian princes, by one's horse's voice :  
For those fine pageants which some raise,  
Of false and disproportion'd praise,  
To' enable whom they please to' appear,  
And pass for what they never were,  
In private only being but nam'd,  
Their modesty must be asham'd,  
And not endur'd to hear,  
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,

And own'd in public every where :  
So vain some authors are to boast  
Their want of ingenuity, and club  
Their affidavit-wits, to dub  
Each other but a Knight o' the Post,  
As false as suborn'd perjurers, [ears.  
That vouch away all right they have to their own

But when all other courses fail,  
There is one easy artifice  
That seldom has been known to miss,  
To cry all mankind down, and rail :  
For he who all men do contemn,  
May be allow'd to rail again at them,  
And in his own defence  
To outface reason, wit, and sense,  
And all that makes against himself condemn ;  
To snarl at all things, right or wrong,  
Like a mad dog, that has a worm in his tongue ;  
Reduce all knowledge back, of good and evil,  
To' its first original, the devil ;  
And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,  
To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ ;  
Though to perform his task as dull,  
As if he had a toadstone in his scull,  
And could produce a greater stock  
Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

The feeblest vermin can destroy  
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,  
And only with their eyes and breath  
Infect and poison men to death ;  
But that more impotent buffoon  
That makes it both his business and his sport

To rail at all, is but a drone  
That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt ;  
Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite,  
Like o'ergrown sinners, that in whipping take de-  
Invades the reputation of all those [light ;  
That have, or have it not to lose ;  
And if he chance to make a difference,  
'Tis always in the wrongest sense :  
As rooking gamesters never lay  
Upon those hands that use fair play,  
But venture all their bets  
Upon the slurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

Nor does he vex himself much less  
Than all the world beside,  
Falls sick of other men's excess,  
Is humbled only at their pride,  
And wretched at their happiness ;  
Revenge on himself the wrong  
Which his vain malice and loose tongue  
To those, that feel it not, have done ;  
And whips and spurs himself, because he is out-  
gone ;  
Makes idle characters and tales,  
As counterfeit, unlike, and false,  
As witches' pictures are of wax and clay  
To those whom they would in effigy slay.  
And as the devil, that has no shape of 's own,  
Affects to put the ugliest on,  
And leaves a stink behind him when he's gone ;  
So he that's worse than nothing, strives to' appear  
I' th' likeness of a wolf or bear,  
To fright the weak ; but when men dare  
Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE  
*MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.*

A PINDARIC ODE.

'Tis true, to compliment the dead  
 Is as impertinent and vain,  
 As 'twas of old to call them back again ;  
 Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,  
 With settlements for after-lives :  
 For all that can be done or said,  
 Though ere so noble, great, and good,  
 By them is neither heard nor understood.  
 All our fine sleights and tricks of art,  
 First to create, and then adore desert,  
 And those romances which we frame,  
 To raise ourselves, not them, a name,  
 In vain are stuff'd with ranting flatteries,  
 And such as, if they knew, they would despise.  
 For as those times the Golden Age we call,  
 In which there was no gold in use at all,  
 So we plant glory and renown  
 Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,  
 But to worse purpose, many times,  
 To flourish o'er nefarious crimes,  
 And cheat the world, that never seems to mind  
 How good or bad men die, but what they leave be-  
 [hind.

And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name  
 Can never be worn out by Fame,  
 That liv'd and died to leave behind  
 A great example to mankind ;

That fell a public sacrifice,  
From ruin to preserve those few  
Who, though born false, may be made true,  
And teach the world to be more just and wise,  
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest  
Unmention'd in his silent chest,  
Not for his own, but public interest.  
He, like a pious man, some years before  
The' arrival of his fatal hour,  
Made every day he had to live  
To his last minute a preparative ;  
Taught the wild Arabs on the road  
To act in a more genteel mode ;  
Take prizes more obligingly than those  
Who never had been bred *filous* ;  
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion  
Than e'er was known before to the dull English  
[nation.

In France, the staple of new modes,  
Where garbs and miens are current goods,  
That serves the ruder northern nations  
With methods of address and treat ;  
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,  
And how to drink and how to eat  
No out-of-fashion wine or meat,  
To understand cravats and plumes,  
And the most modish from the old perfumes ;  
To know the age and pedigrees  
Of points of Flanders or Venice ;  
Cast their nativities, and, to a day,  
Foretel how long they'll hold, and when decay ;  
To' affect the purest negligences  
In gestures, gaits, and meins,  
And speak by *repartee-rotines*  
Out of the most authentic of romances,

And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,  
What ribbons, all the year, are in or out of season.

In this great academy of mankind  
He had his birth and education,  
Where all men are so' ingeniously inclin'd,  
They understand by imitation,  
Improve untaught, before they are aware,  
As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,  
That naturally does dispense  
To all a deep and solid confidence ;  
A virtue of that precious use,  
That he whom bounteous Heaven endues  
But with a moderate share of it,  
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,  
In all the deep hermetic arts :  
(For so of late the learned call  
All tricks, if strange and mysticall.)  
He had improv'd his natural parts,  
And with his magic rod could sound  
Where hidden treasure might be found :  
He, like a lord o' the' manor, seiz'd upon  
Whatever happen'd in his way,  
As lawful weft and stray,  
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

From these first rudiments he grew  
To nobler feats, and tried his force  
Upon whole troops of foot and horse,  
Whom he as bravely did subdue ;  
Declar'd all caravans that go  
Upon the king's highway, the foe ;  
Made many desperate attacks  
Upon itinerant brigades  
Of all professions, ranks, and trades,  
On carriers' loads, and pédlars' packs ;

Made 'em lay down their arms, and yield,  
And, to the smallest piece, restore  
All that by cheating they had gain'd before ;  
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.  
In every bold affair of war  
He had the chief command, and led them on ;  
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care  
Of other's lives, until he 'as made it known  
How much he does despise and scorn his own.

Whole provinces, betwixt sun and sun,  
Have by his conquering sword been won ;  
And mighty sums of money laid,  
For ransom, upon every man,  
And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.  
The' excise and chimney-publican,  
The jew-forestaller and enhancer,  
To him for all their crimes did answer.  
He vanquish'd the most fierce, and fell,  
Of all his foes, the Constable ;  
And oft had beat his quarters up,  
And routed him and all his troop.  
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,  
That in his own allow'd highway  
Does feats of arms as great as his,  
And when they' encounter in it, wins the day :  
Safe in his garrison, the Court,  
Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for't,  
To this stern foe he oft gave quarter ;  
But as the Scotchman did a Tartar,  
That he, in time to come,  
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

He would have starv'd this mighty town,  
And brought its haughty spirit down,



Have cut it off from all relief,  
And, like a wise and valiant chief,  
Made many a fierce assault  
Upon all ammunition-carts,  
And those that bring up cheese, or malt,  
Or bacon, from remoter parts ;  
No convoy e'er so strong with food  
Durst venture on the desperate road :  
He made the' undaunted waggoner obey,  
And the fierce higgler contribution pay ;  
The savage butcher and stout drover  
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover ;  
And if he had but kept the field,  
In time had made the City yield :  
For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found  
I' the' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd  
In which his stars began to frown,  
And had in close cabals contriv'd  
To pull him from his height of glory down ;  
And he, by numerous foes oppress'd,  
Was in the' enchanted dungeon cast,  
Secur'd with mighty guards,  
Lest he by force or stratagem  
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,  
And break through all their locks, and bolts, and  
Had both his legs by charms committed [wards,  
To one another's charge,  
That neither might be set at large,  
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.  
As jewels of high value arc  
Kept under locks with greater care  
Than those of meaner rates ;  
So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

Thither came ladies from all parts,  
To offer up close prisoners their hearts,  
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,  
And made them yield up love and honour too;  
But in more brave heroic ways  
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays:  
For those two spiteful foes, who never meet  
But full of hot contest and pique  
About punctilios and mere tricks,  
Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,  
And, far more generous and free,  
In contemplation only of him did agree,  
Both fully satisfied; the one,  
With those fresh laurels he had won,  
And all the brave renowned feats  
He had perform'd in arms;  
The other, with his person and his charms:  
For just as larks are catch'd in nets,  
By gazing on a piece of glass,  
So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,  
And smother polish'd face,  
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by surprise.

Never did bold knight, to relieve  
Distressed dames, such dreadful feats achieve,  
As feeble damsels, for his sake,  
Would have been proud to undertake;  
And, bravely' ambitious to redeem  
The world's loss and their own,  
Strove who should have the honour to lay down  
And change a life with him;  
But finding all their hopes in vain  
To move his fix'd determin'd fate,  
Their life itself began to hate,

As if it were an infamy  
To life when he was doom'd to die ;  
Made loud appeals and moans,  
To less hard-hearted grates and stones ;  
Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,  
To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers,  
And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,  
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

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*A BALLAD.\**

As close as a goose  
Sat the Parliament-house,  
    To hatch the royal gull ;  
After much fiddle-faddle,  
The egg proved addle,  
    And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,  
Though things do not fadge,  
    Will serve to be queen of a May-pole ;  
Two princes of Wales,  
For Whitsun-ales,  
    And her Grace Maid-Marian Clay-pole.

\* This ballad refers to the Parliament which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title ; which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept ; and contented himself with the power under the name of *Protector*.

In a robe of cow-hide  
Sat yesty Pride\*,  
    With his dagger in his sling;  
He was the pertinent'st peer  
Of all that were there,  
    To' advise with such a king.

A great philosopher†  
Had a goose for his lover,  
    That follow'd him day and night:  
If it be a true story,  
Or but an allegory,  
    It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son,  
Both cast into one,  
    Were meant for a single baron;  
But when they came to sit,  
There was not wit  
    Enough in them both, to serve for one.

Wherefore 'twas thought good  
To add Honeywood;  
    But when they came to trial,  
Each one prov'd a fool,  
Yet three knaves in the whole,  
    And that made up a Pair-royal‡

\* Col. Pride had been a brewer, or a brewer's man.

† Amphiloehus supposed. See Pliny, Ælian, &c.

‡ Mr. Thyer explains the wit of this to lie in the ambiguity of the word *Pair-royal*; which is applicable to three knaves at the game of Brag, and signifies at the same time, in French, a peer or baron.

*A BALLAD.*

## IN TWO PARTS.

(CONJECTURED TO BE ON OLIVER CROMWELL.)

## PART I.

Draw near, good people all, draw near,  
 And hearken to my ditty;  
 A stranger thing  
 Than this I sing  
 Came never to this city.

Had you but seen this monster,  
 You would not give a farthing  
 For the lions in the grate,  
 Nor the mountain-cat,  
 Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

You would defy the pageants  
 Are borne before the mayor;  
 The strangest shape  
 You e'er did gape  
 Upon at Bart'lomy fair!

His face is round and decent,  
 As is your dish or platter;  
 On which there grows  
 A thing like a nose,  
 But, indeed, it is no such matter.

On both sides of the' aforesaid  
 Are eyes, but they're not matches,  
 On which there are  
 To be seen two fair  
 And large well-grown mustaches.

Now this with admiration  
Does all beholders strike,  
That a beard should grow  
Upon a thing's brow;  
Did ye ever see the like?

He has no skull, 'tis well known  
To thousands of beholders;  
Nothing but a skin  
Does keep his brains in  
From running about his shoulders.

On both sides of his noddle  
Are straps o' the' very same leather;  
Ears are implied,  
But they are mere hide,  
Or morsels of tripe, choose ye whether.

Between these two extendeth  
A slit from ear to ear,  
That every hour  
Gapes to devour  
The sowce, that grows so near.

Beneath a tuft of bristles,  
As rough as a frize-jerkin;  
If it had been a beard,  
'Twould have serv'd a herd  
Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within a set of grinders  
Most sharp and keen, corroding  
Your iron and brass  
As easy as,  
That you would do a pudding.

But the strangest thing of all is,  
Upon his rump there groweth  
A great long tail,  
That useth to trail  
Upon the ground as he goeth.

## PART II.

THIS monster was begotten  
Upon one of the witches,  
By an imp that came to her,  
Like a man, to woo her,  
With black doublet and breeches.  
When he was whelp'd, for certain,  
In divers several countries  
The hogs and swine  
Did grunt and whine,  
And the ravens croak'd upon trees.  
The winds did blow, the thunder  
And lightning loud did rumble;  
The dogs did howl,  
The hollow tree in the' owl—  
'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled.  
As soon as he was brought forth,  
At the midwife's throat he flew,  
And threw the pap  
Down in her lap;  
(They say 'tis very true.)  
And up the walls he clamber'd,  
With nails most sharp and keen,  
The prints whereof,  
I' the' boards and roof,  
Are yet for to be seen.

And out o' the' top o' the' chimney  
He vanish'd, seen of none ;  
For they did wink,  
Yet by the stink  
Knew which way he was gone.

The country round about there  
Became like to a wildern-  
ess; for the sight  
Of him did fright  
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,  
And all those parts much harmed,  
Till a wise-woman, which  
Some call a white witch,  
Him into a hog-sty charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,  
With brimstone and with nitre,  
She sing'd the claws  
Of his left paws,  
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments  
She made him tame as a spaniel :  
For she us'd to ride  
On his back astride,  
Nor did he do her any ill.

But to the admiration  
Of all both far and near,  
He hath been shown  
In every town,  
And eke in every shire.



And now, at length, he's brought  
Unto fair London city,  
Where in Fleet-street  
All those may see't,  
That will not believe my ditty.

God save the King and Parliament,\*  
And eke the Prince's highness,  
And quickly send  
The wars an end,  
As here my song has—*Finis*.

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### MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.†

ALL men's intrigues and projects tend,  
By several courses, to one end;  
To compass, by the properest shows,  
Whatever their designs propose;  
And that which owns the fair'st pretext  
Is often found the indirect'st.  
Hence 'tis, that hypocrites still paint  
Much fairer than the real saint,

\* From these circumstances it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the death of the King, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public.

† This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were among many of the same kind, fairly wrote out by Butler, in a sort of poetical Thesaurus. Whether he intended ever to publish any of them, as separate distinct thoughts, or to interweave them into some future compositions, (a thing very usual with him) cannot be ascertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to those who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. Mr. Thyer gave them the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*.

And knaves appear more just and true  
Than honest men, that make less shew :  
The dullest idiots in disguise  
Appear more knowing than the wise ;  
Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,  
Pass on the rabble for the learn'd ;  
And cowards, that can damn and rant,  
Pass muster for the valiant :  
For he that has but impudence,  
To all things has a just pretence,  
And, put among his wants but shame,  
To all the world may lay his claim.  
How various and innumerable  
Are those, who live upon the rabble ?  
'Tis they maintain the church and state,  
Employ the priest and magistrate ;  
Bear all the charge of government,  
And pay the public fines and rent ;  
Defray all taxes and excises,  
And impositions of all prices ;  
Bear all the' expence of peace and war,  
And pay the pulpit and the bar ;  
Maintain all churches and religions,  
And give their pastors exhibitions ;  
And those who have the greatest flocks  
Are primitive and orthodox :  
Support all schismatics and sects,  
And pay 'em for tormenting texts ;  
Take all their doctrines off their hands,  
And pay 'em in good rents and lands ;  
Discharge all costly offices,  
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,  
The hangman's wages, and the scores  
Of caterpillar bawds and whores ;

Discharge all damages and costs  
Of knights and Squires of the Post ;  
All statesmen, cutpurses, and padders,  
And pay for all their ropes and ladders ;  
All pettifoggers, and all sorts  
Of markets, churches, and of courts ;  
All sums of money paid or spent,  
With all the charges incident,  
Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n  
To purchase this world, hell, or heav'n.

SHOULD once the world resolve to' abolish  
All that's ridiculous and foolish,  
It would have nothing left to do,  
To' apply in jest or earnest to,  
No business of importance, play,  
Or state, to pass its time away.

THE world would be more just, if truth and lies,  
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price ;  
But since impostors are so highly rais'd,  
And faith and justice equally debas'd,  
Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains,  
To' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

THE sottish world without distinction looks  
On all that passes on the' account of books ;  
And when there are two scholars, that within  
The species only hardly are a-kin,  
The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,  
If equally they've loiter'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed  
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed  
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,  
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,

Open the pores, and make way for the sun  
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

As all Fanaties preach, so all men write  
Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,  
In spite of art; as horses thorough pac'd  
Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

In all mistakes, the strict and regular  
Are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,  
And worst to be avoided; as a wound  
Is said to be the harder eur'd that's round:  
For error and mistake, the less they' appear,  
In the' end are found to be the dangerouser:  
As no man minds those elocks that use to go  
Apparently too over-fast or slow.

THE truest eharacters of ignorance  
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;  
As blind men use to bear their noses higher,  
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

THE metaphysic's but a puppet-motion  
That goes with serews, the notion of a notion;  
The copy of a eopy, and lame draught  
Unnaturally taken from a thought;  
That counterfeits all pantomimie trieks,  
And turns the eyes like an old erucifix;  
That counterechanges whatsoe'er it calls  
By' another name, and makes it true or false;  
Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,  
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of schools to understand,  
But make things hard, instead of being explain'd;  
And therefore those are eommonly the learnedst,  
That only study between jest and earnest:

For when the end of learning's to pursue  
And trace the subtle steps of false and true,  
They ne'er consider how they're to apply,  
But only listen to the noise and cry,  
And are so much delighted with the chase,  
They never mind the taking of their preys.  
MORE proselytes and converts use to' accrue  
To false persuasions, than the right and true ;  
For error and mistake are infinite,  
But truth has but one way to be i' the' right ;  
As numbers may to' infinity be grown,  
But never be reduc'd to less than one.  
ALL wit and fancy, like a diamond,  
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,  
Is forc'd for every carat to abate  
As much in value as it wants in weight.  
THE great Saint Lewis, king of France,  
Fighting against Mahometans,  
In Egypt, in the Holy war,  
Was routed and made prisoner :  
The Sultan then, into whose hands  
He and his army fell, demands  
A thousand weight of gold to free,  
And set them all at liberty.  
The king pays down one half o' the nail,  
And for the other offers bail,  
The pyx, and in't the eucharist,  
The body of our Saviour Christ.  
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd  
The king's security for good :—  
Such credit had the Christian zeal,  
In those days with an Infidel,  
That will not pass for twopence now,  
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

THOSE that go up-hill, use to bow  
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,  
To poisc themselves, and sometimes creep,  
When the' way is difficult and steep :  
So those at court, that do address  
By low ignoble offices,  
Can stoop to any thing that's base,  
To wriggle into trust and grace,  
Are like to rise to greatness sooner  
Than those that go by worth and honour.

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,  
Arc meant of services that arc forgiven,  
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,  
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their pow'r  
Is not to rule and govern, but devour :  
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they  
No better than merc bcasts that do obey.

NOTHING's more dull and negligent  
Than an old lazy government,  
That knows no interest of state,  
But such as serves a present strait,  
And to patch up, or shift, will close,  
Or break alike, with friends or foes :  
That runs behind-hand, and has spent  
Its credit to the last extent ;  
And the first time 'tis at a loss,  
Has not one true friend nor onc cross ?\*

THE devil was the first o' the' name,  
From whom the race of rebels came,  
Who was the first bold undertaker  
Of bearing arms against his Maker ;

\* A coin so called from its impress.

And though, miscarrying in the' event,  
Was never yet known to repent,  
Though tumbled from the top of bliss  
Down to the bottomless abyss;  
A property which, from their prince,  
The family owns ever since,  
And therefore ne'er repent the evil  
They do or suffer, like the devil.

THE worst of rebels never arm  
To do their king or country harm,  
But draw their swords to do them good ;  
As doctors cure, by letting blood.

No seared conscience is so fell  
As that which has been burnt with zeal ;  
For Christian charity 's as well  
A great impediment to zeal ;  
As zeal a pestilential disease  
To Christian charity and peace.

As thistles wear the softest down,  
To hide their prickles till they're grown,  
And then declare themselves, and tear  
Whatever ventures to come near ;  
So a smooth knave does greater feats  
Than one that idly rails and threats,  
And all the mischief that he meant,  
Does, like a rattlesnake, prevent.

MAN is supreme lord and master  
Of his own ruin and disaster ;  
Controls his fate, but nothing less  
In ordering its own happiness ;  
For all his care and providence  
Is too, too feeble a defence



To render it secure and certain  
Against the injuries of Fortune ;  
And oft in spite of all his wit,  
Is lost with one unlucky hit,  
And ruin'd with a circumstance,  
And mere punctilio, of chance.

DAME Fortune, some men's tutelar,  
Takes charge of them without their care,  
Does all their drudgery and work,  
Like Fairies, for them in the dark ;  
Conducts them blindfold, and advances  
The naturals by blinder chances ;  
While others by desert or wit  
Could never make the matter hit,  
But still the better they deserve,  
Are but the abler thought to starve.

GREAT wits have only been prefer'd,  
In princes' trains to be inter'd,  
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd  
Among their followers not the last ;  
But while they liv'd, were far enough  
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that's proof against the assay  
Upon the touchstone wears away ;  
And having stood the greater test,  
Is overmaster'd by the least :  
So some men, having stood the hate  
And spiteful cruelty of Fate,  
Transported with a false caress  
Of unacquainted happiness,  
Lost to humanity and sense,  
Have fall'n as low as insolence.



INNOCENCE is a defence  
For nothing else but patience ;  
'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,  
Nor fence against the tricks of state ;  
Nor from the' oppression of the laws  
Protect the plain'st and justest cause ;  
Nor keep unspotted a good name  
Against the obloquies of Fame ;  
Feeble as Patience, and as soon,  
By being blown upon, undone :  
As beasts are hunted for their furs,  
Men for their virtues fare the worse.  
Who doth not know with what fierce rage  
Opinions, true or false, engage ?  
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,  
Like the blind's leading of the blind,  
All claim an equal interest,  
And free dominion, o'er the rest.  
And as one shield that fell from Heav'n  
Was counterfeited by eleven,  
The better to secure the fate  
And lasting empire of a state,  
The false are numerous, and the true,  
That only have the right, but few.  
Hence fools, that understand 'em least,  
Are still the fiercest in contest ;  
Unseen, espouse a side  
At random, like a prince's bride,  
To damn their souls, and swear and lie for,  
And at a venture live and die for.  
OPINION governs all mankind,  
Like the blind's leading of the blind ;  
For he that has no eyes in's head,  
Must be by' a dog glad to be led ;

And no beasts have so little in 'em  
As that inhuman brute, Opinion:  
'Tis an infectious pestilence,  
The tokens upon wit and sense,  
That with a venomous contagion  
Invades the sick imagination;  
And when it seizes any part,  
It strikes the poison to the heart.  
This men of one another catch  
By contact as the humours match;  
And nothing's so perverse in nature  
As a profound opiniator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,  
And makes mere sots of magistrates;  
The fumes of it invade the brain,  
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:  
By this the fool commands the wise,  
The noble with the base complies,  
The sot assumes the rule of wit,  
And cowards make the base submit.

A GODLY man that has serv'd out his time  
In holiness, may set up any crime:  
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,  
May set up any faculty they please.

Why should not piety be made,  
As well as equity a trade,  
And men get money by devotion,  
As well as making of a motion?  
Be' allow'd to pray upon conditions,  
As well as suitors in petitions?  
And in a congregation pray,  
No less than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof,  
Is all his province, and enough ;  
But is no more concern'd in use,  
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE soberest saints are more stiff-necked  
Than the' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well  
To propagate a church as zeal ;  
As persecution and promotion  
Do equally advance devotion :  
So round white stones will serve, they say,  
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made  
Of proselytes, of one another's trade.

YOUR wise and cautious consciences  
Are free to take what course they please ;  
Have plenary indulgence to dispose,  
At pleasure, of the strictest vows,  
And challenge Heav'n, they made 'em too,  
To vouch and witness what they do ;  
And when they prove averse and loth,  
Yet for convenience take an oath ;  
Not only can dispense, but make it  
A greater sin to keep than take it ;  
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,  
And only keeps the keys within ;  
Has no superior to controul,  
But what itself sets o'er the soul ;  
And when it is enjoin'd to' obey,  
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key ;  
Can walk invisible, and where,  
And when, and how, it will appear ;

Can turn itself into disguises  
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices ;  
Can transubstantiate, matamorphose,  
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus ;  
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,  
Obey and follow its commands,  
And settle on a new freehold,  
As Marcly-hill remov'd of old ;  
Make mountains move with greater force  
Than faith, to new proprietors ;  
And perjurers, to secure the' enjoyments  
Of public charges and employments :  
For true and faithful, good and just,  
Are but preparatives to trust ;  
The gilt and ornament of things,  
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

ALL love, at first, like generous wine,  
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ;  
But when 'tis settled on the lee,  
And from the' impurer matter free,  
Becomes the richer still the older,  
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

THE motions of the earth or sun,  
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,  
Are both perform'd by fits and starts ;  
And so are those of lovers' hearts,  
Which, though they keep no even pace,  
Move true and constant to one place.

LOVE is too great a happiness  
For wretched mortals to possess ;  
For could it hold inviolate  
Against those cruelties of Fate

Which all felicities below  
By rigid laws are subject to,  
It would become a bliss too high  
For perishing mortality,  
Translate to earth the joys above ;  
For nothing goes to Heaven but love.

ALL wild but generous creatures live, of course,  
As if they had agreed for better or worse :  
The lion's constant to his only miss,  
And never leaves his faithful lioness ;  
And she as chaste and true to him again,  
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.  
The docile and ingenuous elephant  
To' his own and only female is gallant ;  
And she as true and constant to his bed,  
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead ;  
But paltry rams, and bulls, and goats, and boars,  
Are never satisfied with new amours ;  
As all poltroons with us delight to range,  
And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

THE souls of women are so small,  
That some believe they 've none at all ;  
Or if they have, like cripples, still  
They 've but one faculty, the will ;  
The other two are quite laid by  
To make up one great tyranny ;  
And though their passions have most pow'r,  
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more  
To the' absolute will, that with a breath  
Has sovereign pow'r of life and death,  
And, as its little interests move,  
Can turn 'em all to hate or love ;

For nothing, in a moment, turn  
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn ;  
And make that love degenerate  
To' as great extremity of hate ;  
And hate again, and scorn, and piques,  
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

ALL sorts of votaries, that profess  
To bind themselves apprentices  
To Heav'n ; abjure, with solemn vows,  
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a spouse ;  
As the' worst of all impediments  
To hinder their devout intents.

Most virgins marry, just as nuns  
The same thing the same way renounce ;  
Before they 've wit to understand  
The bold attempt they take in hand ;  
Or having staid and lost their tides,  
Are out of season grown for brides.

THE credit of the marriage-bed  
Has been so loosely husbanded,  
Men only deal for ready money,  
And women, separate alimony ;  
And ladies-errant, for debauching,  
Have better terms, and equal caution ;  
And for their journey-work and pains  
The chairwomen clear greater gains.

As wine that with its own weight runs is best,  
And counted much more noble than the prest ;  
So is that poetry, whose generous strains  
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

SOME call it fury, some a muse,  
That, as possessing devils use,

Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,  
And when he 's in, he 's out of 's wits.

ALL writers, though of different fancies,  
Do make all people in romances,  
That are distress'd and discontent,  
Make songs, and sing to' an instrument,  
And poets by their sufferings grow ;  
As if there were no more to do,  
To make a poet excellent,  
But only want and discontent.

It is not poetry that makes men poor ;  
For few do write that were not so before :  
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,  
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch ;  
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains  
To undergo that drudgery of brains ;  
But being for all other trades unfit,  
Only to' avoid being idle, set up wit.

THEY that do write in authors' praises,  
And freely give their friends their voices,  
Are not confin'd to what is true ;  
That's not to give, but pay a due :  
For praise, that's due, does give no more  
To worth than what it had before ;  
But to commend, without desert,  
Requires a mastery of art,  
That sets a gloss on what 's amiss,  
And writes what should be, not what is.

IN foreign universities,  
When a king's born, or weds, or dies,  
Straight other studies are laid by,  
And all apply to poetry :

Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,  
And some (more wise) in Arabic,  
To' avoid the critic, and the' expense  
Of difficulter wit and sense ;  
And seem more learnedish than those  
That at a greater charge compose.  
The doctors lead, the students follow ;  
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,  
Some Jupiter, and give him the' odds,  
On even terms, of all the gods :  
Then Cæsar he 's nicknam'd, as duly as  
He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,  
And was address'd to, by a crow,  
As pertinently long ago ;  
And with more heroes' names is stil'd,  
Than saints' are club'd to' an Austrian child :  
And as wit goes by colleges,  
As well as standing and degrees,  
He still writes better than the rest,  
That 's of the house that 's counted best.

FAR greater numbers have been lost by hopes,  
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,  
And other ammunitions of despair,  
Were ever able to dispatch—by fear.

THERE's nothing our felicities endears  
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,  
And, in the miserablest of distress,  
Improve attempts as desperate with success ;  
Success, that owns, and justifies all quarrels,  
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels ;  
Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,  
'Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.



THE people have as much a neg'tive voice  
To hinder making war without their choice,  
As kings of making laws in parliament;  
No money is as good as No assent.

WHEN princes idly lead about,  
Those of their party follow suit,  
Till others trump upon their play,  
And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all subjects discontent  
Against a prince's government,  
And princes take as great offence  
At subjects' disobedience,  
That neither t' other can abide,—  
But too much reason on each side?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure,  
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,  
With which she 's said to weigh out true and false,  
With no design but, like the antique Gaul,  
'To get more money from the capital.

ALL that which law and equity miscalls  
By the' empty idle names of True and False,  
Is nothing else but maggots blówn between  
False witnesses and falser jurymen.

No court allows those partial interlopers  
Of law and equity, two single paupers,  
'To' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce  
Each other gratis in a suit at once ;  
For one at one time, and upon free cost, is  
Enough to play the knave and fool with justice ;

And when the one side bringeth custom in,  
And the' other lays out half the reckoning,  
The devil himself will rather choose to play  
At paltry small game, than sit out, they say ;  
But when at all there's nothing to be got,  
The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot.

THE law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,  
Little considers right or wrong ;  
But, like authority', is soon satisfied  
When 'tis to judge on its own side.

THE law can take a purse in open court,  
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for't.

Who can deserve, for breaking of the laws,  
A greater penance than an honest cause ?

ALL those that do but rob and steal enough,  
Are punishment and court of justice proof,  
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,  
In all the idle bugbears of the law ;  
But confidently rob the gallows too,  
As well as other sufferers, of their due.

OLD laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,  
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,  
And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,  
To turn and wind them any way they please.  
The statute-law's their Scripture, and reports  
The ancient rev'rend fathers of their courts,  
Records their general councils, and decisions  
Of judges on the bench their solc traditions ;  
For which, like Catholics, they 've greater awe,  
As the' arbitrary and unwritten law,  
And strive perpetually to make the standard  
Of right between the tenant and the landlord ;

And when two cases at a trial meet,  
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,  
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,  
The Court directs the obstinat'st dispute ;  
There 's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,  
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A MAN of quick and active wit  
For drudgery is more unfit,  
Compar'd to those of duller parts,  
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit  
Do only render the' owners fit  
For nothing, but to be undone  
Much easier than if they 'd none.

As those that are stark blind, can trace  
The nearest ways from place to place,  
And find the right way easier out,  
Than those that hood-wink'd try to do't ;  
So tricks of state are manag'd best  
By those that are suspected least,  
And greatest *finesse* brought about  
By engines most unlike to do't.

ALL the politics of the great  
Are like the cunning of a cheat,  
That lets his false dice freely run,  
And trusts them to themselves alone ;  
But never lets a true one stir  
Without some fingering trick, or slur ;  
And, when the gamesters doubt his play,  
Conveys his false dice safe away,  
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,  
To' endure the torturc of the search.

WHAT else does History use to tell us,  
But tales of subjects being rebellious ;  
The vain perfidiousness of lords,  
And fatal breach of princes' words ;  
The sottish pride and insolence  
Of statesmen, and their want of sense ;  
Their treachery, that undoes, of custom,  
Their own selves first, next those who trust 'em ?

BECAUSE a feeble limb 's carest,  
And more indulg'd than all the rest,  
So frail and tender consciences  
Are humour'd to do what they please ;  
When that which goes for weak and feeble  
Is found the most incorrigible  
To outdo all the fiends in hell  
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at the' approach of winter, all  
The leaves of great trees use to fall,  
And leave them naked to engage  
With storms and tempests when they rage,  
While humbler plants are found to wear  
Their fresh green liveries all the year ;  
So when the glorious season's gone  
With great men, and hard times come on,  
The great'st calamities oppress  
The greatest still, and spare the less.

As when a greedy raven sees  
A sheep entangled by the fleece,  
With hasty cruelty he flies  
To' attack him, and pick out his eyes ;  
So do those vultures use, that keep  
Poor prisoners fast, like silly sheep,

As greedily to prey on all  
That in their ravenous clutches fall.  
For thorns and brambles, that came in  
To wait upon the curse for sin,  
And were no part o' the' first creation,  
But, for revenge, a new plantation,  
Are yet the fitt'st materials  
To' enclose the earth with living walls :  
So gaolers that are most accurst,  
Are found most fit in being worst.

THERE needs no other charm, nor conjurer  
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear ;  
That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,  
That's both a prisoner to itself, and gaol ;  
Draws more fantastic shapes than in the grains  
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains,  
When all the cocks, they think they see, and bulls,  
Are only in the insides of their skulls.

THE Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,  
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven own,  
Beside the' imaginary territory,  
He lays a title to—in Purgatory ;  
Declares himself an absolute free prince  
In his dominions, only over sins ;  
But as for Heaven, since it lies so far  
Above him, is but only titular,  
And, like his Cross-keys badge upon a tavern,  
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern :  
Yet when he comes to take accompt, and share  
The profit of his prostituted ware,  
He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,  
Above his richest titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a sp'ritual fair,  
To' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,  
In which his Holiness buys nothing in,  
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin ;  
And deals in extraordinary crimes,  
That are not vendible at other times ;  
For dealing both for Judas and the' high-priest,  
He makes a plentiful trade of Christ.

THAT sp'ritual pattern of the church, the ark,  
In which the ancient world did once embark,  
Had ne'er a helm in't to direct its way,  
Although bound through an universal sea ;  
When all the modern church of Rome's concern  
Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

IN the church of Rome to go to shrift,  
Is but to put the soul on—a clean shift.

A ~~man~~ ass will with his long ears fray  
The flies, that tickle him, away ;  
But man delights to have his ears  
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

ALL wit does but divert men from the road  
In which things vulgarly are understood,  
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own  
A better sense than commonly is known.

IN little trades more cheats and lying  
Are us'd in selling than in buying ;  
But in the great, unjust dealing  
Is us'd in buying than in selling.

ALL smatterers are more brisk and pert  
Than those that understand an art ;

As little sparkles shine more bright  
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

LAW does not put the least restraint  
Upon our freedom, but maintain't ;  
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,  
To give us freer latitude :  
For wholesome laws preserve us free,  
B stinting of our liberty.

THE world has long endeavour'd to reduce  
Those things to practice that are of no use,  
And strives to practice things of speculation,  
And bring the practical to contemplation ;  
And by that error renders both in vain,  
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

IN all the world there is no vice,  
Less prone to' excess than avarice ;  
It neither cares for food nor clothing :  
Nature's content with little ; that, with nothing.

IN Rome no temple was so low  
As that of Honour, built to show  
How humble honour ought to be,  
Though there 'twas all authority,

It is a harder thing for men to rate  
Their own parts at an equal estimate,  
Than cast up fractions, in the' accompt of Heav'n,  
Of time and motion, and adjust them ev'n ;  
For modest persons never had a true  
Particular, of all that is their due.

SOME people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,  
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood  
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good ;  
So he that cannot write one word of sense,  
Believes he has as legal a pretence  
To scribble what he does not understand,  
As idiots have a title to their land.

WERE Tully now alive, he'd be to seek  
In all our Latin terms of art, and Greek ;  
Would never understand one word of sense  
The most irrefragable schoolman means :  
As if the schools design'd their terms of art  
Not to advance a science, but divert ;  
As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuse  
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the' art  
Of painting, to foreshorten any part  
Than draw it out ; so 'tis in books the chief  
Of all perfections, to be plain and brief.

THE man that for his profit's bought to' obey,  
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray ;  
And when he's bid a liberaller price,  
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

OPINIATORS naturally differ  
From other men ; as wooden legs are stiffer  
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,  
Which way soe'er they are design'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withstood  
The mortal fury of the Flood,  
And prov'd the only means to save  
All earthly creatures from the wave ;  
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind  
To lay a tribute on mankind,



That, by degrees, has swallow'd more  
Than all it drown'd at once before.

THE prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate  
It was to keep a school, and rule a state,  
Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,  
As when it was translated to a rod ;  
And that his subjects ne'er were so obedient,  
As when he was inaugurated pedant :  
For to instruct is greater than to rule,  
And no commands so' imperious as a school.

As he whose destiny does prove  
To dangle in the air above,  
Does lose his life for want of air,  
That only fell to be his share ;  
So he whom Fate at once design'd  
To plenty and a wretched mind,  
Is but condemn'd to' a rich distress,  
And starves with niggardly excess.

THE universal med'cine is a trick,  
That Nature never meant to cure the sick,  
Unless by death ; the singular receipt,  
To root out all diseases by the great :  
For universals deal in no one part  
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art ;  
And therefore that French quack, that set up physic,  
Call'd his receipt *a general specific*.  
For though in mortal poisons, every one  
Is mortal universally alone,  
Yet Nature never made an antidote  
To cure 'em all as easy as they're got ;  
Much less, among so many variations  
Of different maladies and complications,

Make all the contrarieties in Nature  
Submit themselves to' an equal moderator.

A CONVERT's but a fly, that turns about  
After his head's pull'd off, to find it out.

ALL mankind is but a rabble,  
As silly and unreasonable  
As those that, crowding in the street,  
To see a show or monster meet,  
Of whom no one is in the right,  
Yet all fall out about the sight ;  
And when they chance to' agree, the choice is  
Still in the most and worst of vices ;  
And all the reasons that prevail  
Are measur'd not by weight, but tale.

As in all great and crowded fairs  
Monsters and puppet-plays are wares  
Which in the less will not go off,  
Because they have not money enough ;  
So men in princes' courts will pass,  
That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS use to clap a proposition,  
As justices do criminals, in prison ;  
And in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ  
The names of all their moods and figures fit :  
For a logician's one that has been broke  
To ride and pace his reason by the book,  
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,  
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains,  
But most of all, i' th' drudgery of brains ;  
A natural sign of weakness, as an ant  
Is more laborious than an elephant ;

And children are more busy ât their play  
Than those that wiselyest pass their time away.

ALL the inventions that the world contains,  
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains;  
But pass for theirs, who had the luck to light  
Upon them by mistake or oversight.

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### *TRIPLETS UPON AVARICE.*

As misers their own laws enjoin  
To wear no pockets in the mine,  
For fear they should the ore purloin :

So he that toils and labours hard  
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,  
Is from the use of all debar'd.

And though he can produce more spankers  
Than all the usurers and bankers,  
Yet after more and more he hankers :

And after all his pains are done,  
Has nothing he can call his own,  
But a mere livelihood alone.

---

### *DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.*

A COUNTRY that draws fifty foot of water,  
In which men live as in the hold of Nature ;  
And when the sea does in upon them break,  
And drowns a province, does but spring a lake ;

That always ply the pump, and never think  
'They can be safe, but at the rate they stink ;  
That live as if they had been run aground,  
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd ;  
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey  
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey ;  
And, when their merchants are blown up and crack't,  
Whole towns are east away in storms, and wreck't ;  
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,  
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes :  
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,  
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

---

*TO HIS MISTRESS.*

Do not unjustly blame  
My guiltless breast,  
For venturing to disclose a flame  
It had so long suppress.

In its own ashes it design'd  
For ever to have lain ;  
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,  
Made it break out again.

---

*TO THE SAME.*

Do not mine affection slight,  
'Cause my locks with age are white :  
Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,  
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

*EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS.*

THE jolly members of a toping club,  
Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub :  
- And in a close confederacy link,  
For nothing else, but only to hold drink.

*HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY.\**

IN days of yore, when knight or squire  
By Fate were summon'd to retire,  
Some menial poet still was near,  
To bear them to the hemisphere,  
And there among the stars to leave 'em,  
Until the gods sent to relieve 'em :  
And sure our Knight, whose very sight wou'd  
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,  
Should he neglected lie, and rot,  
Stink in his grave, and be forgot,  
Would have just reason to complain,  
If he should chance to rise again ;  
And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,  
In mournful doggrel thus we trudge on.

Oh me ! what tongue, what pen, can tell  
How this renowned champion fell ?  
But must reflect, alas ! alas !  
All human glory fades like grass,

\* Neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, are to be found in *The Genuine Remains* of Butler, as published by Mr. Thyer from the manuscripts in the possession of the late William Longueville, Esq. ; but have constantly made a part of the Collection of poems frequently reprinted under the title of *The Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler*.

And that the strongest martial feats  
Of errant knights are all but cheats :  
Witness our Knight, who sure has done  
More valiant actions, ten to one,  
Than of More-Hall, the mighty More,  
Or him that made the Dragon roar ;  
Has knock'd more men and women down,  
Than Bevis of Southampton town,  
Or than our modern heroes can,  
To take them singly, man by man.

No, sure, the grisly King of terror,  
Has been to blame, and in an error,  
To issue his dead-warrant forth  
To seize a knight of so much worth,  
Just in the nick of all his glory ;  
I tremble when I tell the story.  
Oh ! help me, help me, some kind Muse,  
This surly tyrant to abuse,  
Who, in his rage, has been so cruel  
To rob the world of such a jewel ;  
A knight more learned, stout, and good,  
Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood :  
All his perfections were so rare,  
The wit of man could not declare  
Which single virtue, or which grace,  
Above the rest had any place,  
Or which he was most famous for,  
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar ;  
Of each he had an equal spice,  
And was in all so very nice,  
That, to speak truth, the' account is lost,  
In which he did excel the most.  
When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,  
And out he went a colonelling,

Strange hopes and fears possess'd the nation,  
How he could manage that vocation,  
Until he show'd it, to a wonder,  
How nobly he could fight and plunder.  
At preaching, too, he was a dab,  
More exquisite by far than Squab ;  
He could fetch uses, and infer,  
Without the help of metaphor,  
From any Scripture text, howe'er  
Remote it from the purpose were ;  
And with his fist, instead of a stick,  
Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Till he made all the audience weep,  
Excepting those that fell asleep.  
Then at the bar he was right able,  
And could bind o'er as well as swaddle ;  
And famous, too, at petty sessions,  
'Gainst thieves and whores for long digressions.  
He could most learnedly determine  
To Bridewell, or the stoeks, the vermin.  
For his address and way of living,  
All his behaviour was so moving,  
That let the dame be ne'er so chaste,  
As people say, below the waist,  
If Hudibras but once come at her,  
He'd quickly make her chaps to water :  
Then for his equipage and shape,  
On vestals they'd commit a rape,  
Which often, as the story says,  
Have made the ladies weep both ways.  
Ill has he read that never heard,  
How he with Widow Tomson far'd,  
And what hard conflict was between  
Our Knight and that insulting quean.

Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,  
For rhymes for his melodious strains,  
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,  
To get into a jilt's good graces,  
Than did Sir Hudibras to get  
Into this subtile gypsy's net ;  
Who, after all her high pretence  
To modesty and innocence,  
Was thought by most to be a woman,  
That to all other knights was common.

Hard was his fate in this I own,  
Nor will I for the trapes atone :  
Indeed to guess I am not able,  
What made her thus inexorable,  
Unless she did not like his wit,  
Or, what is worse, his perquisite.  
Howe'er it was, the wound she gave  
The Knight, he carried to his grave :  
Vile harlot ! to destroy a knight  
That could both plead, and pray, and fight.  
Oh ! cruel, base, inhuman drab,  
To give him such a mortal stab,  
That made him pine away and moulder,  
As though that he had been no soldier :  
Could'st thou find no one else to kill,  
Thou instrument of death and hell !  
But Hudibras, who stood the Bears  
So oft against the Cavaliers,  
And in the very heat of war  
Took stout Crowdero prisoner ;  
And did such wonders all along,  
That far exceed both pen and tongue.

If he had been in battle slain,  
We 'ad had less reason to complain ;



But to be murder'd by a whore,  
Was ever knight so serv'd before ?  
But since he's gone, all we can say,  
He chanc'd to die a lingering way ;  
If he had liv'd a longer date,  
He might, perhaps, have met a fate  
More violent, and fitting for  
A knight so fam'd in Civil war.  
'To sum up all, from love and danger  
He's now (O happy knight !) a stranger ;  
And if a Muse can aught foretell,  
His fame shall fill a chronicle,  
And he in after-ages be,  
Of errant knights the' epitome.

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### *HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.*

UNDER this stone rests Hudibras,  
A Knight as errant as e'er was :  
The controversy only lies,  
Whether he was more stout than wise ;  
Nor can we here pretend to say,  
Whether he best could fight or pray ;  
So, till those questions are decided,  
His virtues must rest undivided.  
Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,  
And full as oft took pains in tubs ;  
Of which the most that can be said,  
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.  
As for his personage and shape,  
Among the rest we'll let them scape ;  
Nor do we, as things stand, think fit  
This stone should meddle with his wit.

One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,  
He liv'd and died a colonel ;  
And for the Good old Cause stood buff,  
'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff.  
But since his Worship's dead and gone,  
And mouldering lies beneath this stone,  
The Reader is desir'd to look  
For his achievements in his Book ;  
Which will preserve of Knight the tale,  
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

**SELECT POEMS**

**OF THE**

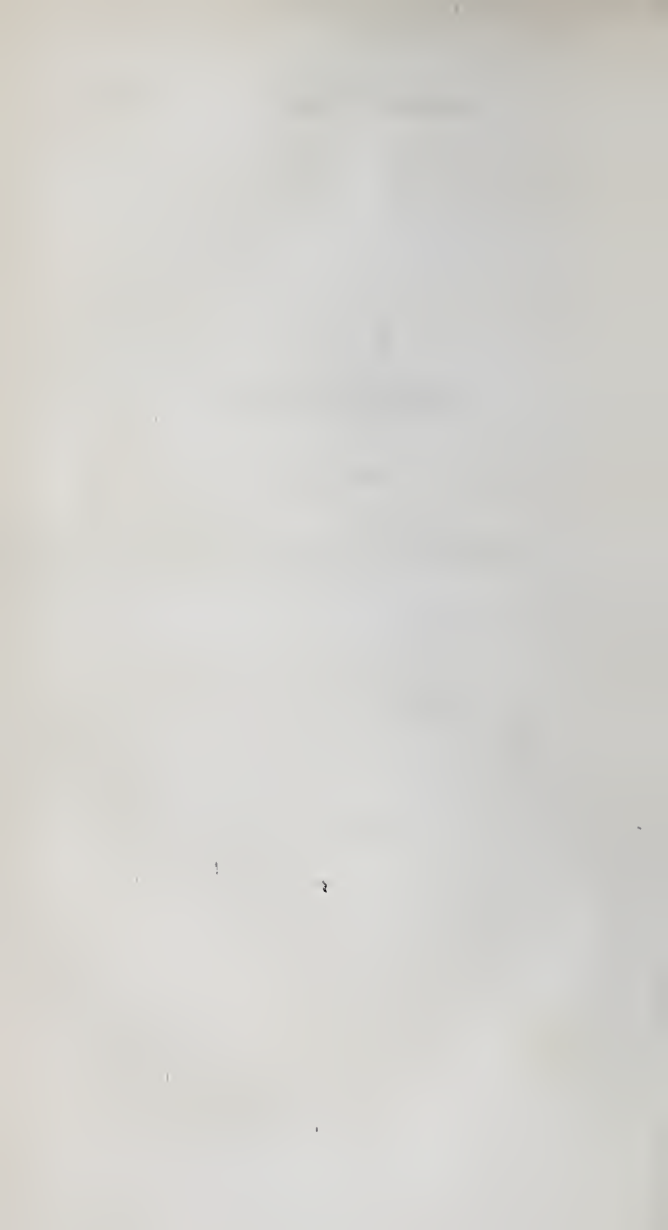
***EARL OF ROCHESTER.***

**WITH**

**A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,**

**BY**

**EZEKIEL SANFORD.**



## LIFE OF ROCHESTER.

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**JOHN WILMOT**, afterwards Earl of Rochester, was born at Ditchley, in Oxfordshire, April 10, 1647. He was early sent to a grammar school in Burford; and, as there was then a sort of noble road to education, he entered Windham College, at the age of twelve, and came out of it, two years afterwards, a Master of Arts. He then travelled on the Continent; and returned to England, finished for the court. In 1665 and 6, he served on board the fleet; and, though he is reported to have shown considerable heroism, on several occasions, he was subsequently accused of sneaking away in street quarrels, and of refusing to fight Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. He became a drunkard, too, as well as a coward; and he told Dr. Burnet, that, for five years, he had not been sober enough, at any one time, to be completely master of himself. Then he was a rake; and a mountebank; and a physician;—‘every thing by turns, and nothing long.’ He was now in town, engaged in love amours; and now in the country, writing libels. Again, by way of a change, he would betake himself to study:—but, whether in the town, or in the country,—at his books, or his pen,—mischief, of one sort or another, was his invariable pursuit. In this way he exhausted the best thirty years of his life; when he became acquainted with Dr. Burnet; and died, a Christian, July 26, 1680.

As a poet, Rochester is rather distinguished for what he might have been, than what he was. The lucid intervals of his existence were so unfrequent, and so short, that he has left us but a few incomplete specimens of what he could have effected by a little sobriety and application. His verses are, in general, both solid and smooth; and yet they have an air of negligent inattention, which shows his contempt for all regularity in literature, as well as in life. He had no time to write, while he lived; and he died, before the faculties of some men would even have begun to develop themselves. Many things are attributed to him, which he never wrote; for, as soon as an author has distinguished himself in a new species of composition, he is sure to be made the father of all the anonymous offspring of the same brood.

# EARL OF ROCHESTER.

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*TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,*

ON HIS RESTORATION IN THE YEAR 1660.

VIRTUE's triumphant shrine ! who dost engage  
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage ;  
Which in ecstatic duty strive to come  
Out of themselves, as well as from their home ;  
Whilst England grows one camp, and London is  
Itself the nation, not metropolis ;  
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,  
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men :  
Forgive this distant homage, which does meet  
Your bless'd approach on sedentary feet ;  
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear  
The weight of arms, denies me to appear  
In steel before you ; yet, great sir, approve  
My manly wishes, and more vigorous love ;  
In whom a cold respect were treason to  
A father's ashes, greater than to you ;  
Whose one ambition 'tis for to be known,  
By daring loyalty, your Wilmet's son,

ROCHESTER.

*Wadh. Coll.*

TO HER SACRED

*MAJESTY THE QUEEN-MOTHER,*

ON THE DEATH OF MARY, PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

RESPITE, great queen, your just and hasty fears :  
There's no infection lodges in our tears.  
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,  
Yet sighs have an untainted guiltless breath.  
Oh ! stay a while, and teach your equal skill  
To understand, and to support our ill.  
You that in mighty wrongs an age have spent,  
And seem to have outliv'd ev'n banishment ;  
Whom traitorous mischief sought its earliest prey,  
When to most sacred blood it made its way,  
And did thereby its black design impart,  
To take his head, that wounded first his heart :  
You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin stood,  
When three great nations sunk beneath the load ;  
Then a young daughter lost, yet balsam found  
To stanch that new and freshly-bleeding wound ;  
And, after this, with fix'd and steady eyes,  
Beheld your noble Gloucester's obsequies ;  
And then sustain'd the royal princess' fall :  
You only can lament her funeral.  
But you will hence remove, and leave behind  
Our sad complaints, lost in the empty wind ;  
Those winds that bid you stay, and loudly roar  
Destruction, and drive back to the firm shore ;



Shipwreck to safety, and the envy fly  
Of sharing in this scene of tragedy ;  
While sickness, from whose rage you post away,  
Relents, and only now contrives your stay ;  
The lately fatal and infectious ill  
Courts the fair princess, and forgets to kill :  
In vain on fevers curses we dispense,  
And vent our passion's angry eloquence ;  
In vain we blast the ministers of Fate,  
And the forlorn physicians imprecate :  
Say they to death new poisons add and fire,  
Murder securely for reward and hire ;  
Art's basilisks, that kill whome'er they see,  
And truly write bills of mortality ;  
Who, lest the bleeding corpse should them betray,  
First drain those vital speaking streams away.  
And will you, by your flight, take part with these ?  
Become yourself a third and new disease ?  
If they have caus'd our loss, then so have you,  
Who take yourself and the fair princess too :  
For we, depriv'd an equal damage have,  
When France doth ravish hence, as when the grave :  
But that your choice the' unkindness doth improve,  
And dereliction adds to your remove.

ROCHESTER,  
*of Wadham College.*

*DIALOGUE.*

STREPHON.

PR'YTHEE now fond fool, give o'er ;  
Since my heart is gone before,  
To what purpose should I stay ?  
Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd swain, I knew the time  
When dissembling was your crime,  
In pity now employ that art,  
Which first betray'd, to ease my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleasure feign :  
Men dissemble still with pain.  
What advantage will it prove,  
If I lie, who cannot love ?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reason, why  
Love from hearts in love does fly ?  
Why the bird will build a nest,  
Where she ne'er intends to rest ?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,  
Cries for hearts, as they for toys ;  
Which, when gain'd, in childish play  
Wantonly are thrown away.

## DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his kness,  
Love does nothing by degrees ;  
Basely flying when most priz'd,  
Meanly fawning when despis'd,  
Flattering or insulting ever,  
Generous and grateful never :  
All his joys are fleeting dreams,  
All his woes severe extremes.

## STREPHON.

Nymph, unjustly you inveigh ;  
Love, like us, must fate obey.  
Since 'tis Nature's law to change,  
Constancy alone is strange.  
See the heavens in lightnings break,  
Next in storms of thunder speak ;  
Till a kind rain from above  
Makes a calm—so 'tis in love.  
Flames begin our first address,  
Like meeting thunder we embrace ;  
Then, you know, the showers that fall  
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

## DAPHNE.

How should I the showers forget ?  
'Twas so pleasant to be wet !  
They kill'd love, I knew it well,  
I dy'd all the while they fell.  
Say at least what nymph it is  
Robs my breast of so much bliss ?  
If she's fair, I shall be eas'd,  
'Through my ruin you'll be pleas'd.

## STREPHON.

Daphne never was so fair,  
Strephon, scarcely, so sincere,  
Gentle, innocent, and free,  
Ever pleas'd with only me.  
Many charms my heart enthrall,  
But there's one above them all :  
With aversion, she does fly  
Tedious, trading, Constancy.

## DAPHNE.

Cruel shepherd ! I submit,  
Do what love and you think fit :  
Change is fate, and not design,  
Say you would have still been mine.

## STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot : 'tis too true,  
Change has greater charms than you.  
Be, by my example, wise ;  
Faith to pleasure sacrifice.

## DAPHNE.

Silly swain, I'll have you know,  
'Twas my practice long ago :  
Whilst you vainly thought me true,  
I was false, in scorn of you.  
By my tears, my heart's disguise,  
I thy love and thee despise.  
Womankind more joy discovers,  
Making fools, than keeping lovers.

A  
*PASTORAL DIALOGUE*

BETWEEN ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

*Written at Bath in the year 1674.*

ALEXIS.

THERE sighs not on the plain  
So lost a swain as I;  
Scorch'd up with love, froze with disdain,  
Of killing sweetness I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.  
Since first my dazzled eyes were thrown  
On that bewitching face,  
Like ruin'd birds robb'd of their young,  
Lamenting, frightened, and undone,  
I fly from place to place.  
Fram'd by some cruel powers above,  
So nice she is, and fair;  
None from undoing can remove,  
Since all, who are not blind, must love;  
Who are not vain, despair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no sooner give a grace,  
But, fond of their own art,  
Severely jealous, ever place,  
To guard the glories of a face,  
A dragon in the heart.

Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,  
Who, peevish to mankind,  
For their own honour's sake, with care  
Make a sweet form divinely fair:  
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since she's insensible of love,  
By honour taught to hate;  
If we, forc'd by decrees above,  
Must sensible to beauty prove,  
How tyrannous is Fate!  
I to the nymph have never nam'd  
The cause of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such bashfulness may well be blam'd;  
For, since to serve we're not asham'd,  
Why should she blush to reign!

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart despise  
My humble proffer'd one,  
The just compassion she denies  
I may obtain from other's eyes;  
Her's are not fair alone.  
Devouring flames require new food;  
My heart's consum'd almost:  
New fires must kindle in her blood;  
Or mine go out, and that's as good.

ALEXIS.

Would'st live when love is lost?  
Be dead before thy passion dies;

For if thou should'st survive,  
What anguish would thy heart surprise,  
To see her flames begin to rise,  
And thine no more alive ?

## STREPHON.

Rather what pleasure should I meet  
In my triumphant scorn,  
To see my tyrant at my feet ;  
While, taught by her, unmov'd I sit  
A tyrant in my turn.

## ALEXIS.

Ungentle shepherd ! cease, for shame,  
Which way can you pretend  
To merit so divine a flame,  
Who to dull life make a mean claim,  
When love is at an end ?  
As trees are by their bark embrac'd,  
Love to my soul doth cling :  
When torn by the herd's greedy taste,  
The injur'd plants feel they're defac'd,  
They wither in the spring.  
My rifled love would soon retire,  
Dissolving into air,  
Should I that nymph cease to admire,  
Bless'd in whose arms I will expire,  
Or at her feet despair.

*THE DISCOVERY.*

CÆLIA, that faithful servant you disown  
Would in obedience keep his love his own ;  
But bright ideas, such as you inspire,  
We can no more conceal, than not admire.  
My heart at home in my own breast did dwell,  
Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell :  
Unknown and undisturb'd it rested there,  
Stranger alike to Hope and to Despair.  
Now Love with a tumultuous train invades  
The sacred quiet of those hallow'd shades :  
His fatal flames shine out to every eye,  
Like blazing comets in a winter sky.  
How can my passion merit your offence,  
That challenges so little recompense ?  
For I am one born only to admire,  
Too humble e'er to hope, scarce to desire,  
A thing, whose bliss depends upon your will,  
Who would be proud you'd deign to use him ill.  
Then give me leave to glory in my chain,  
My fruitless sighs, and my unpitied pain.  
Let me but ever love, and ever be  
The' example of your power and cruelty.  
Since so much scorn does in your breast reside,  
Be more indulgent to its mother, Pride :  
Kill all you strike, and trample on their graves ;  
But own the fates of your neglected slaves :  
When in the crowd your's undistinguish'd lies,  
You give away the triumph of your eyes.  
Perhaps (obtaining this) you'll think I find  
More mercy than your anger has design'd :



But Love has carefully design'd for me  
The last perfection of misery ;  
For to my state the hopes of common peace,  
Which every wretch enjoys in death, must cease.  
My worst of fates attend me in my grave,  
Since, dying, I must be no more your slave.

---

### *THE MISTRESS.*

#### A SONG.

AN age, in her embraces past,  
Would seem a winter's day ;  
Where life and light, with envious haste,  
Are torn and snatch'd away.  
But oh ! how slowly minutes roll,  
When absent from her eyes ;  
That fed my love, which is my soul ;  
It languishes and dies.  
For then, no more a soul, but shade,  
It mournfully does move,  
And haunts my breast, by absence made  
The living tomb of love.  
You wiser men despise me not,  
Whose love-sick fancy raves  
On shades of souls, and heaven knows what :  
Short ages live in graves.  
Whene'er those wounding eyes, so full  
Of sweetness, you did see,  
Had you not been profoundly dull,  
You had gone mad like me.

Nor censure us, you who perceive  
My best-belov'd and me,  
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve;  
You think we disagree.

Alas! 'tis sacred Jealousy,  
Love rais'd to an extreme;  
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,  
We love, and do not dream.

Fantastic fancies fondly move,  
And in frail joys believe;  
Taking false pleasure for true love;  
But pain can ne'er deceive.

Kind, jealous doubts, tormenting fears,  
And anxious cares, when past,  
Prove our heart's treasure fix'd and dear,  
and make us bless'd at last.

---

### *LOVE AND LIFE.*

#### A SONG.

ALL my past life is mine no more,  
The flying hours are gone :  
Like transitory dreams giv'n o'er,  
Whose images are kept in store  
By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;  
How can it then be mine?  
The present moment's all my lot;  
And that, as fast as it is got,  
Phyllis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,  
False hearts, and broken vows;  
If I, by miracle, can be  
This live-long minute true to thee,  
'Tis all that heaven allows.

---

*A SONG.*

WHILE on those lovely looks I gaze,  
To see a wretch pursuing,  
In raptures of a bless'd amaze,  
His pleasing happy ruin :  
'Tis not for pity that I move ;  
His fate is too aspiring,  
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,  
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,  
Your slave from death removing;  
Let me your art of charming know,  
Or learn you mine of loving.  
But, whether life or death betide,  
In love 'tis equal measure ;  
The victor lives with empty pride,  
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

---

*A SONG.*

GIVE me leave to rail at you,  
I ask nothing but my due ;  
To call you false, and then to say  
You shall not keep my heart a day ;

But alas! against my will  
I must be your captive still.  
Ah! be kinder then; for I  
Cannot change, and would not die.

Kindness has resistless charms,  
All besides but weakly move,  
Fiereest anger it disarms,  
And clips the wings of flying love.  
Beauty does the heart invade,  
Kindness only can persuade;  
It gilds the lover's servile chain,  
And makes the slaves grow pleas'd again.

---

THE ANSWER.

Nothing adds to your fond fire  
More than scorn, and cold disdain:  
I, to cherish your desire,  
Kindness us'd, but 'twas in vain.

You insisted on your slave,  
Humble love you soon refus'd;  
Hope not then a power to have,  
Which ingloriously you us'd.

Think not, Thyrsis, I will e'er  
By my love my empire lose;  
You grow constant through despair,  
Love return'd you would abuse.

Though you still possess my heart,  
Seorn and rigour I must feign:  
Ah! forgive that only art  
Love has left your love to gain.

You who could my heart subdue,  
To new conquests ne'er pretend :  
Let the' example make me true,  
And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

Then, if e'er I should complain  
Of your empire, or my chain,  
Summon all the powerful charms,  
And kill the rebel in your arms.

---

### CONSTANCY.

#### A SONG.

I CANNOT change as others do,  
Though you unjustly scorn ;  
Since the poor swain that sighs for you,  
For you alone was born.  
No, Phyllis, no, your heart to move  
A surer way I'll try ;  
And, to revenge my slighted love,  
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,  
And you to mind shall call  
The sighs that now unpitied rise,  
The tears that vainly fall :  
That welcome hour that ends this smart  
Will then begin your pain ;  
For such a faithful tender heart  
Can never break, can never break, in vain.

*SONG.*

My dear mistress has a heart  
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,  
When, with love's resistless art,  
And her eyes, she did enslave me.  
But her constancy's so weak,  
She's so wild and apt to wander,  
That my jealous heart would break,  
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,  
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses :  
She can dress her eyes in love,  
And her lips can warm with kisses.  
Angels listen when she speaks,  
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;  
But my jealous heart would break,  
Should we live one day asunder.

---

*A SONG*

IN IMITATION OF SIR JOHN EATON.\*

Too late, alas ! I must confess,  
You need not arts to move me ;  
Such charms by nature you possess,  
'Twere madness not to love ye.

\* See Sir John Eaton's Song, in Nichols's Select Collection, iii.  
199.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,  
 And give my tongue the glory  
 To boast, though my unfaithful eyes  
 Betray a tender story.

---

AN

*EPISTOLARY ESSAY*

FROM LORD ROCHESTER TO LORD MULGRAVE, UPON  
 THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does so abound  
 In saucy censurers, that faults are found  
 With what of late we, in poetic rage  
 Bestowing, threw away on the dull age.  
 But howsoe'er envy their spleen may raise,  
 (To rob my brows of the deserved bays)  
 Their thanks, at least, I merit; since through me  
 They are partakers of your poetry.  
 And this is all I'll say in my defence,  
 To' obtain one line of your well-worded sense,  
 I'll be content to have it writ the 'British  
     Prince.'\*

I'm none of those who think themselves inspir'd,  
 Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;  
 But from a rule I have (upon long trial)  
 To' avoid with care all sort of self-denial.  
 Which way soe'er desire and fancy lead,  
 (Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread:

\* A poem by the Hon. Edward Howard, who was satirized for his production by the pens of Dorset, Sprat, and others.

And if exposing what I take for wit,  
To my dear self a pleasure I beget,  
No matter though the censuring eritics fret.  
These whom my Muse displeases are at strife,  
With equal spleen, against my course of life;  
The least delight of which I'll not forego,  
For all the flattering praise man can bestow.  
If I design'd to please, the way were then  
To mend my manners rather than my pen:  
The first's unnatural, therefore unfit;  
And for the second I despair of it,  
Sincee graee is not so hard to get as wit:  
Perhaps ill verses ought to be confin'd,  
In mere good breeding, like unsavoury wind.  
Were reading forc'd, I should be apt to think  
Men might no more write scurvily than stink.  
I'll own that you write better than I do,  
But I have as much need to write as you.  
In all I write, should sense, and wit, and rhyme,  
Fail me at once, yet something so sublime  
Shall stamp my poem, that the world may see,  
It could have been produc'd by none but me.  
And that's my end; for man can wish no more  
Than so to write, as none e'er writ before;  
Yet why am I no poet of the times?  
I have allusions, similies, and rhymes,  
And wit; or else 'tis hard that I alone,  
Of the whole rae of mankind, should have none.  
Unequally the partial hand of heaven  
Has all but this one only blessing given.  
The world appears like a great family,  
Whose lord, oppress'd with pride and poverty,  
(That to a few great bounty he may show)  
Is fain to starve the numerous train below.



Just so seems Providence, as poor and vain,  
 Keeping more creatures than it can maintain :  
 Here 'tis profuse, and there it meanly saves,  
 And for one prince, it makes ten thousand slaves.  
 In wit alone 't has been magnificent,  
 Of which so just a share to each is sent,  
 That the most avaricious are content. }  
 For none e'er thought (the due division such)  
 His own too little, or his friends' too much.  
 Yet most men show, or find, great want of wit,  
 Writing themselves, or judging what is writ.  
 But I, who am of sprightly vigour full,  
 Look on mankind as envious and dull.  
 Born to myself, I like myself alone,  
 And must conclude my judgment good, or none ;  
 For could my sense be naught, how should I know  
 Whether another man's were good or no ?  
 Thus I resolve of my own poetry,  
 That 'tis the best ; and there's a fame for me.  
 If then I'm happy, what does it advance,  
 Whether to merit due, or arrogance ?  
 Oh, but the world will take offence hereby !  
 Why then the world shall suffer for 't, not I.  
 Did e'er the saucy world and I agree  
 To let it have its beastly will on me ?  
 Why should my prostituted sense be drawn,  
 To every rule their musty customs spawn ?  
 But men may censure you ; 'tis two to one,  
 Whenc'er they censure, they'll be in the wrong.  
 There's not a thing on earth, that I can name,  
 So foolish, and so false, as common fame.  
 It calls the courtier knave, the plain man rude,  
 Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,

Impertinent the brisk, morose the sad,  
 Mean the familiar, the reserv'd one mad.  
 Poor helpless woman is not favour'd more,  
 She's a sly hypocrite, or public whore.  
 Then who the devil would give this—to be free  
 From the' innocent reproach of infamy?  
 These things consider'd, make me, (in despite  
 Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

## A

## SATIRE AGAINST MANKIND.

WERE I, who to my cost already am  
 One of those strange prodigious creatures man,  
 A spirit, free to choose for my own share,  
 What sort of flesh and blood I pleas'd to wear,  
 I'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,  
 Or any thing, but that vain animal,  
 Who is so proud of being rational.  
 The senses are too gross, and he'll contrive  
 A sixth, to contradict the other five;  
 And, before certain instinct, will prefer  
 Reason, which fifty times for one does err.  
 Reason, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,  
 Which leaves the light of nature, sense, behind:  
 Pathless and dangerous wandering ways it takes,  
 Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;  
 Whilst the misguided follower climbs with pain  
 Mountains of whimsies, heap'd in his own brain:  
 Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong  
 down  
 Into Doubt's boundless sea, where, like to drown,

Books bear him up awhile, and make him try  
To swim with bladders of philosophy;  
In hopes still to o’ertake the skipping light,  
The vapour dances in his dazzled sight,  
Till, spent, it leaves him to eternal night.  
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,  
Lead him to death, and make him understand,  
After a search so painful and so long,  
That all his life he has been in the wrong.  
Huddled in dirt, this reasoning engine lies,  
Who was so proud, so witty, and so wise :  
Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch  
And made him venture to be made a wretch :  
His wisdom did his happiness destroy,  
Aiming to know the world he should enjoy :  
And wit was his vain frivolous pretence  
Of pleasing others at his own expense :  
For wits are treated just like common whores,  
First they’re enjoy’d, and then kick’d out of doors:  
The pleasure past, a threatening doubt remains,  
That frights the enjoyer with succeeding pains.  
Women and men of wit are dangerous tools,  
And ever fatal to admiring fools.  
Pleasure allures; and when the fops escape,  
’Tis not that they are lov’d but fortunate;  
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.  
But now, methinks, some formal band and beard  
Takes me to task; come on, sir, I’m prepar’d  
Then, by your favour, any thing that’s writ,  
Against this gibing, gingling knack, call’d Wit,  
Like me abundantly; but you’ll take care,  
Upon this point, not to be too severe;  
Perhaps my muse were fitter for this part;  
For, I profess, I can be very smart  
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.

I long to lash it in some sharp essay,  
But your grand indiscretion bids me stay,  
And turns my tide of ink another way. }  
What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,  
To make you rail at reason and mankind?  
Bless'd, glorious man, to whom alone kind Heaven  
An everlasting soul hath freely given ;  
Whom his great Maker took such care to make,  
That from himself he did the image take ;  
And this fair frame in shining reason dress'd,  
To dignify his nature above beast :  
Reason, by whose aspiring influence  
We take a flight beyond material sense,  
Dive into mysteries, then soaring pierce  
The flaming limits of the universe,  
Search heaven and hell, find out what's acted there,  
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.

Hold, mighty man, I cry ; all this we know  
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,  
From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,  
And 'tis this very reason I despise  
This supernatural gift, that makes a mite  
Think he's the image of the Infinite ;  
Comparing his short life, void of all rest,  
To the Eternal and the Ever-bless'd :  
This busy puzzling stirrer-up of doubt,  
That frames deep mysteries, then finds them out ;  
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,  
The reverend bedlams, colleges, and schools ;  
Borne on those wings, each heavy sot can pierce  
The limits of the boundless universe :  
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,  
And bear a crippled carcass through the sky.  
'Tis this exalted power, whose business lies  
In nonsense and impossibilities :

This made a whimsical philosopher\*,  
 Before the spacious world his tub prefer ;  
 And we have many modern coxcombs, who  
 Retire to think, 'cause they have nought to do.  
 But thoughts were given for action's government,  
 Where action ceases, thought's impertinent.  
 Our sphere of action is life's happiness,  
 And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.  
 Thus whilst against false reasoning I invcigh,  
 I own right reason, which I would obey ;  
 That reason, which distinguishes by sense,  
 And gives us rules of good and ill from thence ;  
 That bounds desires with a reforming will,  
 To keep them more in vigour, not to kill :  
 Your reason hinders, mine helps to enjoy,  
 Renewing appetites yours would destroy.  
 My reason is my friend, yours is a cheat :  
 Hunger calls out, my reason bids me eat :  
 Perversely yours your appetite does mock :  
 This asks for food ; that answers, what's a clock ?

This plain distinction, sir, your doubt secures :  
 'Tis not true reason I despise, but yours.

Thus I think reason righted : but for man,  
 I'll ne'er recant ; defend him if you can.

For all his pride and his philosophy,  
 'Tis evident beasts are, in their degree,  
 As wise at least, and better far than he.

Those creatures are the wisest, who attain,  
 By surest means, the ends at which they aim.  
 If therefore Jowler finds and kills his hare,  
 Better than Meres supplies committee-chair :  
 Though one's a statesman, t'other but a hound,  
 Jowler in justice will be wiser found.

\* Diogenes.

You see how far man's wisdom here extends :  
Look next if human nature makes amends ;  
Whose principles are most generous and just ;  
And to whose morals you would sooner trust :  
Be judge yourself ; I'll bring it to the test,  
Which is the basest creature, man or beast.  
Birds feed on birds, beasts on each other prey,  
But savage man alone does man betray  
Press'd by necessity, they kill for food ;  
Man undoes man, to do himself no good :  
With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt  
Nature's allowance, to supply their want ;  
But man, with smiles, embraces, friendships, praise,  
Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays,  
With voluntary pains works his distress,  
Not through necessity, but wantonness,  
For hunger or for love, they bite or tear ;  
Whilst wretched man is still in arms for fear :  
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid ;  
From fear to fear successively betray'd :  
Base fear, the source whence his base passions came,  
His boasted honour and his dear-bought fame :  
The lust of power, to which he's such a slave,  
And for the which alone he dares be brave ;  
To which his various projects are design'd,  
Which makes him generous, affable, and kind ;  
For which he takes such pains to be thought wise,  
And screws his actions in a forc'd disguise ;  
Leads a most tedious life in misery,  
Under laborious mean hypocrisy.  
Look to the bottom of his vast design,  
Wherein man's wisdom, power, and glory, join :  
The good he acts, the ill he does endure ;  
'Tis all from fear, to make himself secure.

Merely for safety, after fame they thirst ;  
 For all men would be cowards if they durst :  
 And honesty's against all common sense ;  
 Men must be knaves ; 'tis in their own defence  
 Mankind's dishonest : if you think it fair,  
 Amongst known cheats, to play upon the square,  
 You'll be undone——

Nor can weak truth your reputation save :  
 The knaves will all agree to call you knave.  
 Wrong'd shall he live, insulted o'er, oppress'd,  
 Who dares be less a villain than the rest.  
 Thus here you see what human nature craves,  
 Most men are cowards, all men should be knaves.  
 The difference lies, as far as I can see,  
 Not in the thing itself, but the degree ;  
 And all the subject matter of debate  
 Is only who's a knave of the first rate ?

---

#### POSTSCRIPT.

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd  
 At the pretending part of the proud world,  
 Who, swoln with selfish vanity, devise  
 False freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lies,  
 Over their fellow-slaves to tyrannize.

But if in court so just a man there be,  
 (In court a just man, yet unknown to me)  
 Who does his needful flattery direct,  
 Not to oppress, and ruin, but protect ;  
 Since flattery, which way soever laid,  
 Is still a tax on that unhappy trade ;  
 If so upright a statesman you can find,  
 Whose passions bend to his unbiass'd mind ;  
 Who does his arts and policies apply,  
 To raise his country, not his family.



Is there a mortal who on God relies?  
 Whose life his faith and doctrine justifies?  
 Not one blown up with vain, aspiring pride,  
 Who, for reproof of sins, does man deride;  
 Whose envious heart, with saucy eloquence,  
 Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of sense;  
 Who in his talking vents more peevish lies,  
 More bitter railings, scandals, calumnies,  
 That at a gossiping are thrown about,  
 When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.  
 None of the sensual tribe, whose talents lie  
 In avarice, pride, in sloth, and gluttony;  
 Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives;  
 Whose lust exalted to that height arrives,  
 They act adultery with their own wives;  
 And, ere a score of years completed be,  
 Can from the lofty stage of honour see  
 Half a large parish their own progeny.

Nor doating——, who would be ador'd  
 For domineering at the council-board;  
 A greater fop, in business, at fourscore,  
 Fonder of serious toys, affected more,  
 Than the gay, glittering fool at twenty proves,  
 With all his noise, his tawdry clothes, and loves.

But a meek, humble man, of modest sense,  
 Who, preaching peace, does practice continence;  
 Whose pious life's a proof he does believe  
 Mysterious truths, which no man can conceive.  
 If upon earth there dwell such godlike men,  
 I'll here recant my paradox to them,  
 Adore those shrines of virtue, homage pay,  
 And, with the thinking world, their laws obey.  
 If such there are, yet grant me this at least,  
 Man differs more from man, than man from beast



*UPON NOTHING.*

NOTHING ! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,  
That hadst a being ere the world was made,  
And (well fix'd) art alone of ending not afraid.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were  
not,  
When primitive Nothing Something straight begot,  
Then all proceeded from the great united—What ?

Something, the general attribute of all,  
Sever'd from thee, its sole original,  
Into thy boundless self must undistinguish'd fall.

Yet something did thy mighty power command,  
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand  
Snatch'd men, beasts, birds, fire, air and land.

Matter, the wicked'st offspring of thy race,  
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace ;  
And rebel Light obscur'd thy reverend dusky face.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join ;  
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,  
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,  
And, brib'd by thee, assists thy short-liv'd reign,  
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves  
again.

Though mysteries are bar'd from laic eyes,  
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries  
Into thy bosom, where the truth in private lies ;

Yet this of thee the wise may freely say,  
 Thou from the virtuous Nothing tak'st away.  
 And to be part with thee the wicked wisely pray.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wise  
 Inquire, define, distinguish, teach, devise?  
 Didst thou not stand to point their dull philosophies.

*Is*, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,  
 And, true or false, the subject of debate,  
 That perfect or destroy the vast designs of Fate;

When they have rack'd the politician's breast,  
 Within thy bosom most securely rest, [best.  
 And, when reduc'd to thee, are least unsafe and

But Nothing, why does something still permit,  
 That sacred monarchs should at council sit,  
 With persons highly thought at best for nothing fit?

While weighty Something modestly abstains  
 From princes' coffers, and from statesmen's brains,  
 And nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

Nothing, who dwell'st with fools in grave disguise,  
 For whom they reverend shapes and forms devise,  
 Lawn sleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like  
 thee look wise.

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,  
 Hibernian learning, Scotch civility, [thee.  
 Spaniards' dispatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in

The great man's gratitude to his best friend,  
 Kings' promises, whores' vows, tow'rds thee they  
 bend,  
 Flow swiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

*AN ALLUSION*

TO THE

TENTH SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

WELL, sir, 'tis granted ; I said Dryden's rhymes  
 Were stolen, unequal, nay dull, many times :  
 What foolish patron is there found of his,  
 So blindly partial to deny me this ?  
 But that his plays, embroider'd up and down  
 With wit and learning, justly please the town,  
 In the same paper I as freely own. }  
 Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy mass  
 That stuffs up his loose volumes must not pass ;  
 For by that rule I might as well admit  
 Crown's tedious scenes for poetry and wit.  
 'Tis therefore not enough, when your false sense  
 Hits the false judgment of an audience  
 Of clapping fools assembling, a vast crowd,  
 Till the throng'd playhouse crack with the dull load ;  
 Though ev'n that talent merits, in some sort,  
 That can divert the rabble and the court,  
 Which blundering Settle never could obtain,  
 And puzzling Otway labours at in vain :  
 But within due proportion circumscribe  
 Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide  
 The style may rise, yet in its rise forbear  
 With useless words to' oppress the wearied ear.  
 Here be your language lofty, there more light,  
 Your rhetoric with your poetry unite.  
 For elegance' sake, sometimes allay the force  
 Of epithets ; 'twill soften the discourse.

A jest in scorn points out and hits the thing  
More home, than the remotest satire's sting.  
Shakspeare and Jonson did in this excel,  
And might herein be imitated well;  
Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,  
But is himself a sheer original.  
Nor that slow drudge in swift Pindaric strains,  
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,  
And rides a jaded Muse, whipt, with loose reins. }  
When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,  
And Hannibal, a whining, amorous slave,  
I laugh, and wish the hot-brain'd fustian fool  
In Busby's hands, to be well lash'd at school.  
Of all our modern wits, none seem to me }  
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,  
But hasty Shadwell and slow Wycherley.  
Shadwell's unfinish'd works do yet impart  
Great proofs of force of nature, none of art;  
With just, bold strokes, he dashes here and there,  
Showing great mastery with little care,  
Scorning to varnish his good touches o'er,  
To make the fools and women praise them more.  
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains;  
He wants no judgment, and he spares no pains:  
He frequently excels, and, at the least,  
Makes fewer faults than any of the rest.  
Waller, by Nature for the bays design'd, }  
With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,  
In panegyric does excel mankind.  
He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,  
To praise great conquerors, and flatter kings.  
For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,  
The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.

For songs and verses mannerly obscene,  
 That can stir Nature up by springs unseen,  
 And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen;  
 Sedley has that prevailing, gentle art,  
 That can with a resistless power impart  
 The loosest wishes to the chastest heart,  
 Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,  
 Betwixt declining virtue and desire,  
 Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,  
 In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.  
 Dryden in vain tried this nice way of wit;  
 For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit  
 To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob;  
 And thus he got the name of Poet Squab.  
 But to be just, 'twill to his praise be found,  
 His excellences more than faults abound:  
 Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear  
 The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.  
 But does not Dryden find ev'n Jonson dull?  
 Beaumont and Fletcher incorrect, and full  
 Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakspeare's style  
 Stiff and affected? to his own the while  
 Allowing all the justice that his pride  
 So arrogantly had to these denied?  
 And may not I have learnt impartially  
 To search and censure Dryden's works, and try  
 If those gross faults his choice pen doth commit  
 Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit?  
 Or if his lumpish fancy does refuse  
 Spirit and grace to his loose slattern Muse?  
 Five hundred verses every morning writ,  
 Prove him no more a poet than a wit:

Such scribbling authors have been scen before ; }  
 Mustapha, the Island Princeess, forty more, }  
 Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour. }  
 To write what may sceurely stand the test  
 Of being well read over thriee at least ;  
 Compare each phrase, examine every line,  
 Weigh every word, and every thought refine ;  
 Scorn all applause the vile rout can bestow,  
 And be content to please those few who know.  
 Canst thou be such a vain mistaken thing,  
 To wish thy works might make a playhouse ring  
 With the unthinking laughter and poor praise  
 Of fops and ladics, faetious for thy plays ?  
 Then send a cunning friend to learn thy doom  
 From the shrewd judges in the drawing-room.  
 I've no ambition on that idle score,  
 But say with Betty Morricee heretofore,  
 When a court lady call'd her Buckhurst's\* }  
     whore— }  
 'I please one man of wit, am proud on't too ;  
 Let all the coxeombs dance to bed to you.'  
 Should I be troubled when the Purblind Knight, }  
 Who squints more in his judgment than his sight, }  
 Picks silly faults, and censures what I write ? }  
 Or when the poor fed poets of the town  
 For seraps and coach-room cry my verses down ?  
 I loath the rabble : 'tis enough for me  
 If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,  
 Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurst, Buckingham, }  
 And some few more, whom I omit to name, }  
 Approve my sense : I count their censurc,† fame. }

\* The same, probably, who is celebrated by Lord Buckhurst, (or Dorset) in his Poems. See Gent. Mag. 1780. p. 218.

† Censure is here used for judgment or opinion.

## TO SIR CAR SCROPE.\*

To rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,  
 In Satire's praise, to a low untun'd strain,  
 In thee was most impertinent and vain. }  
 When in thy person we more clearly see }  
 That Satire's of divine authority, }  
 For God made one on man when he made thee ; }  
 To show there were some men, as there are apes,  
 Fram'd for mere sport, who differ but in shapes :  
 In thee are all these contradictions join'd,  
 That make an ass prodigious and refin'd.  
 A lump deform'd and shapeless wert thou born,  
 Begot in Love's despight and Nature's scorn ;  
 And art grown up the most ungrateful wight, }  
 Harsh to the ear, and hideous to the sight ; }  
 Yet love's thy business, Beauty thy delight.  
 Curse on that silly hour that first inspir'd  
 Thy madness, to pretend to be admir'd ;  
 To paint thy grisly face, to dance, to dress, }  
 And all those awkward follies that express }  
 Thy loathsome love, and filthy daintiness.  
 Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,  
 Spit at, and shun'd by every girl in town ;  
 Where dreadfully Love's scarecrow thou art plac'd,  
 To fright the tender flock that long to taste :  
 While every coming maid, when you appear,  
 Starts back for shame, and straight turns chaste for  
 fear ;

\* Sir Car Scrope, who thought himself reflected on at the latter end of the preceding poem, published a poem 'In Defence of Satire,' which occasioned this reply.



For none so poor or prostitute have prov'd,  
 Where you made love, to' endure to be belov'd.  
 'Twere labour lost, or else I would advise;  
 But thy half wit will ne'er let thee be wise.  
 Half witty, and half mad, and searee half brave,  
 Half honest (which is very much a knave);  
 Made up of all these halves, thou canst not pass  
 For any thing entirely, but an ass.

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### EPILOGUE.

As charms are nonsense, nonsense seems a charm,  
 Which hearers of all judgment does disarm;  
 For songs and scenes a double audience bring,  
 And doggrel takes, which smiths in satin sing.  
 Now to machines and a dull mask you run:  
 We find that wit's the monster you would shun,  
 And by my troth 'tis most discreetly done;  
 For since with vice and folly wit is fed,  
 'Through mercy 'tis most of you are not dead.  
 Players turn puppets now at your desire,  
 In their mouth's nonsense, in their tail's a wire;  
 They fly through crowds of elouts and showers  
                     of fire.

A kind of losing Loadum is their game,  
 Where the worst writer has the greatest fame  
 To get vile plays like theirs shall be our care;  
 But of such awkward actors we despair.

False taught at first———

Like bowls ill biass'd, still the more they run,  
 They're further off than when they first begun;  
 In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,  
 There's one is such a dear familiar spark,



He yawns as if he were but half awake,  
 And fribbling for free speaking does mistake;  
 False accent, and neglectful action too:  
 They have both so nigh good, yet neither true,  
 That both together, like an ape's mock face,  
 By near resembling man, do man disgrace.  
 'Thorough-pac'd ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;  
 Half-players, like half-wits, can't be endur'd.  
 Yet these are they, who durst expose the age  
 Of the great \* wonder of the English stage;  
 Whom Nature seem'd to form for your delight,  
 And bid him speak, as she bid Shakspeare write.  
 Those blades indeed are cripples in their art,  
 Mimic his foot, but not his speaking part.  
 Let them the Traitor or Volpone try,  
 Could they——

Rage like Cethegus, or like Cassius die,  
 They ne'er had sent to Paris for such fancies,  
 As monsters' heads and merry-andrews' dances.  
 Wither'd, perhaps, not perish'd, we appear;  
 But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.  
 The' old poets dress'd your mistress Wit before;  
 These draw you on with an old painted whore,  
 And sell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maids }  
 twice o'er.

Yet they may scorn our house and actors too,  
 Since they have swell'd so high to hector you.  
 They cry, 'Pox o' these Covent-garden men;  
 D—n them, not one of them but keeps out ten,  
 Were they once gone, we for those thundering blades  
 Should have an audience of substantial tradcs,

\* Major Mohun.

Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,  
My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew Æolus.  
O how the merry citizen's in love

With——

Psyche, the goddess of each field and grove.'  
He eries, 'I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough ;'  
But you roar out and ery, ' 'Tis all damn'd stuff !'  
So to their house the graver fops repair ;  
While men of wit find one another here.

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## PROLOGUE

SPOKEN AT THE

COURT AT WHITEHALL, BEFORE KING CHARLES II.

*By the Lady Elizabeth Howard.*

WIT has of late took up a triek to' appear  
Unmannerly, or at the best, severe ;  
And poets share the fate by which we fall,  
When kindly we attempt to please you all.  
'Tis hard your scorn should against such prevail,  
Whose ends are to divert you, though they fail.  
You men would think it an ill-natur'd jest,  
Should we laugh at you when you do your best.  
Then rail not here, though you see reason for't ;  
If wit can find itself no better sport,  
Wit is a very foolish thing at court.  
Wit's business is to please, and not to fright ;  
'Tis no wit to be always in the right ;  
You'll find it none, who dare be so to-night.  
Few so ill-bred will venture to a play,  
To spy out faults in what we women say.

For us, no matter what we speak, but how :  
How kindly can we say—I hate you now !  
And for the men, if you'll laugh at them, do ;  
They mind themselves so much, they'll ne'er mind  
you.

But why do I descend to lose a prayer  
On those small saints in wit ? the god sits there !

## TO THE KING.

To you (great sir) my message hither tends,  
From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends ;  
See my credentials written in my face ;  
They challenge your protection in this place ;  
And hither come with such a force of charms,  
As may give check ev'n to your prosperous arms.  
Millions of Cupids hovering in the rear,  
Like eagles following fatal troops, appear :  
All waiting for the slaughter which draws nigh,  
Of those bold gazers who this night must die.  
Nor can you 'scape our soft captivity,  
From which old age alone must set you free.  
Then tremble at the fatal consequence,  
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great  
Prince, }  
'Gainst us you still have made a weak defence.  
Be generous and wise, and take our part ;  
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart ;  
Else you may find, too late, that we are things  
Born to kill vassals, and to conquer kings.  
But oh, to what vain conquest I pretend !  
While Love is our commander, and your friend.  
Our victory your empire more assures ;  
For Love will ever make the triumph yours.







ROSSO COMMISSION.

— oft in vain had Love's arch god essay'd,  
To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid.

*The Dying*



SELECT POEMS  
OF THE  
*EARL OF ROSCOMMON.*

WITH  
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY  
EZEKIEL SANFORD.





## LIFE OF ROSCOMMON.

---

**W**ENTWORTH DILLON, Earl of Roscommon, was born in Ireland, during the Lieutenancy of Stafford; who was his uncle, and became his godfather. His natural father, the third Earl of Roscommon, had been converted to the Protestant faith; and, when the Irish rebellion made it unsafe for one of that persuasion to remain in the country, young Dillon was sent for to England, and placed at Stafford's own seat in Yorkshire; where, although unable to retain the rules of grammar, it is said, he learned to write Latin with purity and elegance. When Stafford's house could no longer protect himself, it was no shelter for Dillon; and he was, accordingly, sent to the Protestant University at Caen; where he prosecuted his studies under Brochart,—and where, too, he is said to have been preternaturally informed of his father's death.

‘The Lord Roscommon (says Aubrey) being a boy of ten years of age, at Caen in Normandy, one day was, as it were, madly extravagant in playing, leaping, getting over the tables, boards, &c. He was wont to be sober enough; they said, God grant this bodes no ill luck to him! In the heat of his extravagant fit, he cries out, My father is dead. A fortnight after, news came from Ireland that his father was dead. This account I had from Mr.

Knolles, who was his governor, and then with him,—since secretary to the Earl of Stafford; and I have heard his lordship's relations confirm the same.' Such is the story; and we think it may be believed, without any supposition of preternatural agency. That a boy, naturally sober, should, upon detecting himself in an extravagant fit of play, suddenly reflect, that he was indulging in such unusual and unseasonable mirth, when perhaps his father, whose image was probably the first to occur on all occasions, and who, if present, would inevitably rebuke such levity, might possibly be no more,—and that all this should happen about the time when his father did actually die,—may surely be believed, without resorting to Dr. Johnson's supposition of a miracle. In the height of his glee, 'my father is dead,' was the very natural expression of the thought as it first presented itself; and, if this accidental coincidence of fact and reflection is to be set down as an 'interruption in the order of nature,' no man of experience will be at a loss to recollect many such miracles.

After leaving the University of Caen, Lord Roscommon travelled into Italy; and is said to have become uncommonly skilful in decyphering medals. At the Restoration he returned to England; was made captain of the pensioners; and, as a thing almost of course, became an immoderate gambler. A controversy about his estate obliged him, some time after, to visit Ireland; where the Duke of Ormond made him captain of the guards; and where, also, his fatal affection for gaming had nearly cost him his life. Returning at a late hour to his lodgings, he was attacked by three ruffians, who had been employed to assassinate him. He defended himself with such resolution as to kill one of the villains: another was disabled by an unknown gentleman, who happened to be passing; and the third made sure of his safety by flight. The unknown ally

proved to be a disbanded officer; who was of a good family and a fair reputation,—but had scarcely a suit of clothes to his back. Roscommon, by permission of the Duke, resigned him his captaincy; and received it again, at the gentleman's death, three years after.

After finishing his business in Ireland, Roscommon returned to court; was appointed Master of the Horse, to the Duke of York; and married Lady Frances, daughter of the Earl of Burlington. He now set himself about the organization of a society for refining the language; but the reign of King James was no time to build up literary institutions; and Roscommon, alleging, to use his own words, 'that it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked,' concluded to take up his residence in Rome. The gout delayed his departure; and a French empiric put an end to his journey for ever. He died in 1684; and was interred, with great pomp, in Westminster Abbey.

In the opinion of Dr. Johnson, Roscommon was the first correct writer of verses before Addison. His lines are smooth; and his rhymes uncommonly exact. He has little sublimity, pathos, or humour; but his thoughts are generally just, and always elegant. He has neither great beauties, nor gross faults. Fenton is elaborate in the praise of his poetical qualities; but the paucity of his works can scarcely need so much pains; and, of those which were originally published as his, the *Prospect of Death* has been subsequently claimed for Pomfret, and the *Prayer of Jeremy* for a Mr. Southcourt.



# EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

---

AN  
*ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.*

---

Cape dona extrema tuorum.

---

HAPPY that author,\* whose correct Essay  
Repairs so well our old Horatian way ;  
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)  
On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,  
And with strict discipline instructed right,  
Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.  
But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,  
Conspire to censure and expose our age,  
Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,  
To the few virtues that we have, be just :  
For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more }  
To search the treasures of the Roman store,  
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore ? }  
The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle  
With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.

\* John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,  
And Nature seconds all his soft desires:  
Theocritus does now to us belong;  
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.  
Who has not heard how Italy was bless'd,  
Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?  
Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,  
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!  
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis'  
    hearse,

Who does not weep that reads the moving verse?  
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains  
Sicilian Muses through these happy plains  
Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo reigns! }

When France had breath'd, after intestine broils!  
And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,  
There (cultivated by a royal hand)  
Learning grew fast, and spread, and bless'd the land!  
The choicest books that Rome or Greece have  
    known,

Her excellent translators made her own;  
And Europe still considerably gains,  
Both by their good example and their pains.  
From hence our generous emulation came,  
We undertook, and we perform'd the same.  
But now, we show the world a nobler way,  
And in translated verse do more than they.  
Screne and clear, harmonious Horace flows,  
With sweetness not to be express'd in prose:  
Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,  
And shows the stuff, but not the workman's skill:  
I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)  
Scarce know my master as he there appears.

Vain are our neighbour's hopes, and vain their  
cares ;

The fault is more their language's than theirs :  
Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words  
Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords :  
But who did ever in French authors see  
The comprehensive English energy ?  
The weighty bullion of one sterling line,  
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages  
shine.

I speak my private, but impartial sense,  
With freedom, and (I hope) without offence ;  
For I'll recant, when France can show me wit  
As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.  
'Tis true, composing is the nobler part ;  
But good translation is no easy art :  
For though materials have long since been found,  
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound ;  
And by improving what was writ before,  
Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Pierian seeds  
Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.  
Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,  
At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes :  
For none have been with admiration read,  
But who (beside their learning) were well bred.

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)  
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true :  
No masks, no tricks, no favour, no reserve ;  
Disseet your mind, examine every nerve.  
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,  
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.  
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)  
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,

With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound  
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground :  
And (if my Muse can through past ages see)  
That noisy, nauscous, gaping fool was he ;  
Exploded, when, with universal scorn,  
The mountains labour'd, and a mouse was born.  
' Learn, learn, (Crotona's brawny wrestler cries)  
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise !  
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,  
Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend.

Each poet with a different talent writes ;  
One praises, one instructs, another bites.  
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,  
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.  
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,  
And which the ruling passion of your mind ;  
Then seek a poet who your way does bend,  
And choose an author as you choose a friend.  
United by this sympathetic bond,  
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond :  
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls  
No longer his interpreter, but he. [agrec ;

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd !  
How nice the reputation of the maid !  
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,  
By chaste instruction of her tender years.  
The first impression in her infant breast  
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.  
Let not austerity breed servile fear,  
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.  
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,  
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,  
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts ;  
But your neglect must answer for her faults.



Immodest words admit of no defence ;  
For want of decency is want of sense.  
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,  
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose ?  
Variety of such is to be found :  
Take then a subject proper to expound ;  
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice ;  
For men of sense despise a trivial choice :  
And such applause it must expect to meet,  
As would some painter busy in a street,  
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign  
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good :  
It must delight us when 'tis understood.  
He that brings fulsome objects to my view,  
(As many old have done, and many new)  
With nauseous images my fancy fills,  
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.  
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings  
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.  
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,  
As merit gratitude, as well as praise :  
But foul descriptions are offensive still,  
Either for being like, or being ill :  
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd  
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd ?  
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,  
Make some suspect he snores, as well as nods.  
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,  
And Horace looks with indignation down :  
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,  
And whom they like implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,  
And with attractive majesty surprise ;

Not by affected meretricious arts,  
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;  
Which through the whole insensibly must pass,  
With vital heat to animate the mass,  
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame;  
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing  
came :

But few, oh few souls, preordain'd by fate,  
The race of gods, have reach'd that envied height,  
No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,  
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb :  
The grizly ferryman of hell denied  
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.  
How justly then will impious mortals fall,  
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call !

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)  
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.  
The men, who labour and digest things most,  
Will be much apter to despond than boast :  
For if your author be profoundly good,  
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.  
How many ages since has Virgil writ !  
How few are they who understand him yet !  
Approach his altars with religious fear :  
No vulgar deity inhabits there.  
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,  
Than poets should before their Mantuan God.  
Hail, mighty Maro ! may that sacred name  
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,  
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse ;  
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the  
Muse !

What I have instanc'd only in the best,  
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.

Take pains the genuine meaning to explore ;  
There sweat, there strain ; tug the laborious oar ;  
Search every comment that your care can find ;  
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind :  
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng :  
The multitude is always in the wrong.  
When things appear unnatural or hard,  
Consult your author, with himself compar'd.  
Who knows what blessing Phœbus may bestow,  
And future ages to your labour owe ?  
Such secrets are not easily found out ;  
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.  
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast ;  
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.

Truth still is one ; truth is divinely bright ;  
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light ;  
While in your thoughts you find the least debate,  
You may confound, but never can translate.  
Your style will this through all disguises show ;  
For none explain more clearly than they know.  
He only proves he understands a text,  
Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.  
They who too faithfully on names insist,  
Rather create than dissipate the mist ;  
And grow unjust by being over nice,  
(For superstitious virtue turns to vice.)  
Let Crassus' \*ghost and Labienus tell  
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.  
Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,  
That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,  
Will hardly in another be excus'd.

\* Hor. 3. Ode vi.

And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,  
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.  
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,  
Shows a translator both discreet and bold.

Excursions are inexpiably bad ;  
And 'tis much safer to leave out, than add.  
Abstruse and mystic thought you must express  
With painful care, but seeming easiness ;  
For truth shines brightest through the plainest }  
dress. }

The' Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,  
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait.  
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things  
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.  
Your author always will the best advise,  
Fall when he falls, and when he rises, rise.  
Affected noise is the most wretched thing,  
That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.  
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,  
On even syllables (and still the last)  
Though gross innumerable faults abound,  
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.  
But this is meant of even verse alone,  
As being most harmonious and most known :  
For if you will unequal numbers try,  
Their accents on odd syllables must lie.  
Whatever sister of the learned Nine  
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,  
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,  
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame,  
But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,  
And turn your veering heart with every gale,  
You lose the fruit of all your former care,  
For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)  
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame :  
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,  
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.  
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,  
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise ;  
And largely, what she wants in words, supplies  
With maudlin eloquence of trickling eyes.  
But what a thoughtless animal is man !  
(How very active in his own trepan !)  
For, greedy of physicians' frequent fees,  
From female mellow praise he takes degrees ;  
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then  
From saving women falls to killing men :  
Another such had left the nation thin,  
In spite of all the children he brought in.  
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew ;  
And where they fell, as certainly they slew ;  
His name struck every where as great a damp,  
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.  
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool ;  
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.  
But now repentance came too late for grace :  
And meagre famine star'd him in the face :  
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,  
But found no husband left to own a child.  
The friends, that got the brats, were poison'd too :  
In this sad case, what could our vermin do ?  
Worried with debts and past all hope of bail,  
The' unpitied wretch lies rotting in a jail :  
And there, with basket-alms scarce kept alive,  
Shows how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men  
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen ;

Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,  
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead !  
But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,  
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,  
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,  
For rich ill poets are without excuse.  
'Tis very dangerous, tampering with the Muse,  
The profit's small, and you have much to lose ;  
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,  
Degenerate lines degrade the' attainted race.  
No poet any passion can excite,  
But what they feel transport them when they write.  
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,  
And heard the' impatient maid divinely rave ?  
I hear her now ; I see her rolling eyes :  
And panting, 'Lo ! the God, the God,' she cries ;  
With words not her's, and more than human sound,  
She makes the' obedient ghosts peep trembling  
    through the ground.  
But, though we must obey when heaven com-  
    mands,  
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,  
Beware what spirit rages in your breast ;  
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd.  
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,  
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.  
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,  
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,  
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat  
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat :  
So when a Muse propitiously invites,  
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights ;  
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,  
Leave off, and for another summons wait,

Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,  
 Adulterate metals to the sterling stamp,  
 Appear not meaner than mere human lines,  
 Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines :  
 These nervous, bold ; those, languid and remiss ;  
 There cold salutes ; but here a lover's kiss.  
 Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide  
 With foaming waves the passive Soane divide ;  
 Whose lazy waters without motion lay,  
 While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.

The privilege that ancient poets claim,  
 Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,  
 Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,  
 Which scorns to take it —

Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,  
 All the lewd legion of exploded faults,  
 Base fugitives to that asylum fly,  
 And sacred laws with insolence defy.  
 Not thus our heroes of the former days  
 Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays ;  
 For I mistake, or far the greatest part  
 Of what some call neglect, was studied art.  
 When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,  
 'Tis like a warning-piece ; which gives the sign  
 To wake your fancy, and prepare your sight,  
 To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.  
 I lose my patience when, with saucy pride,  
 By untun'd ears I hear his numbers tried.  
 Reverse of nature ! shall such copies then  
 Arraign the' originals of Maro's pen ?  
 And the rude notions of pedantic schools  
 Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules ?

The delicacy of the nicest ear  
 Finds nothing harsh or out of order there.



Sublime or low, unbended or intense,  
The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear in numbers should preside,  
And all disputes without appeal decide.  
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,  
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When, by impulse from Heaven, Tyrtæus sung,  
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;  
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,  
And what two generals lost, a poet gain'd.  
By secret influence of indulgent skies,  
Empire and poësy together rise.  
True poets are the guardians of a state,  
And when they fail portend approaching fate.  
For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,  
Was not the Vestal, but the Muses' fire;  
Heaven joins the blessings: no declining age  
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is, perhaps, the cause;  
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws;  
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,  
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:  
Subdued, undone, they did at last obey,  
And change their own for their invaders' way.

I grant that from some mossy, idol oak,  
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;  
And by succession of unlearned times,  
As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.

But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine  
With all their beams on our bless'd island shine,  
Why should not we their ancient rites restore,  
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

\* Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous prose

\* An Essay on Blank Verse, out of Paradise Lost, B. VI.



Led our exalted souls through heavenly camps,  
And mark'd the ground where proud apostate  
                    thrones,

Defied Jehovah? Here, 'twixt host and host,  
(A narrow, but a dreadful interval)  
Portentous sight! before the cloudy van  
Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,  
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.  
There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,  
Dispers'd cthereal forms, and down they fell  
By thousands, angels on archangels roll'd :  
Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,  
Which (with their pondrous load, rocks, waters,  
                    woods)

From their firm seats torn by the shaggy tops  
They bore like shields before them through the air,  
Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes.  
All was confusion, Heaven's foundation shook,  
Threatening no less than universal wreck,  
For Michael's arm main promontories flung,  
And overpress'd whole legions weak with sin :  
Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,  
Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,  
And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious Son  
(Effulgence of paternal Deity)  
Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,  
Drove the' old original rebels headlong down,  
And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.'

O may I live to hail the glorious day,  
And sing loud pæans through the crowded way,  
When in triumphant state the British Muse,  
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,  
And in the Roman majesty appear.  
Which none know better, and none come so near.

*A PARAPHRASE*

ON PSALM CXLVIII.

O AZURE vaults! O crystal sky!  
The world's transparent canopy,  
Break your long silence, and let mortals know  
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd squadrons of the God of war,  
Who conquer whosoe'er you are,  
Let echoing anthems make his praises known  
On earth his footstool, as in heaven his throne.

Great eye of all, whose glorious ray  
Rules the bright empire of the day,  
O praise his name, without whose purer light  
Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

Ye moon and planets, who dispense,  
By God's command, your influence;  
Resign to him, as your Creator due,  
That veneration which men pay to you.

Fairest, as well as first, of things,  
From whom all joy, all beauty springs;  
O praise the' almighty Ruler of the globe,  
Who useth thee for his empyrean robe.

Praise him, ye loud harmonious spheres,  
Whose sacred stamp all nature bears,  
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,  
And whose command is the' universal law:

Ye watery mountains of the sky,  
And you so far above our eye,  
Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,  
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath  
Peoples the dark retreats of death,  
Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,  
And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,  
That in the sea's vast bosoms sleep ;  
At whose command the foaming billows roar,  
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye mists and vapours, hail, and snow,  
And you who through the concave blow,  
Swift executers of his holy word,  
Whirlwinds and tempests, praise the' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view  
Seem less than mole-hills do to you,  
Remember how, when first Jehovah spoke,  
All Heaven was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

Praise him, sweet offspring of the ground,  
With heavenly nectar yearly crown'd ;  
And, ye tall cedars, celebrate his praise,  
That in his temple sacred altars raise.

Idle musicians of the spring,  
Whose only care's to love and sing,  
Fly through the world, and let your trembling throat  
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.

Praise him each savage furious beast,  
That on his stores do daily feast :  
And you tame slaves of the laborious plough,  
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majestie monarehs, mortal gods,  
Whose power hath here no periods,  
May all attempts against your crowns be vain !  
But still remember by whose power you reign.

Let the wide world his praises sing,  
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring,  
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those  
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that dispose of all our lives,  
Praise him from whom your power derives ;  
Be true and just like him, and fear his word,  
As much as malefactors do your sword.

Praise him, old monuments of time ;  
O praise him in your youthful prime ;  
Praise him fair idols of our greedy sense ;  
Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name shall only last,  
When heaven, and earth, and all is past :  
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,  
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,  
The God of gods, the God of grace ;  
Who will above the stars your empire raise,  
And with his glory recompense your praise.

*A PROLOGUE*

SPOKEN TO

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK,  
AT EDINBURGH.

FOLLY and vice are easy to describe,  
The common subjects of our scribbling tribe ;  
But when true virtues with unclouded light,  
All great, all royal, shine divinely bright,  
Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak ;  
Let England, Flanders, let all Europe speak,  
Let France acknowledge that her shaken throne  
Was once supported, Sir, by you alone ;  
Banish'd from thence for an usurper's sake,  
Yet trusted then with her last desperate stake :  
When wealthy neighbours strove with us for power,  
Let the sea tell, how in their fatal hour,  
Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,  
Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence ;  
His name struck fear, his conduct won the day,  
He came, he saw, he seiz'd the struggling prey,  
And while the heavens were fire and the' ocean  
blood,

Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.

O happy islands, if you knew your bliss !  
Strong by the sea's protection, safe by his !  
Express your gratitude the only way,  
And humbly own a debt too vast to pay :  
Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,  
None e'er commanded, none obey'd so well ;

While this high courage, this undaunted mind,  
So loyal, so submissively resign'd,  
Proclaim that such a hero never springs  
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

---

SONG.

ON A YOUNG LADY WHO SANG FINELY, AND WAS  
AFRAID OF A COLD.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,  
Till fatal tempests swell the sea,  
In vain let sinking pilots pray;  
Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,  
Let piercing frost, and lasting snow,  
Through woods and fields destruction sow!

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,  
While you these lesser ills create,  
These we can bear; but gentle Fate,  
And thou, bless'd Genius of our isle,  
From Winter's rage defend her voice,  
At which the listening gods rejoice.

May that celestial sound each day  
With ecstasy transport our souls,  
Whilst all our passions it controls,  
And kindly drives our cares away;  
Let no ungentle cold destroy  
All taste we have of heavenly joy!

*ODE UPON SOLITUDE.*

HAIL, sacred Solitude! from this calm bay  
 I view the world's tempestuous sea,  
     And with wise pride despise  
     All those senseless vanities:  
 With pity mov'd for others, cast away  
 On rocks of hopes and fears, I see them toss'd  
 On rocks of folly, and of vice, I see them lost.  
 Some the prevailing malice of the great,  
     Unhappy men, or adverse fate,  
 Sunk deep into the gulfs of an afflicted state. }  
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious train,  
 Whilst Virtue courts them, but, alas! in vain,  
     Fly from her kind embracing arms,  
 Deaf to her fondest call, blind to her greatest  
     charms,  
 And, sunk in pleasures and in brutish ease, [please.  
 They in their shipwreck'd state themselves obdurate

Hail, sacred Solitude! soul of my soul,  
     It is by thee I truly live,  
 Thou dost a better life and nobler vigour give;  
 Dost each unruly appetite control:  
 Thy constant quiet fills my peaceful breast  
 With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted rest.  
     Presuming love does ne'er invade  
     This private solitary shade:  
 And, with fantastic wounds by beauty made,  
 The joy has no allay of jealousy, hope, and fear,  
 The solid comforts of this happy sphere:  
     Yet I exalted Love admire,  
     Friendship, abhorring sordid gain,  
 And purified from Lust's dishonest stain:

Nor is it for my solitude unfit,  
For I am with my friend alone,  
As if we were but one ;  
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,  
But friendship does two souls in one comprise.

Here in a full and constant tide doth flow  
All blessings man can hope to know :  
Here in a deep recess of thought we find  
Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the mind;  
Pleasures which do from friendship and from know-  
ledge rise,  
Which make us happy, as they make us wise :  
Here may I always on this downy grass,  
Unknown, unseen, my easy minutes pass :  
Till with a gentle force victorious death  
My solitude invade,  
And, stopping for a while my breath,  
With ease convey me to a better shade.

---

### *THE DREAM.*

To the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves  
Condemns so many thousand helpless slaves,  
Ungrateful we do gentle sleep compare,  
Who, though his victories as numerous are,  
Yet from his slaves no tribute does he take,  
But woeful cares that load men while they wake.  
When his soft charms had eas'd my weary sight  
Of all the baleful troubles of the light,  
Dorinda came, divested of the scorn  
Which the unequal'd maid so long had worn ;



How oft, in vain, had Love's arch god essay'd  
To tame the stubborn heart of that bright maid !  
Yet, spite of all that pride that swells her mind,  
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.  
A rising blush increas'd the native store  
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.  
Once more present the vision to my view,  
The sweet illusion, gentle Fate, renew !  
How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I !  
Show me, bless'd God of Sleep, and let me die.

---

## THE

*GHOST OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS,*

TO THE NEW ONE,

APPOINTED TO MEET AT OXFORD.

FROM deepest dungeons of eternal night,  
The seats of horror, sorrow, pains, and spite,  
I have been sent to tell you, tender youth,  
A seasonable and important truth.  
I feel (but, oh ! too late) that no disease  
Is like a surfeit of luxurious ease :  
And of all others the most tempting things  
Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.  
None ever was superlatively ill,  
But by degrees, with industry and skill :  
And some, whose meaning hath at first been fair,  
Grow knaves by use, and rebels by despair.  
My time is past, and yours will soon begin,  
Keep the first blossoms from the blast of sin ;  
And by the fate of my tumultuous ways,  
Preserve yourselves, and bring serener days.

The busy, subtle serpents of the law  
Did first my mind from true obedience draw :  
While I did limits to the king prescribe,  
And took for oracles that canting tribe,  
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,  
And grew seditious for variety :  
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,  
And by the laws illegally abus'd :  
The robe was summon'd, Maynard in the head,  
In legal murder none so deeply read ;  
I brought him to the bar, where once he stood,  
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood  
Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung  
With his accumulative hackney tongue ;  
Prisoners and witnesses were waiting by,  
These had been taught to swear, and those to lie,  
And to expect their arbitrary fates,  
Some for ill faces, some for good estates.  
To fright the people, and alarm the town,  
Bedloe and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.  
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,  
The king's three crowns were their rebellious aim :  
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the guards,  
And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards :  
Anti-monarchic heretics of state,  
Immortal atheists, rich and reprobate :  
But above all I got a little guide,  
Who every ford of villany had tried :  
None knew so well the old pernicious way  
To ruin subjects, and make kings obey ;  
And my small Jehu, at a furious rate,  
Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight.  
This the king knew, and was resolv'd to bear,  
But I mistook his patience for his fear.

All that this happy island could afford  
 Was sacrific'd to my voluptuous board,  
 In his whole paradise, one only tree  
 He had excepted by a strict decree ;  
 A sacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,  
 Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear ;  
 Beware, my child ! divinity is there.  
 This so undid all I had done before,  
 I could attempt, and he endure no more ;  
 My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,  
 Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of death ;  
 And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd  
 To the' utter darkness of the lower world :  
 A dreadful place ! which you too soon will see,  
 If you believe seducers more than me.

}

---

 ON THE

*DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.*

THOU, happy creature, art secure  
 From all the torments we endure :  
 Despair, ambition, jealousy,  
 Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee ;  
 A sullen prudence drew thee hence  
 From noise, fraud, and impertinence.  
 Though life essay'd the surest wile,  
 Gilding itself with Laura's smile ;  
 How didst thou scorn life's meaner charms,  
 Thou who could'st break from Laura's arms !  
 Poor cynic ! still methinks I hear  
 Thy awful murmurs in my ear ;  
 As when on Laura's lap you lay,  
 Chiding the worthless crowd away.  
 How fondly human passions turn !  
 What we then envied, now we mourn !

## EPILOGUE

TO

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

*When acted at the Theatre in Dublin.*

You've seen to-night the glory of the East,  
The man, who all the then known world possess'd,  
That kings in chains did son of Ammon call,  
And kingdoms thought divine, by treason fall.  
Him Fortune only favour'd for her sport;  
And when his conduct wanted her support,  
His empire, courage, and his boasted line,  
Were all prov'd mortal by a slave's design.  
Great Charles, whose birth has promis'd milder sway,  
Whose awful nod all nations must obey,  
Secur'd by higher powers, exalted stands  
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands:  
Those miracles that guard his crowns declare  
That Heaven has form'd a monarch worth their care;  
Born to advance the loyal, and depose  
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.  
Faction, that once made diadems her prey,  
And stop'd our prince in his triumphant way,  
Fled like a mist before this radiant day. }  
So when in heaven the mighty rebels rose,  
Proud, and resolv'd that empire to depose,  
Angels fought first, but unsuccessful prov'd;  
God kept the conquest for his best lov'd:  
At sight of such omnipotence they fly,  
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.  
All who before him did ascend the throne,  
Labour'd to draw three restive nations on.

He boldly drives them forward without pain :  
 They hear his voice, and straight obey the rein.  
 Such terror speaks him destin'd to command ;  
 We worship Jove with thunder in his hand :  
 But when his mercy without power appears,  
 We slight his altars, and neglect our pray'rs.  
 How weak in arms did civil discord show !  
 Like Saul, she struck with fury at her foe,  
 When an immortal hand did ward the blow. }  
 Her offspring, made the royal hero's scorn,  
 Like sons of earth, all fell as soon as born :  
 Yet let us boast, for sure it is our pride, [dyed,  
 When with their blood our neighbour lands were  
 Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,  
 Her people guiltless, and her fields unstain'd.

---

ON

*THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.*

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
 Shall the whole world in ashes lay,  
 As David and the sybils say.

What horror will invade the mind,  
 When the strict Judge, who would be kind,  
 Shall have few venial faults to find !

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound  
 Shall through the rending tombs rebound,  
 And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and death shall, with surprise,  
 Behold the pale offender rise,  
 And view the Judge with conscious eyes :

Then shall, with universal dread,  
The sacred mystic book be read,  
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne :  
He makes each secret sin be known ;  
And all with shame confess their own.

O then ! what interest shall I make,  
To save my last important stake,  
When the most just have cause to quake ?

Thou mighty, formidable King,  
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,  
Some comfortable pity bring !

Forget not what my ransom cost ;  
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,  
In storms of guilty terror tost.

Thou who for me didst feel such pain,  
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,  
Let not those agonies be vain !

Thou whom avenging powers obey,  
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)  
Before the sad accounting day.

Surrounded with amazing fears,  
Whose load my soul with anguish bears,  
I sigh, I weep : accept my tears.

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,  
And, by absolving of the thief,  
Hast given me hope, now give relief.

Reject not my unworthy prayer;  
Preserve me from that dangerous snare  
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

Give my exalted soul a place  
Among thy chosen right-hand race,  
The sons of God, and heirs of grace.

From that insatiable abyss,  
Where flames devour and serpents hiss,  
Promote me to thy seat of bliss.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,  
My God, my Father, and my Friend;  
Do not forsake me in my end!

Well may they curse their second breath,  
Who rise to a reviving death:  
Thou great Creator of mankind,  
Let guilty man compassion find!

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### ROSS'S GHOST.

SHAME of my life, disturber of my tomb,  
Base as thy mother's prostituted womb;  
Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,  
To knaves a fool, to credulous fools a knave,  
The king's betrayer, and the people's slave. }  
Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,  
I rise, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.  
I strove in vain the' infected blood to cure:  
Streams will run muddy, where the spring's impure.  
In all your meritorious life, we see  
Old Taafe's invincible sobriety.

Places of Master of the Horse, and Spy,  
 You (like Tom Howard) did at once supply.  
 From Sydney's blood your loyalty did spring :  
 You show us all your parents but the king ;  
 From whose too tender and too bounteous arms  
 (Unhappy he who such a viper warms ;  
 As dutiful a subject, as a son !)  
 To your true parent, the whole town, you run.  
 Read, if you can, how the 'old apostate fell :  
 Outdo his pride, and merit more than hell.  
 Both he and you were glorious and bright,  
 The first and fairest of the sons of light :  
 But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,  
 Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

---

## ON

*MR. DRYDEN'S 'RELIGIO LAICI.'*

BE gone, ye slaves, ye idle vermin, go ;  
 Fly from the scourges, and your master know.  
 Let free impartial men from Dryden learn  
 Mysterious secrets of a high concern,  
 And weighty truths, solid convincing sense,  
 Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.  
 What can you (Reverend Levi) here take ill ?  
 Men still had faults, and men will have them still :  
 He that hath none, and lives as angels do,  
 Must be an angel ; but what's that to you ?

While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,  
 And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,  
 Our sects a more tyrannic power assume,  
 And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome ;



That church detain'd the legacy divine ;  
 Fanatics cast the pearls of heaven to swine :  
 What then have thinking, honest men, to do,  
 But choose a mean between the' usurping two ?

Nor can the' Egyptian patriarch blame thy Muse,  
 Which for his firmness does his heat excuse :  
 Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,  
 The preface sure was his own act and deed.  
 Our church will have that preface read, you'll say. }  
 'Tis true : but so she will the' Apocrypha : }  
 And such as can believe them, freely may. }

But did that God (so little understood),  
 Whose darling attribute is being good,  
 From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring  
 Such various creatures, and make man their king ;  
 Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefest care,  
 More wretched than the vilest insects are ?

O ! how much happier and more safe are they,  
 If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey  
 To yelling furies, and for ever burn  
 In that sad place from whence is no return,  
 For unbelief in one they never knew,  
 Or for not doing what they could not do !  
 The very fiends know for what crime they fell,  
 And so do all their followers that rebel :

If then a blind, well-meaning Indian stray,  
 Shall the great gulf be show'd him for the way ?

For better ends our kind Redeemer died,  
 Or the fall'n angels' rooms will be but ill supplied.

That Christ, who at the great deciding day  
 (For he declares what he resolves to say)  
 Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,  
 And save the sheep for actions, not for thoughts,

Hath too much mercy to send men to hell,  
For humble charity, and hoping well.

To what stupidity are zealots grown,  
Whose inhumanity, profusely shown }  
In damning crowds of souls, may damn their own. }  
I'll err at least on the securer side,  
A convert free from malice and from pride.

**SELECT POEMS**

OF

*THOMAS OTWAY.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.



## LIFE OF OTWAY.

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**T**HOMAS OTWAY, the Son of Mr. Humphrey Otway, Rector of Woolbeding, was born at Trotten, in Sussex, March 3, 1651. He was first sent to Winchester school; and, though he became a commoner of Christ Church, in 1669, he left the university without a degree, and made an abortive attempt at performing a part on the stage, in 1672. But, if he could not express the passions in his face, he felt that he could delineate them upon paper. In 1675, he produced the tragedy of *Alcibiades*; in 1677, the comedies of *Titus and Berenicc*, from Rapin, with the *Cheats of Scapin*, from Moliere; and, the year after, the comedy of *Friendship in Fashion*; which has been subsequently hissed from the stage for its obscenity.

. Otway became the companion of almost all the great men at court; but it was a companionship, which only lasted as long as he could make them merry over a bottle of wine. They paid his reckoning; and he was as poor as ever. The Earl of Plymouth, indeed, a natural son of King Charles, gave him a more substantial proof of friendship, by procuring him a coronet's commission, in a body of troops, which were then sent to Flanders. But he soon gave up his commission: and returned, in want, to London; where the repeated performance

of *Don Carlos* is said, by Rochester, to have considerably replenished his pocket.\* In 1680, he produced the *Orphan*;—a play taken from middle life, which must maintain its place upon the stage, as long as the faithful development of human passions will be tolerated. The *History and Fall of Caius Marius* was written in the same year. In 1681 and 4, he produced the first and second parts of a forgotten comedy, called *The Soldier's Fortune*; and, in 1682, his great dramatic work of *Venice Preserved*; equally distinguished for the strength and ardour of its language, the laxity of its numbers, and the dissoluteness of its morality.

The author was obliged to secrete himself in a tavern on Tower Hill, in order to avoid the importunity of his creditors; and it is related, by one of his biographers, that he starved to death; by another, that he was choked by the first mouthful of a roll, which a gift of charity had enabled him to purchase; and, by a third, that he was carried off by a fever caught in the pursuit of a thief, who had stolen from one of his friends. He died, at any rate, the 14th of April, 1685. Little is known of his personal character. He had courage enough to send Settle a challenge; but Settle had not the courage to accept it.

Like most dramatic authors, Otway seems to lose his inspiration, when he leaves the stage. Of his miscellaneous poems, the Complaint to his Muse is

\* Rochester, who successively exalted and abused Dryden, Settle, and Crowne,—and who is acknowledged, by Otway himself, to have been the chief patron of this drama, was shortly after to salute the author with the following lampoon:—

Tom Otway came next, Tom Shadwell's dear Zany,  
And swears for heroics, he writes best of any;  
*Don Carlos* so amply his pockets had filled,  
That his mange was quite cured, and his lice were all killed;  
But Apollo had seen his face on the stage,  
And prudently did not think fit to engage  
The scum of a play-house for the prop of the age.

called the best; and it may be so called, without adding much to the author's celebrity. Some writers begin in a flame; and end in smoke. Otway gives us smoke through several stanzas, before the fire breaks out; and, if the reader can tolerate the first part of this complaint, he will find something, which may faintly remind him of *Venice Preserved*.





# THOMAS OTWAY.

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THE  
*POET'S COMPLAINT OF HIS MUSE:*

OR,  
A SATIRE AGAINST LIBELS.

---

Si quid habent veri vatum præsagia, vivam.

---

TO THE RIGHT HON.  
THOMAS EARL OF OSSORY,

BARON OF MOOR PARK, KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE  
ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.

MY LORD,

THOUGH never any man had more need of excuse for a presumption of this nature than I have now; yet, when I have laid out every way to find one, your Lordship's goodness must be my best refuge; and therefore I humbly cast this at your feet for protection, and myself for pardon.

My Lord, I have great need of protection; for to the best of my heart I have here published in

some measure the truth, and I would have it thought honestly too (a practice never more out of countenance than now); yet truth and honour are things which your Lordship must needs be kind to, because they are relations to your nature, and never left you.

'Twould be a second presumption in me to pretend in this a panegyric on your Lordship; for it would require more art to do your virtue justice, than to flatter any other man.

If I have ventured at a hint of the present sufferings of that great prince mentioned in the latter end of this paper, with favour from your Lordship I hope to add a second part, and do all those great and good men justice, that have in his calamities stuck fast to so gallant a friend and so good a master. To write and finish which great subject faithfully, and to be honoured with your Lordship's patronage in what I may do, and your approbation, or at least pardon, in what I have done, will be the greatest pride of,

My Lord,

Your most humble admirer and servant,

THOMAS OTWAY.

## ODE.

To a high hill, where never yet stood tree,  
 Where only heath, coarse fern, and furzes grow,  
 Where (nipt by piercing air)  
 The flocks in tatter'd fleeces hardly gaze,  
 Led by uncouth thoughts and care,  
 Which did too much his pensive mind amaze,  
 A wandering bard, whose Muse was crazy  
 grown, [town,  
 Cloy'd with the neauseous follies of the buzzing  
 Came, look'd about him, sigh'd, and laid him  
 down. }  
 'Twas far from any path, but where the earth  
 Was bare, and naked all as at her birth,  
 When by the Word it first was made,  
 Ere God had said,  
 'Let grass, and herbs, and every green thing grow,  
 With fruitful trees after their kind;' and it was so.  
 The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head,  
 Cold was his lodging, hard his bed;  
 Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,  
 Where we are told, Peace only's found at last:  
 And as he did its hopeless distance see,  
 Sigh'd deep, and cried, 'How far is Peace from me!'

Nor ended there his moan:  
 The distance of his future joy  
 Had been enough to give him pain alone;  
 But who can undergo  
 Despair of ease to come, with weight of present woe?

Down his afflicted face  
 The trickling tears had stream'd so fast apace,  
 As left a path worn by their briny race. }

Swoln was his breast with sighs, his well-  
 Proportion'd limbs as useless fell,  
 Whilst the poor trunk (unable to sustain  
 Itself) lay rack'd, and shaking with its pain.  
 I heard his groans as I was walking by,  
 And (urg'd by pity) went aside, to see

What the sad cause could be [high.  
 Had press'd his state so low, and rais'd his plaints so

On me he fix'd his eyes. I crav'd,  
 'Why so forlorn?' he vainly rav'd.  
 Peace to his mind I did commend:  
 But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,  
 When I perceiv'd it was my friend,  
 My much-lov'd friend; so down I sat,  
 And begg'd that I might share his fate:

I laid my cheek to his, when with a gale  
 Of sighs he eas'd his breast, and thus began his tale:

'I am a wretch of honest race:  
 My parents not obscure, nor high in titles were:  
 They left me heir to no disgrace.

My father was (a thing now rare)  
 Loyal and brave, my mother chaste and fair:  
 The pledge of marriage-vows was only I;  
 Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd, fondled boy:  
 They gave me generous education; high  
 They strove to raise my mind; and with it grew  
 their joy.

The sages that instructed me in arts  
 And knowledge, oft would praise my parts,  
 And cheer my parents' longing hearts. }

When I was call'd to a dispute,  
 My fellow-pupils oft stood mute :  
 Yet never Envy did disjoin

Their hearts from me, nor Pride distemper mine.

Thus my first years in happiness I past,

Nor any bitter cup did taste :

But, oh ! a deadly potion came at last.

As I lay loosely on my bed,

A thousand pleasant thoughts triumphing in my  
 head,

And as my sense on the rich banquet fed,

A voice (it seem'd no more, so busy I

Was with myself, I saw not who was nigh)

Pierc'd through my ears ; " Arise, thy good Senan-  
 der's dead ! "

It shook my brain, and from their feast my frightened  
 senses fled.

' From thence sad discontent, uneasy fears,

And anxious doubts of what I had to do,

Grew with succeeding years.

The world was wide, but whither should I go ?

I, whose blooming hopes all wither'd were,

Who'd little fortune, and a deal of care ?

To Britain's great metropolis I stray'd,

Where Fortune's general game is play'd ;

Where honesty and wit are often prais'd,

But fools and knaves are fortunate and rais'd ;

My forward spirit prompted me to find

A converse equal to my mind :

But by raw judgment easily misled,

(As giddy callow boys

Are very fond of toys)

I miss'd the brave and wise, and in their stead

On every sort of vanity I fed.

Gay coxcombs, cowards, knaves, and prating  
 fools,  
 Bullies of o'ergrown bulks and little souls,  
 Gamesters, half-wits, and spendthrifts (such as  
 think  
 Mischievous midnight frolics, bred by drink,  
 Are gallantry and wit,  
 Because to their lewd understandings fit)  
 Were those wherewith two years at least I spent.  
 To all their fulsome follies most incorrigibly bent;  
 Till at the last, myself more to abuse,  
 I grew in love with a deceitful Muse.

'No fair deceiver ever us'd such charms,  
 To' ensnare a tender youth, and win his heart;  
 Or, when she had him in her arms,  
 Secur'd his love with greater art.  
 I fancied, or I dream'd (as poets always do)  
 No beauty with my Muse's might compare.  
 Lofty she seem'd, and on her front sat a majestic  
 air, }  
 Awful, yet kind; severe, yet fair,  
 Upon her head a crown she bore,  
 Of laurel, which she told me should be mine:  
 And round her ivory neck she wore  
 A rope of largest pearl. Each part of her did shine  
 With jewels and with gold, }  
 Numberless to be told;  
 Which in imagination as I did behold,  
 And lov'd and wonder'd more and more,  
 Said she, "These riches all, my darling, shall be  
 thine,  
 Riches which never poet had before."  
 She promis'd me to raise my fortune and my name  
 By royal favour, and by endless fame;

But never told  
 How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.  
 Thus by the arts of this most sly  
 Deluder was I caught,  
 To her bewitching bondage brought.  
 Eternal constancy we swore,  
 A thousand times our vows were doubled o'er:  
 And as we did in our entrancements lie,  
 I thought no pleasure e'er was wrought so high,  
 No pair so happy as my Muse and I.

'Ne'er was young lover half so fond  
 When first his pucelage he lost,  
 Or could of half my pleasure boast.  
 We never met but we enjoy'd,  
 Still transported, never cloy'd,  
 Chambers, closets, fields, and groves,  
 Bore witness of our daily loves;  
 And on the bark of every tree  
 You might the marks of our endearments see.  
 Distichs, posies, and the pointed bits  
 Of satire (written when a poet meets  
 His Muse's caterwauling fits)  
 You might on every rind behold and swear  
 I and my Clio had been at it there.  
 Nay, by my Muse too, I was bless'd  
 With offsprings of the choicest kinds,  
 Such as have pleas'd the noblest minds,  
 And been approv'd by judgments of the best.  
 But in this most transporting height,  
 Whence I look'd down, and laugh'd at fate,  
 All of a sudden I was alter'd grown;  
 I round me look'd, and found myself alone;  
 My faithless Muse, my faithless Muse, was gone!

I tried if I a verse could frame :  
Oft I in vain invok'd my Clio's name.

The more I strove, the more I fail'd,  
I chaf'd, I bit my pen, curs'd my dull skull, and  
rail'd,  
Resolv'd to force my untoward thought, and at  
the last prevail'd.

A line came forth, but such a one,  
No travelling matron in her childbirth pains,  
Full of the joyful hopes to bear a son,  
Was more astonish'd at the' unlook'd-for shape  
Of some deform'd baboon, or ape,  
Than I was at the hideous issue of my brains.

I tore my paper, stab'd my pen,  
And swore I'd never write again;  
Resolv'd to be a doating fool no more.  
But when my reckoning I began to make,  
I found too long I'd slept, and was too late  
awake ; [sake  
I found my ungrateful Muse, for whose false  
I did myself undo,  
Had robb'd me of my dearest store,  
My precious time, my friends, and reputation too ;  
And left me helpless, friendless, very proud, and  
poor.

' Reason, which in base bonds my folly had in-  
thrall'd,

I straight to council call'd ;  
Like some old faithful friend, whom long ago  
I had cashier'd, to please my flattering fair.  
'To me with readiness he did repair,  
Express'd much tender cheerfulness, to find  
Experience had restor'd him to my mind ;



And loyally did to me show,  
 How much himself he did abuse,  
 Who credited a flattering, false, destructive, trea-  
 cherous Muse.

I ask'd the causes why. He said,  
 " 'Twas never known a Muse e'er staid  
 When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a bawd  
 To all the Nine that on Parnassus dwell,  
 Where those so fam'd delightful fountains swell  
 Of poetry, which there does ever flow;  
 And where wit's lusty, shining god,  
 Keeps his choice seraglio.

So whilst our fortune smiles, our thoughts aspire,  
 Pleasure and fame's our business and desire;

Then, too, if we find

A promptness in the mind,

The Muse is always ready, always kind.

But if the' old harlot, Fortune, once denies  
 Her favour, all our pleasure and rich fancy dies.  
 And then the' young, slippery jilt, the Muse too  
 from us flies."

'To the whole tale I gave attention due;

And as right search into myself I made,

I found all he had said

Was very honest, very true.

O how I hug'd my welcome friend!

And much my Muse I could not discommend:

For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,  
 She always turn'd her back, and fled from me  
 apace,

And never once vouchsaf'd to let me see her face.

Then, to confirm me more,

He drew the veil of dotage from my eyes :

“ See here, my son, (said he) the valued prize :  
Thy fulsome Muse behold, be happy, and be  
wise.”

I look'd, and saw the rampant, tawdry quean,  
With a more horrid train

Than ever yet to satire lent a tale,  
Or haunted Chloris in the Mall.

The first was he\* who stunk of that rank verse  
In which he wrote his Sodom Farce ;

A wretch whom old diseases did so bite,  
That he writ bawdry sure in spite,  
To ruin and disgrace it quite :

Philosophers of old did so express  
Their art, and show'd it in their nastiness.

Next him appear'd that blundering sot,†  
Who a late Session of the Poets wrote.  
Nature has mark'd him for a heavy fool ;

By's flat broad face you'll know the owl.  
The other birds have hooted him from light ;  
Much buffeting has made him love the night,  
And only in the dark he strays ;

Still wretch enough to live ; with worse fools  
spends his days,

And for old shoes and scraps repeats dull plays.

The next there follow'd, to make up the  
throng,

Lord Lampoon and Monsieur Song,

\* Fishbourne.

† The Earl of Rochester, or Sir John Suckling, seems here designated ; most probably the former, as he maligned poor Otway.

Who sought her love, and promis'd for't  
To make her famous at the court.  
The city-poet\* too was there,  
In a black satin cap and his own hair,  
And begg'd that he might have the honour  
To beget a pageant on her,  
For the city's next lord-mayor.  
Her favours she to none denied :  
They took her all by turns aside.  
Till at the last up in the rear there came  
The Poets' scandal, and the Muses' shame,  
A beast of monstrous guise, and libel was  
his name.  
But let me pause, for 'twill ask time to tell  
How he was born, how bred, and where, and where  
he now does dwell.'

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his tale :  
 ' Down in an obscure vale, [rise,  
 Midst fogs and fens, where mists and vapours  
 Where never sun was scen by eyes,  
 Under a desert wood, [bred,  
 Which no man own'd, but all wild beasts were  
 And kept their horrid dens, by prey far forag'd fed,  
 An ill-pil'd cottage stood,  
 Built of men's bones slaughter'd in civil war ;  
 By magic art brought thither from afar,  
 There liv'd a widow'd witch,  
 That us'd to mumble curses eve and morn,  
 Like one whom wants and care had worn ;  
 Meagre her looks, and sunk her eyes,  
 Yet mischiefs studied, discords did devise.

\* This must have been Tatham, or Jordan.

She appeared humble, but it was her pride.  
Slow in her speech, in semblance sanctified.  
Still when she spoke she meant another way;  
And when she curs'd, she seem'd to pray.  
Her hellish charms had all a holy dress,  
And bore the name of godliness,  
All her familiars seem'd the sons of Peace.

Honest habits they all wore,  
In outward show most lamb-like and divine :  
But inward of all vices they had store,  
Greedy as wolves, and sensual too as swine.  
Like her, the sacred scriptures they had all by  
heart,  
Most easily could quote and turn to any part,  
Backward repeat it all, as witches their prayers do,  
And, for their turn, interpret backward too.  
Idolatry with her was held impure,  
Because, besides herself, no idol she'd endure.

Though not to paint, she'd arts to change the  
face,

And alter it in heavenly fashion.

Lewd whining she defin'd a mark of grace,  
And making ugly faces was mortification.  
Her late dead pander was of well-known fame,  
Old Presbyterian Rebellion was his name :  
She a sworn foe to king, his peace, and laws,  
So will be ever, and was called (bless us!) the good  
old cause.

'A time there was (a sad one too)  
When all things wore the face of woe,  
When many horrors rag'd in this our land,  
And a destroying angel was sent down  
To scourge the pride of this rebellious town.

He came, and o'er all Britain stretch'd his conquering hand :

Till in the' untrodden streets, unwholesome grass  
 Grew of great stalk, its colour gross,  
 And melancholic poisonous green : [seen,  
 Like those coarse sickly weeds on an old dunghill  
 Where some murrain-murder'd hog,  
 Poison'd cat, or strangled dog,  
 Rottenness had long unburied laid,  
 And the cold soil productive made.

Birds of ill omen hover'd in the air,  
 And by their cries bade us for graves prepare ;  
 And, as our destiny they seem'd to' unfold,  
 Drop'd dead of the same fate they had foretold.  
 That dire commission ended, down there came  
 Another angel with a sword of flame :

Desolation soon he made,  
 And our new Sodom low in ashes laid.  
 Distractions and distrusts then did amongst us rise,  
 When, in her pious old disguise,  
 This witch, with all her mischief-making train,  
 Began to show herself again.

The sons of Old Rebellicn straight she summon'd all;  
 Straight they were ready at her call :

Once more the' old bait before their eyes she  
 cast,  
 That and her love they long'd to taste ;  
 And to her lust she drew them all at last.

So Reuben (we may read of heretofore)  
 Was led astray, and had pollutions with his father's  
 whore.

' The better to conceal her lewd intent  
 In safety from observing eyes,

The' old strumpet did herself disguise  
 In comely weeds, and to the city went,  
 Affected truth, much modesty and grace,  
 And (like a worn-out suburb trull) pass'd there for  
 a new face.

Thither all her lovers flock'd,  
 And there for her support she found  
 A wight, of whom Fame's trumpet much does  
 sound,

With all ingredients for his business stock'd,  
 Not unlike him whose story has a place  
 In the' annals of Sir Hudibras.

Of all her business he took care,  
 And every knave or soul that to her did repair; }  
 Had by him admittance there.

By his contrivance to her did resort  
 All who had been disgusted at the court.

Those whose ambition had been cross'd,  
 Or by ill manners had preferments lost,  
 Were those on whom she practis'd most her  
 charms,

Lay nearest to her heart, and oftenest in her arms.  
 Interest in every faction, every seet, she sought;  
 And to her lure, flattering their hopes, she  
 brought

All those who use religion for a fashion:  
 All such as practise forms, and take great pains  
 To make their godliness their gains,

And thrive by the distractions of a nation,  
 She by her art insnar'd, and fetter'd in her chains.  
 Through her the Atheist hop'd to purchase toler-  
 ration,

The rebel power, the beggar'd spendthrift lands,  
 Out of the King's or bishop's hands.

Nay, to her side at last she drew in all the rude,  
Ungovernable, headlong multitude :  
Promis'd strange liberties, and sure redress  
Of never-felt, unheard-of, grievances,  
Pamper'd their follies, and indulg'd their hopes,  
With May-day routs, November squibs, and burn-  
ing pasteboard popes.

‘ With her in common lust did mingle all the crew,  
Till at the last she pregnant grew ;  
And from her womb, in little time, brought forth  
This monstrous and detested birth.  
Of children born with teeth we’ve heard,  
And some like comets with a beard ;  
Which seem’d to be forerunners of dire change :  
But never hitherto was seen,  
Born from a Wapping drab, or Shoreditch quean,  
A form like this, so hideous and so strange.  
To help whose mother in her pains, there came  
Many a well-known dame.  
The bawd Hypocrisy was there,  
And madam Impudence the fair :  
Dame Scandal with her squinting eyes,  
That loves to set good neighbours at debate,  
And raise commotions in a jealous state,  
Was there, and Malice, queen of far-spread lies,  
With all their train of frauds and forgeries.  
But midwife Mutiny, that busy drab,  
That’s always talking, always loud,  
Was she that first took up the babe,  
And of the office most was proud.  
Behold its head of horrid form appears  
To spite the pillory, it had no ears.

When straight the bawd cried out, 'twas surely  
 To the bless'd family of Prynne.' [kin  
 But Scandal offer'd to depose her word,  
 Or oath, the father was a lord.  
 The nose was ugly, long, and big,  
 Broad, and snouty, like a pig; [dig; }  
 Which show'd he would in dunghills love to  
 Lov'd to cast stinking satires up in ill-pil'd rhymes,  
 And live by the corruptions of unhappy times.

'They promis'd all by turns to take him,  
 And a hopeful youth to make him,  
 To nurse he straight was sent  
 To a sister-witch, though of another sort,  
 One who profess'd no good, nor any meant:  
 All day she practis'd charms, by night she hardly  
 slept,  
 Yet in the outcasts of a northern factious town,  
 A little smoky mansion of her own,  
 Where her familiars to her did resort,  
 A cell she kept.  
 Hell she ador'd, and Satan was her god;  
 And many an ugly loathsome toad  
 Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.  
 Under her roof all dismal, black, and smok'd,  
 Harbour'd beetles, and unwholesome bats,  
 Sprawling nests of little cats;  
 All which were imps she cherish'd with her blood,  
 To make her spells succeed and good.  
 Still at her shrivel'd breasts they hung, whene'er  
 mankind she curs'd, [nurs'd.  
 And with these foster-brethren was our monster  
 In little time the hell-bred brat,  
 Grew plump and fat,



Without his leading-strings could walk,  
And (as the sorceress taught him) talk.  
At seven years old he went to school,  
Where first he grew a foe to rule.

Never would he learn as taught,  
But still new ways affected, and new methods  
Not that he wanted parts [sought.  
To' improve in letters, and proceed in arts;  
But, as negligent as sly,  
Of all perverseness brutishly was full,  
(By nature idle) lov'd to shift and lie,  
And was obstinately dull.

Till, spite of Nature, through great pains, the sot  
(And the' influence of the' ill genius of our land)  
At last in part began to understand.  
Some insight in the Latin tongue he got ;  
Could smatter pretty well, and write too a plain  
hand.

For which his guardians all think fit,  
In compliment to his most hopeful wit,  
He should be sent to learn the laws,  
And out of the good old to raise a damn'd new  
cause.

' In which the better to improve his mind,  
As by Nature he was bent [find,  
To search in hidden paths, and things long buried  
A wretch's converse much he did frequent :  
One who this world, as that did him, disown'd,  
And in an unfrequented corner, where  
Nothing was pleasant, hardly healthful found,  
He led his hated life.  
Needy, and ev'n of necessities bare,  
No servant had he, children, friend, or wife :

But of a little remnant, got by fraud,  
 (For all ill turns he lov'd, all good detested, and  
   believ'd no God)

Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded groat,  
   With which of beggars scraps he bought. }

Then from a neighbouring fountain water got, }  
   Not to be clean, but slake his thirst.

He never bless'd himself, and all things else he  
   curs'd.

The cell in which he (though but seldom) slept, }  
   Lay like a den, uncleans'd, unswept:

And there those jewels which he lov'd he kept; }  
   Old worn-out statutes, and records

Of common privileges, and the rights of lords.

But bound up by themselves with care were laid

  All the' acts, resolves, and orders made

  By the old long Rump-parliament,

Through all the changes of its government:

From which with readiness he could debate  
   Concerning matters of the state, [eight. }

All down from goodly forty-one to horrid forty-

  ' His friendship much our monster sought

By instinct, and by inclination too:

  So without much ado

  They were together brought.

To him obedience Libel swore, and by him was he  
   taught.

He learn'd of him all goodness to detest;

  To be asham'd of no disgrace;

In all things but obedience to be beast;

To hide a coward's heart, and show a hardy face.

He taught him to call government a clog:

  But to bear beatings like a dog:

T' have no religion, honesty, or sense,  
But to profess them all for a pretence.

Fraught with these morals, he began  
To complete him more for man :  
Distinguish'd to him in an hour

'Twixt legislative and judicial power ;  
How to frame a commonwealth,  
And democracy, by stealth ;  
To palliate it at first, and cry,  
'Twas but a well-mix'd monarchy,  
And treason *salus populi* ;

Into rebellion to divide the nation,  
By fair committees of association :

How by a lawful means to bring  
In arms against himself the king,  
With a distinguishing old trick,

'Twixt persons natural and politic ;  
How to make faithful servants traitors,  
Thorough-pac'd rebels legislators,  
And at last troopers adjutators.

Thus well inform'd, and furnish'd with enough  
Of such like wordy canting stuff,  
Our blade set forth, and quickly grew  
A leader in a factious crew.

Where'er he came, 'twas he first silence broke,  
And swell'd with every word he spoke,

By which becoming saucy grace,  
He gain'd authority and place :

By many for preferments was thought fit,  
For talking treason without fear or wit ;  
For opening failings in the state ;

For loving noisy and unsound debate,  
And wearing of a mystical green ribband in his hat.

' Thus, like Alcides, in his lion's skin,  
 He very dreadful grew,  
 But, like that Hercules when Love crept in,  
 And the' hero to his distaff drew,  
 His foes that found him saw he was but man :  
 So when my faithless Clio by her snare  
 Had brought him to her arms, and I surpris'd him  
     there,  
 At once to hate and scorn him I began ;  
 To see how foolishly she'd dress'd,  
 And for diversion trick'd the beast.  
 He was poetry all o'er,  
 On ev'ry side, behind, before ;  
 About him nothing could I see  
 But party-colour'd poetry.  
 Painter's advices, litanies,  
 Ballads, and all the spurious excess  
     Of ills that malice could devise,  
 Or ever swarm'd from a licentious press,  
 Hung round about him like a spell !  
 And in his own hand too was writ,  
 That worthy piece of modern wit,  
 The country's late appeal.  
 But from such ills when will our wretched state  
 Be freed ? and who shall crush this serpent's head ?  
 'Tis said we may in ancient legends read  
     Of a huge dragon sent by Fate  
     To lay a sinful kingdom waste :  
 So through it all he rang'd, devouring as he past, }  
 And each day with a virgin broke his fast : }  
     Till wretched matrons curs'd their womb,  
     So hardly was their loss endur'd :  
 The lovers all despair'd, and sought their tomb  
 In the same monster's jaws, and of their pains were  
     cur'd.

Till, like our monster too, and with the same  
Gurs'd ends, to the metropolis he came :

His cruelties renew'd again,  
And every day a maid was slain.

The curse through every family had pass'd,  
When to the sacrifice at last

The' unhappy monarch's only child must bow :  
A royal daughter needs must suffer then, a royal  
brother now.

' On him this dragon Libel needs will prey :

On him has cast

His sordid venom, and profan'd

With spurious verse his spotless fame,

Which shall for ever stand

Unblemish'd, and to ages last,

When all his foes lie buried in their shame.

Else tell me why (some prophet that is wise)

Heaven took such care

To make him every thing that's rare,

Dear to the heart, desirous to the eyes.

Why do all good men bless him as he goes ?

Why at his presence shrink his foes ?

Why do the brave all strive his honour to defend ?

Why through the world is he distinguish'd most

By titles, which but few can boast,

A most just master, and a faithful friend ?

One who never yet did wrong

To high or low, to old or young ?

Of him what orphan can complain ?

Of him what widow make her moan ?

But such as wish him here again,

And miss his goodness now he's gone.

If this be (as I am sure 'tis) true ;

Then pr'ythee, prophet, tell me too,

Why lives he in the world's esteem,  
Not one man's foe? and then why are not all men  
friends with him?

'Whene'er his life was set at stake  
For his ungrateful country's sake,  
What dangers or what labours did he ever shun?  
Or what wonders has not done?  
Watchful all night, and busy all the day,  
(Spreading his fleet in sight of Holland's shore)  
Triumphantly ye saw his flags and streamers play,  
Then did the English lion roar,  
Whilst the Belgian couchant lay.  
Big with the thoughts of conquest and renown,  
Of Britain's honour, and his own,  
To them he like a threatening comet shin'd,  
Rough as the sea, and furious as the wind;  
But constant as the stars that never move,  
Or as women would have love.  
The trembling genius of their state  
Look'd out, and straight shrunk back his head,  
To see our daring banners spread:  
Whilst in their harbours they  
Like batten'd monsters weltering lay;  
The winds, when our's they'd kiss, scorn'd with  
their flags to play;  
But drooping like their captains' hearts,  
Each pendant, every streamer hung:  
The seamen seem'd to' have lost their arts:  
Their ships at anchor now, of which we had heard  
them boast,  
With ill furl'd sails and rattlings loose, by every  
billow tost,  
Lay like neglected harps, untun'd, unstrung;

Till at the last, provok'd with shame,  
 Forth from their dens the baited foxes came ;  
 Foxes in council, and in fight too grave ;  
 Seldom true, and now not brave :  
 'They bluster'd out the day with show of fight,  
 And ran away in the good-natur'd night.

' A bloody battle next was fought,  
 And then in triumph home a welcome fleet he }  
 brought,  
 With spoils of victory and glory fraught.  
 To him then every heart was open, down  
 From the great man to the clown :  
 In him rejoic'd, to him inclin'd ;  
 And as his health round the glad board did pass,  
 Each honest fellow eried, " Fill full my glass ;"  
 And show'd the fulness of his mind.  
 No discontented vermin of ill times  
 Durst then affront him but in show ;  
 Nor Libel dash him with his dirty rhymes ;  
 Nor may he live in peace that does it now.  
 And whose heart would not wish so too,  
 That had but seen  
 When his tumultuous misled foes  
 Against him rose.  
 With what heroie grace  
 He chose the weight of wrong to undergo !  
 No tempest on his brow, unalter'd in his face,  
 True witness of the innocence within.  
 But, when the messengers did mandates bring  
 For his retreat to foreign land,  
 Since sent from the relenting hand  
 Of the most loving brother, kindest king ;

If in his heart regret did rise,  
It never scap'd his tongue or eyes;  
With steady virtue 'twas allay'd,  
And like a mighty conqueror he obey'd.

' It was a dark and gloomy day,  
Sad as the business, sullen too  
As proud men, when in vain they woo,  
Or soldiers cheated of their pay.  
The court, where pleasures us'd to flow,  
Became the scene of mourning and of woe :  
Desolate was every room,  
Where men for news and business us'd to come :  
With folded arms and downcast eyes men walk'd  
In corners, and with caution talk'd.  
All things prepar'd, the hour drew near  
When he must part : his last short time was spent  
In leaving blessings on his children dear :  
To them with eager haste and love he went ;  
The eldest first embrac'd,  
As new-born day in beauty bright,  
But sad in mind as deepest night : [past,  
What tenderest hearts could say, betwixt them  
Till grief too close upon them crept ;  
So sighing he withdrew, she turn'd away and wept.  
Much of the father in his breast did rise,  
When on the next he fix'd his eyes,  
A tender infant in the nurse's arms,  
Full of kind play, and pretty charms.  
And as to give the farewell-kiss he near it drew,  
About his manly neck two little arms it threw ;  
Smil'd in his eyes, as if it begg'd his stay,  
And look'd kind things it could not say.



‘But the great pomp of grief was yet to come.  
The’ appointed time was almost past,  
The’ impatient tides knock’d at the shore, and bid  
him haste  
To seek a foreign home ;  
The summons he resolv’d to’ obey,  
Disdaining of his sufferings to complain,  
Though every step seem’d trod with pain ;  
So forth he came, attended on his way  
By a sad lamenting throng,  
That bless’d him, and about him hung.  
A weight his generous heart could hardly bear ;  
But for the comfort that was near,  
His beauteous Mate, the fountain of his joys,  
That fed his soul with love ;  
The cordial that can mortal pains remove,  
To which all worldly blessings else are toys.  
I saw them ready for departure stand ;  
Just when approach’d the Monarch of our land, }  
And took the charming Mourner by the hand : }  
To’ express all noblest offices he strove,  
Of royal goodness, and a brother’s love.  
Then down to the shore side,  
Where to convey them did two royal barges ride,  
With solemn pace they pass’d,  
And there so tenderly embrac’d,  
All griev’d by sympathy to see them part,  
And their kind pains touch’d each by-stander’s heart.  
Then hand in hand the pity’d pair  
Turn’d round to face their fate ;  
She ev’n amidst afflictions fair,  
He, though oppress’d, still great.  
Into the’ expecting boat with haste they went,  
Where, as the troubled Fair-one to the shore some  
wishes sent

For that dear pledge sh'd left behind,  
And as her passion grew too mighty for her mind,  
She of some tears her eyes beguil'd,  
Which, as upon her cheek they lay,  
The happy hero kiss'd away,  
And, as she wept, blush'd with disdain, and smil'd.  
Straight forth they launch into the high-swoln  
Thames ;  
The well-struck oars lave up the yielding streams.  
All fix'd their longing eyes, and wishing stood,  
Till they were got into the wider flood ;  
Till lessen'd out of sight, and seen no more,  
Then sigh'd, and turn'd into the hated shore.

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### *THE ENCHANTMENT.*

I DID but look and love a while,  
'Twas but for one half hour ;  
Then to resist I had no will,  
And now I have no power.

To sigh, and wish, is all my ease ;  
Sighs, which do heat impart,  
Enough to melt the coldest ice,  
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O ! would your pity give my heart  
One corner of your breast,  
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,  
And quickly steal the rest.

*THE COMPLAINT:*

## A SONG.

*To a Scotch Tune.*

I LOVE, I doat, I rave with pain,  
No quiet's in my mind,  
Though ne'er could be a happier swain,  
Were Sylvia less unkind.  
For when, as long her chains I've worn,  
I ask relief from smart,  
She only gives me looks of scorn;  
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

My rivals, rich in worldly store,  
May offer heaps of gold.  
But surely I a heaven adore,  
Too precious to be sold;  
Can Sylvia such a coxcomb prize,  
For wealth, and not desert;  
And my poor sighs and tears despise?  
Alas! 'twill break my heart!

When, like some panting, hovering dove,  
I for my bliss contend,  
And plead the cause of eager love,  
She coldly calls me, friend.  
Ah, Sylvia! thus in vain you strive  
To act a healer's part,  
'Twill keep but lingering pain alive,  
Alas! and break my heart.

When, on my lonely, pensive bed  
I lay me down to rest,  
I hope to calm my raging head,  
And cool my burning breast,  
Her cruelty all ease denies :  
With some sad dream I start,  
All drown'd in tears I find my eyes,  
And, breaking, feel my heart.

Then rising, through the path I rove,  
That leads me where she dwells,  
Where to the senseless waves my love  
Its mournful story tells :  
With sighs I dew and kiss the door,  
Till morning bids depart ;  
Then vent ten thousand sighs and more :  
Alas ! 'twill break my heart !

But, Sylvia, when this conquest's won,  
And I am dead and cold,  
Renounce the cruel deed you've done,  
Nor glory when 'tis told ;  
For every lovely generous maid  
Will take my injur'd part,  
And curse thee, Sylvia, I'm afraid,  
For breaking my poor heart.

SELECT POEMS

OF

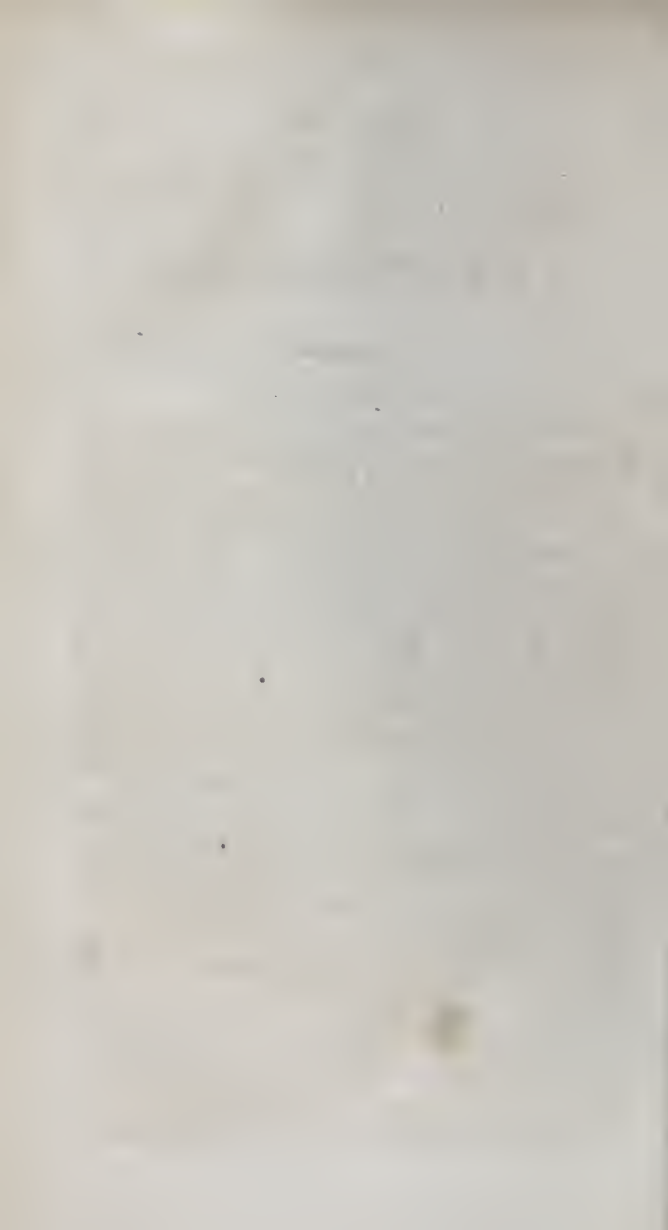
*JOHN POMFRET.*

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.



## LIFE OF POMFRET.

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**JOHN POMFRET**, the son of the Rev. Mr. Pomfret, Rector of Luton, in Bedfordshire, was born in 1667. He received his education at Queen's College, in Cambridge; where he took his bachelor's degree, in 1684, and his master's, in 1698. He entered into holy orders; became rector of Malden, in Bedfordshire; and might have risen in the Church, it is said, if the Bishop of London had not inferred, from a passage in the *Choice*, that he preferred a mistress to a wife. His doctrine, however, had been refuted by his practice; for he was married at the very time when his enemies cast this objection in his way. But it had more than its intended effect. It delayed him in London, until he took the small-pox; of which he died, in the year 1703.

His poems were published in 1699. The *Choice* is his chief work; and Dr. Johnson thinks, that no composition in our language has been oftener perused. It is plain, manly sense, conveyed in smooth verse; and, being in a strain no higher than the comprehension of any person, who can read English, it finds admirers among thousands, who think, that ordinary poetry is nonsense.





# JOHN POMFRET.

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## *THE CHOICE.*

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give,  
That I might choose my method how to live ;  
And all those hours propitious Fate should lend,  
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend ;  
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,  
Built uniform, not little, nor too great ;  
Better, if on a rising ground it stood ;  
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.  
It should within no other things contain  
But what are useful, necessary, plain ;  
Methinks 'tis nauseous ; and I'd ne'er endure  
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.  
A little garden, grateful to the eye :  
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by :  
On whose delicious banks a stately row  
Of shady limes, or sycamores, should grow.  
At the end of which a silent study plac'd,  
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd :  
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines  
Immortal wit and solid learning shines ;  
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,  
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew :  
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,  
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,

Must grant his fancy does the best excel ;  
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well :  
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,  
Esteem'd for learning, and for eloquence.  
In some of these, as fancy should advise,  
I'd always take my morning exercise :  
For sure no minutes bring us more content,  
Than those in pleasing, useful studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent estate,  
That I might live genteely, but not great :  
As much as I could moderately spend ;  
A little more, sometimes to' oblige a friend.  
Nor should the sons of poverty repine  
Too much at fortune, they should taste of mine ;  
And all that objects of true pity were,  
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare ;  
For that our Maker has too largely given,  
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven ;  
A frugal plenty should my table spread ;  
With healthy, not luxurious dishes spread ;  
Enough to satisfy, and something more,  
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.  
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food  
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.  
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,  
And the bright lamp of life continue long,  
I'd freely take ; and, as I did possess,  
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

I'd have a little vault, but always stor'd  
With the best wines each vintage could afford,  
Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,  
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse ;  
By making all our spirits debonair,  
Throws off the lees, the sediment of care.

But as the greatest blessing Heaven lends  
 May be debauch'd, and serve ignoble ends:  
 So, but too oft, the grape's refreshing juice  
 Does many mischievous effects produce.  
 My house should no such rude disorders know,  
 As from high drinking consequently flow;  
 Nor would I use what was so kindly given,  
 To the dishonour of indulgent heaven.  
 If any neighbour came, he should be free,  
 Us'd with respect, and not uneasy be,  
 In my retreat, or to himself or me. }  
 What freedom, prudence, and right reason give,  
 All men may, with impunity, receive:  
 But the least swerving from their rule's too much;  
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis death to touch.

That life may be more comfortable yet,  
 And all my joys refin'd, sincere, and great;  
 I'd choose two friends, whose company would be  
 A great advance to my felicity:  
 Well-born, of humours suited to my own,  
 Discreet, and men as well as books have known:  
 Brave, generous, witty, and exactly free  
 From loose behaviour, or formality:  
 Airy and prudent; merry, but not light;  
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right:  
 Secret they should be, faithful to their trust;  
 In reasoning cool, strong, temperate, and just;  
 Obliging, open, without huffing, brave;  
 Brisk in gay talking, and in sober, grave;  
 Close in dispute, but not tenacious; tried  
 By solid reason, and let that decide;  
 Not prone to lust, revenge, or envious hate;  
 Nor busy meddlers with intrigues of state:

Strangers to slander, and sworn foes to spite ;  
Not quarrelsome, but stout enough to fight ;  
Loyal, and pious, friends to Cæsar ; true  
As dying martyrs, to their Maker too.

In their society I could not miss

A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss. [choose

Would bounteous Heaven once more indulge, I'd

(For who would so much satisfaction lose

As witty nymphs, in conversation, give)

Near some obliging modest fair to live :

For there's that sweetness in a female mind,

Which in a man's we cannot hope to find !

That, by a secret, but a powerful art,

Winds up the spring of life, and does impart

Fresh vital heat to the transported heart. }

I'd have her reason all her passion sway :

Easy in company, in private gay :

Coy to a fop, to the deserving free ;

Still constant to herself, and just to me.

A soul she should have for great actions fit ;

Prudence and wisdom to direct her wit :

Courage to look bold danger in the face ;

No fear, but only to be proud, or base ;

Quick to advise, by an emergence press'd,

To give good council, or to take the best.

I'd have the' expression of her thoughts be such,

She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much :

That shows a want of judgment and of sense ;

More than enough is but impertinence.

Her conduct regular, her mirth refin'd ;

Civil to strangers, to her neighbours kind :

Averse to vanity, revenge, and pride ;

In all the methods of deceit untried :

So faithful to her friend, and good to all,  
No censure might upon her actions fall :  
Then would ev'n envy be compell'd to say,  
She goes the least of womankind astray.

To this fair creature I'd sometimes retire ;  
Her conversation would new joys inspire ;  
Give life an edge so keen, no surly care  
Would venture to assault my soul, or dare,  
Near my retreat, to hide one secret snare.  
But so divine, so noble a repast  
I'd seldom, and with moderation, taste :  
For highest cordials all their virtue lose,  
By a too frequent and too bold a use ;  
And what would cheer the spirits in distress,  
Ruins our health, when taken to excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious jar ;  
Belov'd by all, not vainly popular.  
Whate'er assistance I had power to bring,  
To' oblige my country, or to serve my king,  
Whene'er they call, I'd readily afford,  
My tongue, my pen, my counsel, or my sword.  
Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious care,  
As I would dens where hungry lions are ;  
And rather put up injuries, than be  
A plague to him, who'd be a plague to me.  
I value quiet at a price too great,  
To give for my revenge so dear a rate :  
For what do we by all our bustle gain,  
But counterfeit delight for real pain ?

If Heaven a date of many years would give,  
Thus I'd in pleasure, ease, and plenty live.  
And as I near approach'd the verge of life,  
Some kind relation (for I'd have no wife)

Should take upon him all my wordly care,  
Whilst I did for a better state prepare.  
Then I'd not be with any trouble vex'd,  
Nor have the evening of my days perplex'd ;  
But by a silent and a peaceful death,  
Without a sigh, resign my aged breath.  
And when committed to the dust, I'd have  
Few tears, but friendly, drop'd into my grave ;  
Then would my exit so propitious be,  
All men would wish to live and die like me.

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*LOVE TRIUMPHANT OVER REASON:*

A VISION.

THOUGH gloomy thoughts disturb'd my anxious  
breast

All the long night, and drove away my rest ;  
Just as the dawning day began to rise,  
A grateful slumber clos'd my waking eyes ;  
But active fancy to strange regions flew,  
And brought surprising objects to my view.

Methought I walk'd in a delightful grove,  
The soft retreat of gods, when gods make love.  
Each beauteous object my charm'd soul amaz'd,  
And I on each with equal wonder gaz'd ;  
Nor knew which most delighted : all was fine :  
The noble product of some Power Divine.  
But as I travers'd the obliging shade,  
Which myrtle, jessamine, and roses, made,  
I saw a person whose celestial face  
At first declar'd her goddess of the place :

But I discover'd, when approaching near,  
An aspect full of beauty, but severe.  
Bold and majestic : every awful look  
Into my soul a secret horror struck.  
Advancing further on, she made a stand,  
And beckon'd me ; I, kneeling, kiss'd her hand :  
Then thus began.—' Bright Deity ! (for so  
You are, no mortals such perfections know)  
I may intrude ; but how I was convey'd  
To this strange place, or by what powerful aid,  
I'm wholly ignorant ; nor know I more,  
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.  
Instruct me then, that I no longer may  
In darkness serve the goddess I obey.'

' Youth ! (she replied) this place belongs to one,  
By whom you'll be, and thousands are undone.  
These pleasant walks, and all these shady bowers,  
Are in the government of dangerous powers.  
Love's the capricious master of this coast ;  
This fatal labyrinth, where fools are lost.  
I dwell not here amidst these gaudy things,  
Whose short enjoyment no true pleasure brings ;  
But have an empire of a nobler kind ;  
My regal seat's in the celestial mind ;  
Where, with a godlike and a peaceful hand,  
I rule, and make those happy I command.  
For, while I govern, all within's at rest ;  
No stormy passion revels in my breast :  
But when my power is despicable grown,  
And rebel-appetites usurp the throne,  
The soul no longer quiet thoughts enjoys ;  
But all is tumult, and eternal noise. [spis'd ;  
Know, youth ! I'm Reason, which you've oft de-  
I am that Reason, which you never priz'd :



And though my argument successless prove,  
(For Reason seems impertinence in love)  
Yet I'll not see my charge (for all mankind  
Are to my guardianship by Heaven assign'd)  
Into the grasp of any ruin run,  
That I can warn them of, and they may shun.  
Fly, youth, these guilty shades; retreat in time,  
Ere your mistake's converted to a crime :  
For ignorance no longer can atone,  
When once the error and the fault is known.  
You thought perhaps, as giddy youth inclines,  
Imprudently to value all that shines,  
In these retirements freely to possess  
True joy, and strong substantial happiness :  
But here gay Folly keeps her court, and here,  
In crowds, her tributary fops appear ;  
Who, blindly lavish of their golden days,  
Consume them all in her fallacious ways.  
Pert Love with her, by joint commission, rules  
In this capacious realm of idle fools :  
Who, by false hearts, and popular deccits,  
The careless, fond, unthinking mortal cheats.  
'Tis easy to descend into the snare,  
By the pernicious conduct of the fair ;  
But safely to return from this abode,  
Requircs the wit, the prudcncc of a god :  
Though you, who have not tasted that delight,  
Which only at a distance charms your sight,  
May, with a little toil, retrieve your heart :  
Which lost is subject to eternal smart.  
Bright Delia's beauty, I must needs confcfs,  
Is truly great ; nor would I make it less :  
That were to wrong her, where she merits most ;  
But dragons guard the fruit, and rocks the coast.



And who would run, that's moderately wise,  
A certain danger, for a doubtful prize?  
If you miscarry, you are lost so far  
(For there's no erring twice in love and war)  
You'll ne'er recover, but must always wear  
Those chains you'll find it difficult to bear.  
Delia has charms, I own; such charms would move  
Old age and frozen impotence to love:  
But do not venture, where such danger lies;  
Avoid the sight of those victorious eyes,  
Whose poisonous rays do to the soul impart  
Delicious ruin, and a pleasing smart.  
You draw, insensibly, destruction near;  
And love the danger which you ought to fear.  
If the light pains you labour under now  
Destroy your ease, and make your spirits bow;  
You'll find them much more grievous to be borne,  
When heavier made by an imperious scorn:  
Nor can you hope she will your passion hear  
With softer notions, or a kinder ear,  
Than those of other swains; who always found,  
She rather widen'd than clos'd up the wound.  
But grant, she should indulge your flame, and give  
Whate'er you'd ask, nay, all you can receive;  
The short-liv'd pleasure would so quickly cloy,  
Bring such a weak, and such a feeble joy,  
You'd have but small encouragement to boast  
The tinsel rapture worth the pains it cost.  
Consider, Strephon, soberly of things,  
What strange inquietudes Love always brings!  
The foolish fears, vain hopes, and jealousies,  
Which still attend upon this fond disease:  
How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine;  
Call every feature, every look, divine;

Command each sentence with an humble smile ;  
Though nonsense, swear it is a heavenly style :  
Servilely rail at all she disapproves !  
And as ignobly flatter all she loves :  
Renounce your very sense, and silent sit,  
While she puts off impertinence for wit :  
Like setting-dog, now whipp'd for springing game.  
You must be made by due correction tame.  
But if you can endure the nauseous rule  
Of woman, do ; love on, and be a fool.  
You know the danger, your own methods use ;  
The good or evil's in your power to choose ;  
But who'd accept a short and dubious bliss  
On the declining of a precipice ;  
Where, if he slips, not Fate itself can save  
The falling wretch from an untimely grave ?

‘ Thou great directress of our minds ! (said I)  
We safely on your dictates may rely ;  
And that which you have now so kindly press'd,  
Is true, and, without contradiction, best :  
But with a steady sentence to control  
The heat and vigour of a youthful soul,  
While gay temptations hover in our sight,  
And daily bring new objects of delight,  
Which on us with surprising beauty smile,  
Is difficult ; but is a noble toil.  
The best may slip, and the most cautious fall ;  
He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.  
And though fair Delia has my soul possess'd,  
I'll chase her bright idea from my breast :  
At least, I'll make one essay. If I fail,  
And Delia's charms o'er Reason do prevail,  
I may be, sure, from rigid censures free,  
Love was my foe ; and Love's a deity.’

Then she rejoin'd ; ' May you suecessful prove,  
 In your attempt to curb impetuous Love :  
 Then will proud passion own her rightful lord,  
 You to yourself, I to my throne restor'd :  
 But to confirm your courage, and inspire  
 Your resolution with a bolder fire,  
 Follow me, youth ! I'll show you that shall move  
 Your soul to curse the tyranny of Love.'

Then she convey'd me to a dismal shade,  
 Which melancholy yew and cypress made ;  
 Where I beheld an antiquated pile  
 Of rugged building in a narrow isle ;  
 The water round it gave a nauseous smell,  
 Like vapours streaming from a sulphurous cell.  
 The ruin'd wall, compos'd of stinking mud,  
 O'ergrown with hemlock, on supporters stood ;  
 As did the roof, ungrateful to the view :  
 'Twas both an hospital and bedlam too.  
 Before the entrance mouldering bones were spread,  
 Some skeletons entire, some lately dead ;  
 A little rubbish, loosely scatter'd o'er  
 Their bodies uninter'd, lay round the door.  
 No funeral rites to any here were paid,  
 But, dead, like dogs into the dust convey'd.  
 From hence, by Reason's conduct, I was brought  
 through various turnings to a spacious vault,  
 Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful sight,  
 Vast crowds of wretches all debar'd from light,  
 But what a few dim lamps, expiring, had ;  
 Which made the prospect more amazing sad,  
 Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad :  
 Some swearing loud, and others laughing ; some  
 Were always talking ; others, always dumb.

Here one, a dagger in his breast, expires,  
And quenches with his blood his amorous fires ;  
There hangs a second ; and, not far remov'd,  
A third lies poison'd, who false Celia lov'd.  
All sorts of madness, every kind of death,  
By which unhappy mortals lose their breath,  
Were here expos'd before my wandering eyes,  
The sad effects of female treacheries ;  
Others I saw, who were not quite bereft  
Of sense, though very small remains were left,  
Cursing the fatal folly of their youth,  
For trusting to perjurious woman's truth.  
These on the left.—Upon the right a view,  
Of equal horror, equal misery too ;  
Amazing ! all employ'd my troubled thought,  
And, with new wonder, new aversion brought.  
There I beheld a wretched, numerous throng  
Of pale, lean mortals ; some lay stretch'd along  
On beds of straw, disconsolate and poor ;  
Others extended naked on the floor ;  
Exil'd from human pity, here they lie,  
And know no end of misery till they die.  
But death, which comes in gay and prosperous days  
Too soon, in time of misery delays.

These dreadful spectacles had so much pow'r,  
I vow'd, and solemnly, to love no more :  
For sure that flame is kindled from below,  
Which breeds such sad variety of woe.

Then we descended, by some few degrees,  
From this stupendous scene of miseries ;  
Bold Reason brought me to another cave,  
Dark as the inmost chambers of the grave.  
' Here, youth, (she cried) in the acutest pain,  
Those villains lie, who have their fathers slain,

Stab'd their own brothers, nay, their friends, to  
Ambitious, proud, revengful mistresses; [please  
Who, after all their services, prefer'd  
Some rugged fellow of the brawny herd  
Before those wretches; who, despairing, dwell  
In agonies no human tongue can tell.  
Darkness prevents the too amazing sight;  
And you may bless the happy want of light.'  
But my tormented ears were fill'd with sighs,  
Expiring groans, and lamentable cries,  
So very sad, I could endure no more;  
Methought I felt the miseries they bore.

Then to my guide, said I, 'For pity now  
Conduct me back; here I confirm my vow.  
Which, if I dare infringe, be this my fate,  
To die thus wretched, and repent too late.  
The charms of beauty I'll no more pursue:  
Delia, farewell, farewell for ever too!'

Then we return'd to the delightful grove,  
Where Reason still dissuaded me from Love.  
'You see, (she cried) what misery attends  
On Love, and where too frequently it ends;  
And let not that unwieldy passion sway  
Your soul, which none but whining fools obey.  
The masculine, brave spirit, scorns to own  
The proud usurper of my sacred throne;  
Nor with idolatrous devotion pays  
To the false god, or sacrifice or praise.  
The syren's music charms the sailor's ear;  
But he is ruined if he stops to hear:  
And, if you listen, Love's harmonious voice  
As much delights, as certainly destroys.  
Ambrosia mix'd with aconite may have  
A pleasant taste, but sends you to the grave:

For though the latent poison may be still  
Awhile, it very seldom fails to kill.  
But who'd partake the food of gods, to die  
Within a day, or live in misery?  
Who'd eat with emperors, if o'er his head  
A poniard hung but by a single thread\*?  
Love's banquets are extravagantly sweet,  
And either kill, or surfeit all that eat;  
Who, when the sated appetite is tir'd,  
E'en loath the thoughts of what they once admir'd.  
You've promis'd, Strephon, to forsake the charms  
Of Delia, though she courts you to her arms:  
And sure I may your resolution trust;  
You'll never want temptation, but be just.  
Vows of this nature, youth, must not be broke;  
You're always bound, though 'tis a gentle yoke.  
Would men be wise, and my advice pursue,  
Love's conquests would be small, his triumphs few:  
For nothing can oppose his tyranny,  
With such a prospect of success as I.  
Me he detests, and from my presence flies,  
Who know his arts, and stratagems despise,  
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's rules,  
To make himself the deity of fools:  
Him duly they adore, him blindly serve, [starve;  
Some, while they're sots; and others, while they  
For those who under his wild conduct go,  
Either come coxcombs, or he makes them so;  
His charms deprive, by their strange influence,  
The brave of courage, and the wise of sense:  
In vain philosophy would set the mind  
At liberty, if once by him confin'd:

\* The feast of Damocles.



The scholar's learning, and the poet's wit,  
A while may struggle, but at last submit :  
Well-weigh'd results and wise conclusions seem  
But empty chat, impertinence to him :  
His opiates sieze so strongly on the brain,  
They make all prudent application vain.  
If, therefore, you resolve to live at ease,  
To taste the sweetness of internal peace ;  
Would not for safety to a battle fly,  
Or choose a shipwreck, if afraid to die ;  
Far from these pleasurable shades remove,  
And leave the fond, inglorious toil of Love.'

This said, she vanish'd, and methought I found  
Myself transported to a rising ground,  
From whence I did a pleasant vale survey ;  
Large was the prospect, beautiful and gay,  
There I beheld the' apartments of delight,  
Whose curious forms oblig'd the wondering sight :  
Some in full view upon the champaign plac'd,  
With lofty walls and cooling streams embrac'd :  
Others, in shady groves, retir'd from noise,  
The seat of private and exalted joys.  
At a great distance I perceiv'd there stood  
A stately building in a spacious wood,  
Whose gilded turrets rais'd their beauteous heads  
High in the air, to view the neighbouring meads,  
Where vulgar lovers spend their happy days,  
In rustic dancing, and delightful plays.  
But while I gaz'd with admiration round,  
I heard from far celestial music sound ;  
So soft, so moving, so harmonious, all  
The artful charming notes did rise and fall ;  
My soul, transported with the graceful airs,  
Shook off the pressures of its former fears :

I felt afresh the little god begin  
To stir himself, and gently move within.  
Then I repented I had vow'd no more  
To love, or Delia's beauteous eyes adore.  
Why am I now condemn'd to banishment,  
And made an exile by my own consent?  
(I sighing cried) why should I live in pain  
Those fleeting hours which ne'er return again?  
O Delia! what can wretched Strephon do?  
Inhuman to himself, and false to you!  
'Tis true, I've promis'd Reason to remove  
From these retreats, and quit bright Delia's love:  
But is not Reason partially unkind?  
Are all her votaries, like me confin'd?  
Must none, that under her dominion live,  
To Love and Beauty veneration give?  
Why then did Nature youthful Delia grace  
With a majestic mein, and charming face?  
Why did she give her that surprising air;  
Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair;  
Mistress of all that can affection move,  
If Reason will not suffer us to love?  
But since it must be so, I'll haste away;  
'Tis fatal to return, and death to stay.  
From you, bless'd shades! (if I may call you so  
Inculpable) with mighty pain I go:  
Compell'd from hence, I leave my quiet here;  
I may find safety, but I buy it dear.'

Then turning round, I saw a beauteous boy,  
Such as of old were messengers of joy:  
'Who art thou, or from whence? if sent (said I)  
To me, my haste requires a quick reply.'

'I come, (he cried) from yon celestial grove,  
Where stands the temple of the God of Love;



With whose important favour you are grac'd,  
And justly in his high protection plac'd :  
Be grateful, Strephon, and obey that god,  
Whose sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a rod ;  
That god, to whom the haughty and the proud,  
The bold, the bravest, nay, the best have bow'd ;  
That god, whom all the lesser gods adore,  
First in existence, and the first in power.  
From him I come, on embassy divine,  
To tell thee, Delia, Delia may be thine ;  
To whom all beauties rightful tribute pay ;  
Delia, the young, the lovely, and the gay.  
If you dare push your fortune, if you dare  
But be resolv'd, and press the yielding fair,  
Success and glory will your labours crown ;  
For fate does rarely on the valiant frown.  
But were you sure to be unkindly us'd,  
Boldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd,  
He greater glory and more fame obtains,  
Who loses Delia, than who Phillis gains.  
But to prevent all fears that may arise,  
(Though fears ne'er move the daring and the wise)  
In the dark volumes of eternal doom,  
Where all things past, and present, and to come,  
Are writ, I saw these words—" It is decreed,  
That Strephon's love to Delia shall succeed."  
What would you more ? while youth and vigour last,  
Love, and be happy ; they decline too fast.  
In youth alone you're capable to prove  
The mighty transports of a generous love :  
Youth's the best time for action mortals have ;  
That past, they touch the confines of the grave.  
Now, if you hope to lie in Delia's arms,  
To die in raptures, or dissolve in charms,

Quick to the blissful, happy mansion fly  
Where all is one continued ecstasy.  
Delia impatiently expects you there :  
And sure you will not disappoint the fair.  
None but the impotent or old would stay,  
When Love invites, and Beauty calls away.'

' Oh ! you convey, (said I) dear charming boy,  
Into my soul a strange disorder'd joy.  
I would, but dare not, your advice pursue ;  
I've promis'd Reason, and I must be true ;  
Reason's the rightful empress of the soul,  
Does all exorbitant desires control,  
Checks every wild excursion of the mind,  
By her wise dictates happily confin'd ;  
And he that will not her commands obey,  
Leaves a safe convoy in a dangerous sea.  
True, I love Delia to a vast excess,  
But I must try to make my passion less :  
Try, if I can ; if possible, I will ;  
For I have vow'd, and must that vow fulfil.  
Oh ! had I not, with what a vigorous flight  
Could I pursue the quarries of delight !  
How could I press fair Delia in these arms,  
Till I dissolv'd in love, and she in charms !  
But now no more must I her beauties view ;  
Yet tremble at the thoughts to leave her too.  
What would I give, I might my flame allow !  
But 'tis forbid by Reason, and a vow :  
Two mighty obstacles : though Love of old  
Has broke through greater, stronger powers con-  
Should I offend, by high example taught, [trol'd.  
'Twould not be an inexpiable fault :  
The crimes of malice have found grace above ;  
And sure kind Heaven will spare the crimes of Lov

Couldst thou, my angel, but instruct me how  
I might be happy, and not break my vow ;  
Or, by some subtle art, dissolve the chain ;  
You'd soon revive my dying hopes again.  
Reason and Love, I know, could ne'er agree ;  
Both would command, and both superior be.  
Reason's supported by the sinewy force  
Of solid argument and wise discourse :  
But Love pretends to use no other arms,  
Than soft impressions, and persuasive charms.  
One must be disobey'd ; and shall I prove  
A rebel to my Reason, or to Love ?  
But then, suppose I should my flame pursue,  
Delia may be unkind, and faithless too,  
Reject my passion with a proud disdain,  
And scorn the love of such an humble swain :  
Then should I labour under mighty grief,  
Beyond all hopes or prospect of relief.  
So that, methinks, 'tis safer to obey  
Right Reason, though she bears a rugged sway,  
Than Love's soft rule, whose subjects undergo,  
Early or late, too sad a share of woe.  
Can I so soon forget that wretched crew,  
Reason just now expos'd before my view ?  
If Delia should be cruel, I must be  
A sad partaker of their misery.  
But your encouragements so strongly move,  
I'm almost tempted to pursue my love :  
For sure no treacherous designs should dwell  
In one that argues and persuades so well :  
For what could Love by my destruction gain ?  
Love's an immortal god, and I a swain ;  
And sure I may without suspicion trust  
A god, for gods can never be unjust.'

‘ Right you conclude, (reply’d the smiling boy)  
Love ruins none ; ’tis men themselves destroy :  
And those vile wretches whom you lately saw,  
Transgress’d his rules, as well as Reason’s law.  
They’re not Love’s subjects, but the slaves of Lust ;  
Nor is their punishment so great as just :  
For Love and Lust essentially divide,  
Like day and night, Humility and Pride ;  
One darkness hides, t’ other does always shine ;  
This of infernal make, and that divine.  
Reason no generous passion does oppose :  
’Tis Lust (not Love) and Reason that are foes.  
She bids you scorn a base inglorious flame,  
Black as the gloomy shade from whence it came :  
In this her precepts should obedience find ;  
But yours is not of that ignoble kind.  
You err in thinking she would disapprove  
The brave pursuit of honourable love ;  
And therefore judge what’s harmless an offence,  
Invert her meaning, and mistake her sense.  
She could not such insipid counsel give,  
As not to love at all ; ’tis not to live ;  
But, where bright virtue and true beauty lies,  
And that in Delia, charming Delia’s eyes.  
Could you contented see the’ angelic maid  
In old Alexis’ dull embraces laid ?  
Or rough-hewn Tityrus possess those charms,  
Which are in heaven, the heaven of Delia’s arms  
Consider, youth, what transport you forego,  
The most entire felicity below ;  
Which is by Fate alone reserv’d for you :  
Monarchs have been denied ; for monarchs sue.  
I own ’tis difficult to gain the prize ;  
Or ’twould be cheap and low in noble eyes ;

But there is one soft minute, when the mind  
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind ;  
Which the wise lover understanding right,  
Steals in like day upon the wings of light.  
You urge your vow ; but can those vows prevail,  
Whose first foundation and whose reason fail ?  
You vow'd to leave fair Delia ; but you thought  
Your passion was a crime, your flame a fault.  
But since your judgment err'd, it has no force  
To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of course ;  
And therefore hesitate no longer here,  
But banish all the dull remains of fear.  
Dare you be happy, youth ?—but dare, and be :  
I'll be your convoy to the charming she.  
What ! still irresolute ? debating still ?  
View her, and then forsake her if you will.'

‘ I'll go, (said I) once more I'll venture all :  
'Tis brave to perish by a noble fall.  
Beauty no mortal can resist ; and Jove  
Laid by his grandeur, to indulge his love.  
Reason, if I do err, my crime forgive :  
Angels alone without offending live.  
I go astray but as the wise have done,  
And act a folly which they did not shun.'

Then we, descending to a spacious plain,  
Were soon saluted by a numerous train  
Of happy lovers, who consum'd their hours,  
With constant jollity, in shady bowers.  
There I beheld the bless'd variety  
Of joy, from all corroding troubles free :  
Each follow'd his own fancy to delight ;  
Though all went different ways, yet all went right.  
None err'd, or miss'd the happiness he sought :  
Love to one centre every turning brought.

We pass'd through numerous pleasant fields and  
glades,  
By murmuring fountains, and by peaceful shades;  
Till we approach'd the confines of the wood,  
Where mighty Love's immortal temple stood :  
Round the celestial fane, in goodly rows  
And beauteous order, amorous myrtle grows ;  
Beneath whose shade expecting lovers wait  
For the kind minute of indulgent Fate :  
Each had his guardian Cupid, whose chief care,  
By secret motions, was to warm the fair,  
To kindle cager longings for the joy,  
To move the slow, and to incline the coy.

The glorious fabric charm'd my wond'ring sight,  
Of vast extent, and of prodigious height :  
The case was marble, but the polish'd stone  
With such an admirable lustre shone,  
As if some architect divine had strove  
'To' outdo the palace of imperial Jove ;  
The ponderous gates of massy gold were made,  
With diamonds of a mighty size inlaid ;  
Here stood the winged guards, in order plac'd,  
With shining darts, and golden quivers grac'd :  
As we approach'd, they clap'd their joyful wings,  
And cry'd aloud, ' Tune, tune your warbling strings ;  
The grateful youth is come, to sacrifice  
At Delia's altar to bright Delia's eyes :  
With harmony divine his soul inspire,  
'That he may boldly touch the sacred fire ;  
And ye that wait upon the blushing fair,  
Celestial incense and perfumes prepare ;  
While our great god her panting bosom warms,  
Refines her beauties, and improves her charms.'



Entering the spacious dome, my ravish'd eyes  
 A wondrous scene of glory did surprise :  
 'The riches, symmetry, and brightness, all  
 Did equally for admiration call !  
 But the description is a labour fit  
 For none beneath a laureat angel's wit.

Amidst the temple was an altar made  
 Of solid gold, where adoration's paid ;  
 Here I perform'd the usual rites with fear,  
 Not daring boldly to approach too near ;  
 Till from the god a smiling Cupid came,  
 And bid me touch the consecrated flame ;  
 Which done, my guide my eāger steps convey'd  
 To the apartment of the beauteous maid.  
 Before the entrance was her altar rais'd,  
 On pedestals of polish'd marble plac'd :  
 By it her guardian Cupid always stands,  
 Who troops of missionary Loves commands :  
 To him with soft addresses all repair :  
 Each for his captive humbly begs the fair :  
 Though still in vain they' importun'd ; for he  
 Would give encouragement to none but me.  
 ' There stands the youth (he cried) must take a bliss ;  
 The lovely Delia can be none but his :  
 Fate has selected him ; and mighty Love  
 Confirms below what that decrees above.  
 Then press no more ; there's not another swain  
 On earth, but Strephon, can bright Delia gain.  
 Kneel, youth, and with a grateful mind renew  
 Your vows ; swear you'll eternally be true.  
 But if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove,  
 You'll find, in sure revenge, affronted Love  
 As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as Jove. }

'Hear me, ye gods, (said I) now hear me swear,  
By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair!  
If I prove false to Delia, let me fall  
The common obloquy, condemn'd by all!  
Let me the utmost of your vengeance try;  
Forc'd to live wretched, and unpitied die!'

Then he expos'd the lovely sleeping maid,  
Upon a couch of new-blown roses laid.  
The blushing colour in her cheeks express'd  
What tender thoughts inspir'd her heaving breast.  
Sometimes a sigh half-smother'd stole away;  
Then she would 'Strephon, charming Strephon,' say:  
Sometimes she, smiling, cried, 'You love 'tis true;  
But will you always, and be faithful too?'  
Ten thousand graces play'd about her face;  
Ten thousand charms attending every grace:  
Each admirable feature did impart  
A secret rapture to my throbbing heart.  
The nymph\* imprison'd in the brazen tower,  
When Jove descended in a golden shower,  
Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her eyes  
Brought down that god from the neglected skies.  
So moving, so transporting was the sight,  
So much a goddess Delia seem'd, so bright,  
My ravish'd soul, with secret wonder fraught,  
Lay all dissolv'd in ecstasy of thought.

Long time I gaz'd; but as I trembling drew  
Nearer, to make a more obliging view,  
It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful noise  
Wak'd me, and put an end to all my joys.

\* Danae.



THE  
*FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.*

As Strephon, in a wither'd cypress shade,  
For anxious thought and sighing lovers made,  
Revolving lay upon his wretched state,  
And the hard usage of too partial Fate,  
Thus the sad youth complain'd: 'Once happy  
swain,

Now the most abject shepherd of the plain!  
Where's that harmonious concert of delights,  
Those peaceful days and pleasurable nights,  
That generous mirth and noble jollity,  
Which gaily made the dancing minutes flee?  
Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled breast;  
Nor leave me one short interval of rest.

'Why do I prosecute a hopeless flame,  
And play in torments such a losing game?  
All things conspire to make my ruin sure?  
When wounds are mortal, they admit no cure.  
But Heaven sometimes does a miraculous thing,  
When our last hope is just upon the wing;  
And in a moment drives those clouds away,  
Whose sullen darkness hid a glorious day.

'Why was I born, or why do I survive;  
To be made wretched only, kept alive?  
Fate is too cruel in the harsh decree,  
That I must live, yet live in misery.  
Are all its pleasing happy moments gone?  
Must Strephon be unfortunate alone?

On other swains it lavishly bestows;  
On them each nymph neglected favour throws:  
'They meet compliance still in every face,  
And lodge their passions in a kind embrace;  
Obtaining from the soft incurious maid  
'True love for counterfeit, and gold for lead.  
Success on Mævius always does attend;  
Inconstant fortune is his constant friend:  
He levels blindly, yet the mark does hit;  
And owes the victory to chance, not wit.  
But let him conquer ere one blow be struck:  
I'd not be Mævius, to have Mævius' luck.  
Proud of my fate, I would not change my chains  
For all the trophies purring Mævius gains:  
But rather still live Delia's slave, than be  
Like Mævius silly, and like Mævius free.  
But he is happy, loves the common road;  
And, pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his load.  
If Phyllis peevish or unkind does prove,  
It ne'er disturbs his grave mechanic love.  
A little joy his languid flame contents,  
And makes him easy under all events.  
But when a passion's noble and sublime,  
And higher still would every moment climb;  
If 'tis accepted with a just return,  
The fire's immortal, will for ever burn,  
And with such raptures fills the lover's breast,  
That saints in paradise are scarce more bless'd.  
'But I lament my miseries in vain;  
For Delia hears me, pitiless, complain.  
Suppose she pities, and believes me true,  
What satisfaction can from thence accrue,  
Unless her pity makes her love me too?

}

Perhaps she loves ('tis but perhaps, I fear,  
 For that's a blessing can't be bought too dear)  
 If she has scruples that oppose her will,  
 I must, alas ! be miserable still.  
 Though, if she loves, those scruples soon will fly  
 Before the reasoning of the Deity :  
 For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,  
 And suffer no copartner in his throne ;  
 And those false arguments that would repel  
 His high injunctions, teach us to rebel.

What method can poor Strephon then propound,  
 To cure the bleeding of his fatal wound,  
 If she, who guided the vexatious dart,  
 Resolves to cherish and increase the smart ?  
 Go, youth, from these unhappy plains remove,  
 Leave the pursuit of unsuccessful love :  
 Go, and to foreign swains thy griefs relate ;  
 Tell them the cruelty of frowning Fate ;  
 Tell them the noble charms of Delia's mind ;  
 Tell them how fair, but tell them how unkind.  
 And when few years thou hast in sorrow spent  
 (For sure they cannot be of large extent),  
 In prayers for her thou lov'st, resign thy breath,  
 And bless the minute gives thee ease and death.'

Here paus'd the swain—when Delia driving by  
 Her bleating flock to some fresh pasture nigh,  
 By Love directed, did her steps convey  
 Where Strephon, wrap'd in silent sorrow, lay :  
 As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous maid,  
 He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling, said :

' When humble suppliants would the gods appease,  
 And in severe afflictions beg for ease,

With constant importunity they sue,  
And their petitions every day renew ;  
Grow still more earnest as they are denied,  
Nor one well-weigh'd expedient leave untried,  
Till Heaven those blessings they enjoy'd before  
Not only does return, but gives them more.

‘ O, do not blame me, Delia ! if I press  
So much, and with impatience, for redress.  
My pondrous griefs no ease my soul allow ;  
For they are next to' intolerable now :  
How shall I then support them, when they grow  
To an excess, to a distracting woe ?  
Since you're endow'd with a celestial mind,  
Relieve like Heaven, and like the gods be kind.  
Did you perceive the torments I endure,  
Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,  
They would your virgin soul to pity move,  
And pity may at last be chang'd to love.  
Some swains, I own, impose upon the fair,  
And lead the' incautious maid into a snare ;  
But let them suffer for their perjury,  
And do not punish others' crimes with me.  
If there's so many of our sex untrue,  
Yours should more kindly use the faithful few ;  
Though innocence too oft incurs the fate  
Of guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.  
Your nature is to tenderness inclin'd :  
And why to me, to me alone unkind ?  
A common love, by other persons shown,  
Meets with a full return ; but mine has none :  
Nay, scarce believ'd though from deceit as free  
As angels' flames can for archangels be.  
A passion feign'd, at no repulse is griev'd,  
And values little if 'tis not receiv'd :

But love sincere resents the smallest scorn,  
And the unkindness does in secret mourn.

‘ Sometimes I please myself, and think you are  
Too good to make me wretched by despair :  
That tenderness, which in your soul is plac’d,  
Will move you to compassion sure at last.  
But when I come to take a second view  
Of my own merits, I despond of you :  
For what can Delia, beauteous Delia, see,  
To raise in her the least esteem for me ?  
I’ve nought that can encourage my address ;  
My fortune’s little, and my worth is less :  
But if a love of the sublimest kind  
Can make impression on a generous mind,  
If all has real value that’s divine,  
There cannot be a nobler flame than mine.

‘ Perhaps you pity me ; I know you must ;  
And my affections can no more distrust :  
But what, alas ! will helpless pity do ?  
You pity, but you may despise me too.  
Still I am wretched, if no more you give :  
The starving orphan can’t on pity live :  
He must receive the food for which he cries,  
Or he consumes, and, though much pitied, dies.

‘ My torments still do with my passion grow :  
The more I love, the more I undergo.  
But suffer me no longer to remain  
Beneath the pressure of so vast a pain.  
My wound requires some speedy remedy :  
Delays are fatal, when despair is nigh.  
Much I’ve endur’d, much more than I can tell ;  
Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.  
When will the end of all my sorrows be ?  
Can you not love ? I’m sure you pity me.

But if I must new miseries sustain,  
 And be condemn'd to more and stronger pain,  
 I'll not accuse you, since my fate is such;  
 I please too little, and I love too much.'

'Strephon, no more: (the blushing Delia said)  
 Excuse the conduct of a timorous maid;  
 Now I'm convinc'd your love's sublime and true,  
 Such as I always wish'd to find in you.  
 Each kind expression, every tender thought,  
 A mighty transport in my bosom wrought:  
 And though in secret I your flame approv'd,  
 I sigh'd and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd.  
 Though now—O Strephon! be so kind to guess  
 What shame will not allow me to confess.'

The youth, encompass'd with a joy so bright,  
 Had hardly strength to bear the vast delight.  
 By too sublime an ecstasy possess'd,  
 He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his breast;  
 Ador'd the nymph that did his pain remove,  
 Vow'd endless truth and everlasting love.

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### STREPHON'S LOVE FOR DELIA

JUSTIFIED.

*In an Epistle to Celadon.*

ALL men have follies, which they blindly trace  
 Through the dark turnings of a dubious maze:  
 But happy those, who, by a prudent care,  
 Retreat betimes from the fallacious snare.

The eldcst sons of Wisdom were not free  
 From the same failure you condemn in me:

They lov'd, and, by that glorious passion led,  
Forgot what Plato and themselves had said.  
Love triumph'd o'er those dull, pedantic rules,  
They had collected from the wrangling schools;  
And made them to his noble sway submit,  
In spite of all their learning, art, and wit.  
Their grave, starch'd morals, then unuseful prov'd:  
These dusty characters he soon remov'd;  
For, when his shining squadrons came in view,  
Their boasted reason murmur'd, and withdrew;  
Unable to oppose their mighty force  
With phlegmatic resolves, and dry discourse.

If, as the wisest of the wise have err'd,  
I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard;  
My faults you too severely reprehend,  
More like a rigid censor than a friend.  
Love is the monarch passion of the mind,  
Knows no superior, by no laws confin'd,  
But triumphs still, impatient of control,  
O'er all the proud endowments of the soul.

You own'd my Delia, friend, divinely fair,  
When in the bud her native beauties were;  
Your praise did then her early charms confess,  
Yet you'd persuade me to adore her less.  
You but the non-age of her beauty saw,  
But might from thence sublime ideas draw,  
And what she is, by what she was, conclude;  
For now she governs those she then subdued.

Her aspect noble and mature is grown,  
And every charm in its full vigour known.  
There we may wondering view, distinctly writ,  
The lines of goodness, and the marks of wit:  
Each feature, emulous of pleasing most,  
Does justly some peculiar sweetness boast;



And her composure's of so fine a frame,  
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal Beauties of the skies  
Contended naked for the golden prize,  
The apple had not fall'n to Venus' share,  
Had I been Paris, and my Delia there;  
In whom alone we all their graces find,  
The moving gaiety of Venus, join'd  
With Juno's aspect, and Minerva's mind.

}

View both those nymphs whom other swains  
adore,  
You'll value charming Delia still the more.  
Dorinda's mien's majestic, but her mind  
Is to revenge and peevishness inclin'd :  
Myrtilla's fair ; and yet Myrtilla's proud :  
Chloe has wit ; but noisy, vain, and loud :  
Melania doats upon the silliest things ;  
And yet Melania like an angel sings.  
But in my Delia all endowments meet,  
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet ;  
All that can praise and admiration move,  
All that the wisest and the bravest love.

In all discourse she's apposite and gay,  
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say ;  
For, if the subject's of a serious kind,  
Her thoughts are manly, and her sense refin'd ;  
But if divertive, her expression's fit,  
Good language, join'd with inoffensive wit ;  
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords  
An idle thought the charity of words.  
The vices common to her sex can find  
No room, ev'n in the suburbs of her mind ;  
Concluding wisely she's in danger still,  
From the mere neighbourhood of industrious ill.



Therefore at distance keeps the subtle foe,  
Whose near approach would formidable grow ;  
While the unwary virgin is undone,  
And meets the misery which she ought to shun.  
Her wit is penetrating, clear, and gay ;  
But let true judgment and right reason sway ;  
Modestly bold and quick to apprehend ;  
Prompt in replies, but cautious to offend.  
Her darts are keen, but level'd with such care,  
They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far :  
For when she rallies, 'tis with so much art,  
We blush with pleasure, and with rapture smart.

O, Celadon ! you would my flame approve,  
Did you but hear her talk, and talk of love.  
That tender passion to her fancy brings  
The prettiest notions, and the softest things ;  
Which are by her so movingly express'd,  
They fill with ecstasy my throbbing breast.  
'Tis then the charms of eloquence impart  
Their native glories, unimprov'd by art :  
By what she says I measure things above,  
And guess the language of seraphic love.

To the cool bosom of a peaceful shade,  
By some wild beech or lofty poplar made,  
When evening comes, we secretly repair  
To breathe in private, and unbend our care :  
And while our flocks in fruitful pastures feed,  
Some well-design'd, instructive poem read ;  
Where useful morals, with soft numbers join'd,  
At once delight and cultivate the mind :  
Which are by her to more perfection brought,  
By wise remarks upon the poet's thought ;  
So well she knows the stamp of eloquence,  
The empty sound of words from solid sense.

The florid fustian of a rhyming spark,  
Whose random arrow ne'er comes near the mark,  
Can't on her judgment be impos'd, and pass  
For standard gold, when 'tis but gilded brass.  
Oft in the walks of an adjacent grove,  
Where first we mutually engag'd to love,  
She smiling ask'd me, 'Whether I'd prefer  
An humble cottage on the plains with her,  
Before the pompous building of the great ;  
And find content in that inferior state ?'  
Said I, 'The question you propose to me,  
Perhaps a matter of debate might be,  
Were the degrees of my affection less  
Than burning martyrs to the gods express.  
In you I've all I can desire below,  
That earth can give me, or the gods bestow ;  
And, bless'd with you, I know not where to find  
A second choice, you take up all my mind.  
I'd not forsake that dear, delightful plain,  
Where charming Delia, Love and Delia reign,  
For all the splendour that a court can give,  
Where gaudy fools and busy statesmen live.  
Though youthful Paris, when his birth was known,  
(Too fatally related to a throne)  
Forsook Oënone, and his rural sports,  
For dangerous greatness and tumultuous courts ;  
Yet Fate should offer still its power in vain ;  
For what is power to such an humble swain ?  
I would not leave my Delia, leave my fair,  
Though half the globe should be assign'd my share.'  
And would you have me, friend, (reflect again)  
Become the basest and the worst of men ?  
O, do not urge me ; Celadon, forbear ;  
I cannot leave her, she's too charming fair !

Should I your counsel in this case pursue,  
 You might suspect me for a villain too :  
 For sure that perjur'd wretch can never prove  
 Just to his friend, who's faithless to his love.

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*A PASTORAL ESSAY*

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN MARY.

*Anno 1694.*

As gentle Strephon to his fold convey'd  
 A wandering lamb, which from the flocks had  
     stray'd,  
 Beneath a mournful cypress shade he found  
 Cosmelia weeping on the dewy ground.  
 Amaz'd with eager haste he ran to know  
 The fatal cause of her intemperate woe :  
 And clasping her to his impatient breast,  
 In these soft words his tender care express'd :

STREPHON.

Why mourns my dear Cosmelia ? Why appears  
 My life, my soul, dissolv'd in briny tears ?  
 Has some fierce tiger thy lov'd heifer slain,  
 While I was wandering on the neighbouring plain ?  
 Or, has some greedy wolf devour'd thy sheep ?  
 What sad misfortune makes Cosmelia weep ?  
 Speak, that I may prevent thy grief's increase,  
 Partake thy sorrows, or restore thy peace.

COSMELIA.

Do you not hear from far that mournful bell ?  
 'Tis for ——, I cannot the sad tidings tell.

Oh, whither are my fainting spirits fled ?  
 'Tis for Celestia—Strephon, Oh—She's dead !  
 The brightest nymph, the princess of the plain,  
 By an untimely dart untimely slain.

## STREPHON.

Dead ! 'Tis impossible ! She cannot die :  
 She's too divine, too much a deity :  
 'Tis a false rumour some ill swains have spread,  
 Who wish, perhaps, the good Celestia dead.

## COSMELIA.

Ah ! no the truth in every face appears ;  
 For every face you meet's o'erflown with tears.  
 Trembling and pale, I ran through all the plain,  
 From flock to flock, and ask'd of every swain ;  
 But each, scarce lifting his dejected head,  
 Cry'd ' Oh Cosmelia ! Oh, Celestia's dead !'

## STREPHON.

Something was meant by that ill-boding croak  
 Of the prophetic raven from the oak,  
 Which straight by lightning was in shivers broke,  
 But we our mischief feel, before we see ;  
 Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with misery.

## COSMELIA.

Since then we have no trophies to bestow,  
 No pompous things to make a glorious show,  
 (For all the tribute a poor swain can bring,  
 In rural numbers, is to mourn and sing)  
 Let us, beneath the gloomy shade, rehearse  
 Celestia's sacred name in no less sacred verse.

## STREPHON.

Celestia dead ! then 'tis in vain to live ;  
What's all the comfort that the plains can give ;  
Since she, by whose bright influence alone  
Our flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd, is gone ;  
Since she, who round such beams of goodness  
spread,  
As gave new life to every swain, is dead ?

## COSMELIA.

In vain we wish for the delightful spring :  
What joys can flowery May or April bring,  
When she, for whom the spacious plains were spread,  
With early flowers and cheerful greens, is dead ?  
In vain did courtly Damon warm the earth,  
To give to summer fruits a winter birth ;  
In vain we autumn wait, which crowns the fields  
With wealthy crops, and various plenty yields ;  
Since that fair nymph, for whom the boundless  
store  
Of nature was preserv'd, is now no more !

## STREPHON.

Farewell for ever then to all that's gay ;  
You will forget to sing, and I to play.  
No more with cheerful songs, in cooling bowers,  
Shall we consume the pleasurable hours :  
All joys are banish'd, all delights are fled,  
Ne'er to return, now fair Celestia's dead.

## COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful lays  
Of great Celestia's name, Celestia's praise :

How good she was, how generous, how wise !  
How beautiful her shape, how bright her eyes !  
How charming all ; how much she was ador'd,  
Alive ; when dead, how much her loss deplor'd !  
A noble theme, and able to inspire  
The humblest Muse with the sublimest fire.  
And since we do of such a princess sing,  
Let ours ascend upon a stronger wing ;  
And, while we do the lofty numbers join,  
Her name will make the harmony divine.  
Raise then thy tuneful voice ; and be the song  
Sweet as her temper, as her virtue strong.

## STREPHON.

When her great lord to foreign wars was gone,  
And left Celestia here to rule alone ;  
With how serene a brow, how void of fear,  
When storms arose, did she the vessel steer !  
And when the raging of the waves did cease,  
How gentle was her sway in times of peace !  
Justice and mercy did their beams unite,  
And round her temples spread a glorious light ;  
So quick she eas'd the wrongs of every swain,  
She hardly gave them leisure to complain :  
Impatient to reward, but slow to draw  
The' avenging sword of necessary law :  
Like Heaven, she took no pleasure to destroy ;  
With grief she punish'd, and she sav'd with joy.

## COSMELIA.

When godlike Belliger, from war's alarms,  
Return'd in triumph to Celestia's arms,  
She met her hero with a full desire ;  
But chaste as light, and vigorous as fire :

Such mutual flames, so equally divine,  
Did in each breast with such a lustre shine,  
His could not seem the greater, her's the less;  
Both were immense, for both were in excess.

## STREPHON.

Oh, godlike princess! Oh, thrice happy swains!  
Whilst she presided o'er the fruitful plains!  
Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our eyes,  
To mingle with the kindred of the skies,  
Did for your peace her constant thoughts employ;  
The nymph's good angel, and the shepherd's joy!

## COSMELIA.

All that was noble beautified her mind;  
There wisdom sat, with solid reason join'd:  
There too did piety and greatness wait;  
Meekness on grandeur, modesty on state:  
Humble amidst the splendours of a throne:  
Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.  
And when a crown was forc'd on her by fate,  
She, with some pains, submitted to be great.

## STREPHON.

Her pious soul with emulation strove  
To gain the mighty Pan's important love:  
To whose mysterious rites she always came,  
With such an active, so intense a flame;  
The duties of religion seem'd to be  
No more her care than her felicity.

## COSMELIA.

Virtue unmix'd, without the least allay,  
Pure as the light of a celestial ray,



Commanded all the motions of the soul  
With such a soft, but absolute control, [please,  
That, as she knew what best great Pan would:  
She still perform'd it with the greatest ease.  
Him for her high exemplar she design'd,  
Like him benevolent to all mankind.  
Her foes she pitied, not desir'd their blood;  
And, to revenge their crimes, she did them good:  
Nay, all affronts so unconcern'd she bore,  
(Maugre that violent temptation, power,)  
As if she thought it vulgar to resent,  
Or wish'd forgiveness their worst punishment.

## STREPHON.

Next mighty Pan was her illustrious lord,  
His high vicegerent, sacredly ador'd:  
Him with much piety and zeal she lov'd,  
The noble passion every hour improv'd;  
Till it ascended to that glorious height,  
'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.  
'This made her so entire a duty pay,  
She grew at last impatient to obey:  
And met his wishes with as prompt a zeal  
As an archangel his Creator's will.

## COSMELIA.

Mature for Heaven, the fatal mandate came,  
With it a chariot of ethereal flame;  
In which, Elijah-like, she pass'd the spheres;  
Brought joy to Heaven, but left the world in tears.

## STREPHON.

Methinks I see her on the plains of light,  
All glorious, all incomparably bright!



While the immortal minds around her gaze  
On the excessive splendour of her rays;  
And scarce believe a human soul could be  
Endow'd with such stupendous majesty.

## COSMELIA.

Who ean lament too much? O, who can mourn  
Enough o'er beautiful Celestia's urn?  
So great a loss as this deserves excess  
Of sorrows; all's too little that is less.  
But, to supply the universal woe,  
Tears from all eyes, without cessation, flow:  
All that have power to weep, or voice to groan,  
With throbbing breasts, Celestia's fate bemoan;  
While marble rocks the common griefs partake,  
And echo back those cries they cannot make.

## STREPHON.

Weep then, once fruitful vales, and spring with yew!  
Ye thirsty barren mountains, weep with dew!  
Let every flower on this extended plain  
Not droop, but shrink into its womb again,  
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly birth!  
Let every thing that's grateful, leave the earth!  
Let mournful cypress, with each noxious weed,  
And baneful venoms, in their place succeed!  
Ye purling, querulous brooks, o'ercharg'd with grief,  
Haste swiftly to the sea for more relief;  
Then tiding back, each to his sacred head,  
Tell your astonish'd springs, Celestia's dead!

## COSMELIA.

Well have ye sung, in an exalted strain,  
The fairest nymph e'er grac'd the British plain.

Who knows but some officious angel may  
 Your grateful numbers to her ears convey !  
 That she may smile upon us from above,  
 And bless our mournful pains with peace and love.

## STREPHON.

But see, our flocks do to their folds repair ;  
 For night with sable clouds obscures the air :  
 Cold damps descend from the unwholesome sky,  
 And safety bids us to our cottage fly.  
 Though with each morn our sorrows will return ;  
 Each even, like nightingales, we'll sing and mourn, }  
 Till death conveys us to the peaceful urn. }

## TO

*A FRIEND UNDER AFFLICTION.*

NONE lives in this tumultuous state of things,  
 Where every morning soon new troubles brings,  
 But bold inquietudes will break his rest,  
 And gloomy thoughts disturb his anxious breast.  
 Angelic forms, and happy spirits, are  
 Above the malice of perplexing care :  
 But that's a blessing too sublime, too high,  
 For those who bend beneath mortality.  
 If in the body there was but one part  
 Subject to pain, and sensible of smart,  
 And but one passion could torment the mind ;  
 That part, that passion, busy fate would find.  
 But, since infirmities in both abound,  
 Since sorrow both so many ways can wound :  
 'Tis not so great a wonder that we grieve  
 Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The happiest man that ever breath'd on earth,  
With all the glories of estate and birth,  
Had yet some anxious care, to make him know  
No grandeur was above the reach of woe.  
To be from all things that disquiet free,  
Is not consistent with humanity.  
Youth, wit, and beauty, are such charming things,  
O'er which, if affluence spreads her gaudy wings,  
We think the person who enjoys so much,  
No care can move, and no affliction touch;  
Yet could we but some secret method find  
To view the dark recesses of the mind,  
We there might see the hidden seed of strife,  
And woes in embryo, ripening into life:  
How some fierce lust, or boisterous passion, fills  
The labouring spirit with prolific ills;  
Pride, envy, or revenge, distract the soul,  
And all right reason's godlike power control;  
But if she must not be allowed to sway,  
Though all without appears serene and gay,  
A cankerous venom on the vitals preys,  
And poisons all the comforts of his days.

External pomp and visible success  
Sometimes contribute to our happiness:  
But that which makes it genuine, refin'd,  
Is a good conscience and a soul resign'd.  
Then, to whatever end affliction's sent,  
To try our virtues, or for punishment,  
We bear it calmly, though a pondrous woe,  
And still adore the hand that gives the blow.  
For, in misfortunes this advantage lies;  
They make us humble, and they make us wise;  
And he that can acquire such virtues, gains  
An ample recompense for all his pains.

Too soft caresses of a prosperous fate  
The pious fervours of the soul abate;  
Tempt to luxurious ease our careless days,  
And gloomy vapour round the spirits raise.  
Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dozing lie,  
And find our ruin in security;  
Unless some sorrow comes to our relief,  
And breaks the enchantment by a timely grief.  
But as we are allow'd, to cheer our sight,  
In blackest days, some glimmerings of light;  
So, in the most dejected hours, we may  
The secret pleasure have to weep and pray;  
And those requests the speediest passage find  
To Heaven, which flow from an afflicted mind:  
And while to him we open our distress,  
Our pains grow lighter, and our sorrows less.  
The finest music of the grove we owe  
To mourning Philomel's harmonious woe;  
And while her grief's in charming notes express'd,  
A thorny bramble prieks her tender breast;  
In warbling melody she spends the night,  
And moves at once compassion and delight.

No choice had e'er so happy an event,  
But he that made it did that choice repent.  
So weak's our judgment, and so short's our sight,  
We cannot level our own wishes right;  
And if sometimes we make a wise advance,  
To' ourselves we little owe, but much to chance.  
So that when Providence, for secret ends,  
Corroding cares or sharp affliction sends;  
We must conclude it best it should be so,  
And not desponding or impatient grow.  
For he that will his confidence remove  
From boundless wisdom and eternal love,

To place it on himself, or human aid,  
 Will meet those woes he labours to evade.  
 But, in the keenest agonies of grief,  
 Content's a cordial that still gives relief:  
 Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,  
 But most chastises those whom most he likes;  
 And if with humble spirits they complain,  
 Relieves the anguish, or rewards the pain.

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TO

*ANOTHER FRIEND,*

UNDER AFFLICTION.

SINCE the first man by disobedience fell  
 An easy conquest to the powers of hell,  
 There's none in every stage of life can be  
 From the insults of bold affliction free.  
 If a short respite gives us some relief,  
 And interrupts the series of our grief,  
 So quick the pangs of misery return,  
 We joy by minutes, but by years we mourn.

Reason refin'd, and to perfection brought  
 By wise philosophy and serious thought,  
 Support the soul beneath the pondrous weight  
 Of angry stars, and unpropitious fate;  
 Then is the time she should exert her power,  
 And make us practise what she taught before.  
 For why are such voluminous authors read,  
 The learned labours of the famous dead,  
 But to prepare the mind for its defence,  
 By sage results and well-digested sense;  
 That, when the storm of misery appears,  
 With all its real or fantastic fears,

We either may the rolling danger fly,  
Or stem the tide before it swells too high.

But though the theory of wisdom's known  
With ease, what should, and what should not be  
Yet all the labour in the practice lies, [done;  
To be, in more than words and notion wise;  
The sacred truth of sound philosophy  
We study early, but we late apply.  
When stubborn anguish seizes on the soul,  
Right reason would its haughty rage control;  
But, if it mayn't be suffer'd to endure,  
The pain is just, when we reject the cure :  
For many men, close observation finds,  
Of copious learning and exalted minds,  
Who tremble at the sight of daring woes,  
And stoop ignobly to the vilest foes;  
As if they understood not how to be  
Or wise, or brave, but in felicity;  
And by some action, servile or unjust,  
Lay all their formal glories in the dust.  
For wisdom first the wretched mortal flies,  
And leaves him naked to his enemies:  
So that, when most his prudence should be shown,  
The most imprudent, giddy things are done.  
For when the mind's surrounded with distress,  
Fear or inconstancy the judgment press,  
And render it incapable to make  
Wise resolutions, or good counsels take.  
Yet there's a steadiness of soul and thought,  
By reason bred and by religion taught,  
Whick, like a rock amidst the stormy waves,  
Unmov'd remains, and all affliction braves.

In sharp misfortunes some will search too deep  
What Heaven prohibits, and would secret keep :

But those events 'tis better not to know,  
 Which known serve only to increase our woe.  
 Knowledge forbid ('tis dangerous to pursue)  
 With guilt begins, and ends with ruin too.  
 For, had our earliest parents been content  
 Not to know more than to be innocent,  
 Their ignorance of evil had preserv'd  
 Their joys entire; for then they had not swerv'd.  
 But they imagin'd (their desires were such)  
 They knew too little, till they knew too much.  
 E'er since by folly most to wisdom rise;  
 And few are, but by sad experience, wise.

Consider, Friend! who all your blessings gave,  
 What are recall'd again, and what you have;  
 And do not murmur when you are bereft  
 Of little, if you have abundance left:  
 Consider too, how many thousands are  
 Under the worst of miseries, despair;  
 And don't repine at what you now endure:  
 Custom will give you ease, or time will cure.  
 Once more consider that the present ill,  
 Though it be great, may yet be greater still;  
 And be not anxious; for, to undergo  
 One grief, is nothing to a numerous woe.  
 But since it is impossible to be  
 Human, and not expos'd to misery,  
 Bear it, my friend, as bravely as you can:  
 You are not more, and be not less than man!

Afflictions past can no existence find  
 But in the wild ideas of the mind;  
 And why should we for those misfortunes mourn,  
 Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return?  
 Those that can weather a tempestuous night,  
 And find a calm approaching with the light,



Will not, unless their reason they disown,  
Still make those dangers present that are gone.  
What is behind the curtain none can see;  
It may be joy: suppose it misery:  
'Tis future still; and that which is not here,  
May never come, or we may never bear.  
Therefore the present ill alone we ought  
To view, in reason, with a troubled thought;  
But, if we may the sacred pages trust.  
He's always happy, that is always just.

---

TO

*HIS FRIEND,*

INCLINED TO MARRY.

I would not have you, Strephon, choose a mate  
From too exalted, or too mean a state;  
For in both these we may expect to find  
A creeping spirit, or a haughty mind.  
Who moves within the middle region, shares  
The least disquiets, and the smallest cares.  
Let her extraction with true lustre shine;  
If something brighter, not too bright for thine:  
Her education liberal, not great;  
Neither inferior nor above her state.  
Let her have wit: but let that wit be free  
From affectation, pride, or pedantry:  
For the effect of woman's wit is such,  
Too little is as dangerous as too much.  
But chiefly let her humour close with thine;  
Unless where yours does to a fault incline;  
The least disparity in this destroys,  
Like sulphurous blasts, the very buds of joys.



Her person amiable, straight, and free  
From natural or chance deformity.  
Let not her years exceed, if equal thine ;  
For women past their vigour soon decline :  
Her fortune competent : and, if thy sight  
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.  
If thine's enough, then her's may be the less :  
Do not aspire to riches in excess.  
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,  
Is a genteel sufficiency and love.

---

TO

*A PAINTER,*

DRAWING DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, the utmost of thy judgment show ;  
Exceed ev'n Titian, and great Angelo :  
With all the liveliness of thought express  
The moving features of Dorinda's face.  
Thou canst not flatter, where such beauty dwells ;  
Her charms thy colours, and thy art excels.  
Others, less fair, may from thy pencil have  
Graces, which sparing Nature never gave :  
But in Dorinda's aspect thou wilt see  
Such as will pose thy famous art, and thee ;  
So great, so many in her face unite,  
So well proportion'd, and so wondrous bright,  
No human skill can e'er express them all,  
But must do wrong to the fair original.  
An angel's hand alone that pencil fits,  
To mix the colours when an angel sits.  
Thy picture may as like Dorinda be,  
As art of man can paint a deity ;

And justly may perhaps, when she withdraws,  
 Excite our wonder, and deserve applause :  
 But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own  
 No art can equal what's by Nature done.  
 Great Lely's noble hand, excell'd by few,  
 The picture fairer than the person drew :  
 He took the best that nature could impart,  
 And made it better by his powerful art.  
 But had he seen that bright surprising grace,  
 Which spreads itself o'er all Dorinda's face,  
 Vain had been all the essays of his skill :  
 She must have been confess'd the fairest still.

Heaven in a landscape may be wondrous fine,  
 And look as bright as painted light can shine ;  
 But still the real glories of the place  
 All art, by infinite degrees, surpass.

---

TO  
*THE PAINTER,*

AFTER HE HAD FINISHED DORINDA'S PICTURE.

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what man can do ;  
 Only Dorinda's self more charms can shew.  
 Bold are thy strokes, and delicate each touch ;  
 But still the beauties of her face are such,  
 As cannot justly be describ'd ; though all  
 Confess 'tis like the bright original.  
 In her, and in thy picture, we may view  
 The utmost Nature, or that Art can do !  
 Each is a masterpiece, design'd so well,  
 That future times will strive to parallel ;  
 But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

}

## CRUELTY AND LUST.

AN

EPISTOLARY ESSAY\*.

WHERE can the wretched'st of all creatures fly,  
 To tell the story of her misery?  
 Where but to faithful Cælia, in whose mind  
 A manly bravery's with soft pity join'd.  
 I fear, these lines will scarce be understood,  
 Blur'd with incessant tears, and writ in blood;  
 But if you can the mournful pages read,  
 The sad relation shows you such a deed,  
 As all the annals of the' infernal reign  
 Shall strive to equal or exceed in vain.

Neronior's fame, no doubt, has reach'd your ears,  
 Whose cruelty has caus'd a sea of tears;  
 Fill'd each lamenting town with funeral sighs;  
 Deploring widows' shrieks, and orphans' cries.  
 At every health the horrid monster quaff'd,  
 Ten wretches died, and as they died, he laugh'd:  
 Till, tir'd with acting devil, he was led,  
 Drunk with excess of blood and wine to bed.  
 O, cursed place!—I can no more command  
 My pen: shame and confusion shake my hand:  
 But I must on, and let my Cælia know  
 How barbarous are my wrongs, how vast my woe.

Among the crowds of western youths who ran  
 To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy man†,

\* This Piece was occasioned by the barbarity of Kirke, a commander in the Western Rebellion, in 1685, who debauched a young lady with a promise to save her husband's life, but hanged him next morning.

† The Duke of Monmouth.

My husband, fatally uniting went;  
Unus'd to arms, and thoughtless of the' event.  
But when the battle was by treachery won,  
The chief, and all but his false friend, undone;  
Though, in the tumult of that desperate night,  
He scap'd the dreadful slaughter of the fight;  
Yet the sagacious bloodhounds, skill'd too well  
In all the murdering qualities of hell,  
Each secret place so regularly beat,  
They soon discover'd his unsafe retreat.  
As hungry wolves triumphing o'er their prey,  
To sure destruction hurry them away;  
So the purveyors of fierce Moloch's son  
With Charion to the common butchery run;  
Where proud Neronior by his gibbet stood,  
To glut himself with fresh supplies of blood.  
Our friends, by powerful intercession, gain'd  
A short reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,  
To try all ways might to compassion move  
The savage general; but in vain they strove.  
When I perceiv'd that all addresses fail'd,  
And nothing o'er his stubborn soul prevail'd;  
Distracted almost, to his tent I flew,  
To make the last effort what tears could do.  
Low on my kness I fell; then thus began:  
' Great genius of success, thou more than man!  
Whose arms to every clime have terror hurl'd,  
And carried conquest round the trembling world!  
Still may the brightest glories Fame can lend,  
Your sword, your conduct, and your cause attend.  
Here now the arbiter of fate you sit,  
While suppliant slaves their rebel heads submit.  
Oh, pity the unfortunate! and give  
But this one thing: Oh, let but Charion live!

And take the little all that we possess :  
I'll bear the meagre anguish of distress  
Content, nay, pleas'd to beg or earn my bread ;  
Let Charion live, no matter how I'm fed.  
The fall of such a youth no lustre brings  
To him whose sword performs such wondrous  
things

As saving kingdoms and supporting kings.  
That triumph only with true grandeur shines,  
Where godlike courage, godlike pity joins.  
Cæsar, the eldest favourite of war,  
Took not more pleasure to submit, than spare :  
And since in battle you can greater be,  
That over, be't less merciful than he.  
Ignoble spirits by revenge are known,  
And cruel actions spoil the conqueror's crown :  
In future histories fill each mournful page  
With tales of blood, and monuments of rage :  
And, while his annals are with horror read,  
Men curse him living, and detest him dead.  
Oh ! do not sully with a sanguine dye  
(The foulest stain) so fair a memory !  
Then, as you'll live the glory of our isle,  
And Fate on all your expeditions smile :  
So when a noble course you've bravely ran,  
Die the best soldier, and the happiest man.  
None can the turns of providence foresee,  
Or what their own catastrophe may be ;  
Therefore to persons labouring under woe,  
That mercy they may want, should always show.  
For in the chance of war, the slightest thing  
May lose the battle, or the victory bring.  
And how would you that general's honour prize,  
Should in cool blood his captive sacrifice ?

‘ He that with rebel arms to fight is led,  
To justice forfeits his opprobrious head :  
But ’tis unhappy Charions’s first offence,  
Sedue’d by some too plausible pretence,  
To take the injuring side by error brought ;  
He had no malice, though he has the fault.  
Let the old tempters find a shameful grave,  
But the half innocent, the tempted, save ;  
Vengeance divine, though for the greatest crime,  
But rarely strikes the first or second time ;  
And he best follows the Almighty’s will,  
Who spares the guilty he has power to kill.  
When proud rebellions would unhinge a state,  
And wild disorders in a land create,  
’Tis requisite the first promoters should  
Put out the flames they kindled with their blood :  
But sure ’tis a degree of murder, all  
That draw their swords should undistinguished fall.  
And since a mercy must to some be shown,  
Let Charion ’mongst the happy few be one :  
For as none guilty has less guilt than he,  
So none for pardon has a fairer plea.

‘ When David’s general had won the field,  
And Absalom, the lov’d ungrateful kill’d,  
The trumpets sounding made all slaughter cease,  
And misled Israelites return’d in peace.  
The action past, where so much blood was spilt,  
We hear of none arraign’d for that day’s guilt :  
But all concludes with the desir’d event,  
The monarch pardons, and the Jews repent.

‘ As great example your great courage warms,  
And to illustrious deeds excites your arms,  
So when you instances of mercy view,  
They should inspire you with compassion too ;

For he that emulates the truly brave,  
Would always conquer, and should always save.'

Here, interrupting, stern Neronior cried,  
(Swell'd with success, and blubber'd up with pride)  
'Madam, his life depends upon my will,  
For every rebel I can spare or kill.

I'll think of what you've said: this night return  
At ten, perhaps you'll have no cause to mourn.  
Go, see your husband, bid him not despair;  
His crime is great, but you are wondrous fair.'

When anxious miseries the soul amaze,  
And dire confusion in the spirits raise,  
Upon the least appearance of relief,  
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief;  
Impatience makes our wishes earnest grow,  
Which through false optics our deliverance show,  
For while we fancy danger does appear  
Most at a distance, it is oft too near,  
And many times, secure from obvious foes,  
We fall into an ambuscade of woes.

Pleas'd with the false Neronior's dark reply,  
I thought the end of all my sorrows nigh,  
And to the main-guard hasten'd, where the prey  
Of this blood-thirsty fiend in durance lay.  
When Charion saw me, from his turfy bed  
With eagerness he rais'd his drooping head:  
'Oh! fly, my dear, this guilty place, (he cried)  
And in some distant clime thy virtue hide!  
Here nothing but the foulest demons dwell,  
The refuge of the damn'd, and mob of hell:  
The air they breathe is every atom curs'd;  
There's no degree of ills, for all are worst.  
In rapes and murders they alone delight,  
And villanies of less importance slight:



Act them indced, but scorn they should be nam'd,  
For all their glory's to be more than damn'd.  
Neronior's chief of this infernal crew,  
And seems to merit that high station too :  
Nothing but rage and lust inspire his breast,  
By Asmodai and Moloch both possess'd.  
When told you went to intercede for me,  
It threw my soul into an agony ;  
Not that I would not for my freedom give  
What's requisite, or do not wish to live ;  
But for my safety I can ne'er be base,  
Or buy a few short years with long disgrace ;  
Nor would I have your yet unspotted fame  
For me expos'd to an eternal shame.  
With ignominy to preserve my breath  
Is worse, by infinite degrees, than death.  
But if I can't my life with honour save,  
With honour I'll descend into the grave.  
For though revenge and malice both combine  
(As both to fix my ruin seem to join)  
Yet, maugre all their violence and skill,  
I can die just, and I'm resolv'd I will.

‘ But what is death we so unwisely fear ?  
An end of all our busy tumults here :  
The equal lot of poverty and state,  
Which all partake of, by a certain fate.  
Whoc'er the prospect of mankind surveys,  
At divers ages, and by divers ways,  
Will find them from this noisy scene retire ;  
Some the first minute that they breathe, expire ;  
Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go ;  
But die, before they good or evil know.  
Here one to puberty arrives ; and then  
Returns lamented to the dust again :



Another there maintains a longer strife  
With all the powerful enemies of life ;  
Till, with vexation tir'd, and threescore years,  
He drops into the dark, and disappears.  
I'm young, indeed, and might expect to see  
Times future, long and late posterity ;  
'Tis what with reason I could wish to do,  
If to be old, were to be happy too.  
But since substantial grief so soon destroys  
The gust of all imaginary joys,  
Who would be too importunate to live,  
Or more for life, than it can merit, give !

'Beyond the grave stupendous regions lie,  
The boundless realms of vast eternity ;  
Where minds, remov'd from earthly bodies, dwell ;  
But who their government or laws can tell ?  
What's their employment till the final doom  
And time's eternal period shall come ?  
Thus much the sacred oracles declare,  
That all are bless'd or miserable there ;  
Though, if there's such variety of fate,  
None good expire too soon, nor bad too late.  
For my own part, with resignation still  
I can submit to my Creator's will ;  
Let him recal the breath from him I drew,  
When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.  
The way of dying is my least concern ;  
That will give no disturbance to my urn.  
If to the seats of happiness I go,  
There end all possible returns of woe :  
And when to those bless'd mansions I arrive,  
With pity I'll behold those that survive.  
Once more I beg, you'd from these tents retreat,  
And leave me to my innocence and fate.'

‘Charion, (said I) Oh, do not urge my flight!  
I’ll see the’ event of this important night :  
Some strange presages in my soul forbode,  
The worst of miseries, or the greatest good.  
Few hours will show the utmost of my doom :  
A joyful safety, or a peaceful tomb.  
If you miscarry, I’m resolv’d to try  
If gracious Heav’n will suffer me to die :  
For, when you are to endless raptures gone,  
If I survive, ’tis but to be undone.  
Who will support an injur’d widow’s right,  
From sly injustice, or oppressive might ;  
Protect her person, or her cause defend ?  
She rarely wants a foe, or finds a friend.  
I’ve no distrust of Providence ; but still  
’Tis best to go beyond the reach of ill :  
And those can have no reason to repent,  
Who, though they die betimes, die innocent.  
But to a world of everlasting bliss  
Why would you go, and leave me here in this ?  
’Tis a dark passage ; but our foes shall view,  
I’ll die as calm, though not so brave, as you :  
That my behaviour to the last may prove  
Your courage is not greater than my love.’

The hour approach’d ; as to Neronior’s tent,  
With trembling, but impatient steps, I went,  
A thousand horrors throng’d into my breast,  
By sad ideas and strong fears possess’d :  
Where’er I pass’d, the glaring lights would show  
Fresh objects of despair, and scenes of woe.

Here, in a crowd of drunken soldiers, stood  
A wretched, poor, old man, besmear’d with blood ;  
And at his feet, just through the body run,  
Struggling for life, was laid his only son ;

By whose hard labour he was daily fed,  
Dividing still, with pious care, his bread :  
And while he mourn'd, with floods of aged tears,  
The sole support of his decrepit years,  
The barbarous mob, whose rage no limit knows,  
With blasphemous derision mock'd his woes.

There, under a wide oak, disconsolate,  
And drown'd in tears, a mournful widow sate.  
High in the boughs the murder'd father hung;  
Beneath, the children round the mother clung :  
They cried for food, but 'twas without relief :  
For all they had to live upon, was grief.  
A sorrow so intense, such deep despair,  
No creature, merely human, long could bear.  
First in her arms her weeping babes she took,  
And, with a groan, did to her husband look :  
Then lean'd her head on theirs, and, sighing, cried,  
'Pity me, Saviour of the world !' and died.

From this sad spectacle my eyes I turn'd,  
Where sons their fathers, maids their lovers mourn'd ;  
Friends for their friends, sisters for brothers, wept,  
Prisoners of war, in chains, for slaughter kept :  
Each every hour did the black message dread,  
Which should declare the person lov'd was dead.  
Then I beheld, with brutal shouts of mirth,  
A comely youth, and of no common birth,  
To execution led ; who hardly bore  
The wounds in battle he receiv'd before :  
And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,  
'I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.'

At the curs'd tent arriv'd, without delay,  
'They did me to the General convey :  
Who thus began ———

' Madam ! by fresh intelligence, I find,  
 ' That Charion's treason's of the blackest kind ;  
 And my commission is express to spare  
 None that so deeply in rebellion are :  
 New measures therefore 'tis in vain to try ;  
 No pardon can be granted : he must die !  
 Must, or I hazard all : which yet I'd do  
 ' To be oblig'd in one request by you :  
 And, maugre all the dangers I forsee,  
 Be mine this night, I'll set your husband free.  
 Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope success  
 By supple flattery, and by soft address ;  
 The pert, gay coxcomb, by these little arts,  
 Gains an ascendant o'er the ladies' hearts.  
 But I can no such whining methods use :  
 Consent, he lives ; he dies, if you refuse.'

Amaz'd at this demand ; said I, ' The brave,  
 Upon ignoble terms, disdain to save :  
 They let their captives still with honour live,  
 No more require, than what themselves would give ;  
 For, generous victors, as they seem to do  
 Dishonest things, seem to propose them too.  
 Mercy, the brightest virtue of the mind,  
 Should with no devious appetite be join'd :  
 For if, when exercise'd, a crime it cost,  
 The' intrinsic lustre of the deed is lost.  
 Great men their actions of a piece should have ;  
 Heroic all, and each entirely brave ;  
 From the nice rules of honour none should swerve ;  
 Done, because good, without a mean reserve.

' The crimes new charg'd upon the' unhappy  
 youth,  
 May have revenge, and malice, but no truth.

Suppose the accusation justly brought,  
And clearly prov'd to the minutest thought;  
Yet mercies next to infinite abate  
Offences next to infinitely great:  
And 'tis the glory of a noble mind,  
In full forgiveness not to be confin'd.  
Your prince's frowns if you have cause to fear,  
This act will more illustrious appear;  
Though his excuse can never be withstood,  
Who disobeys, but only to be good.  
Perhaps the hazard's more than you express;  
The glory would be, were the danger less.  
For he that, to his prejudice, will do  
A noble action, and a generous too,  
Deserves to wear a more resplendent crown  
Than he that has a thousand battles won.  
Do not invert divine compassion so,  
As to be cruel, and no mercy show!  
Of what renown can such an action be,  
Which saves my husband's life, but ruins me?  
Though, if you finally resolve to stand  
Upon so vile, inglorious a demand,  
He must submit; if 'tis my fate to mourn  
His death, I'll bathe with virtuous tears his urn.\*

‘Well, madam, (haughtily, Neronior cried)  
Your courage and your virtue shall be tried.  
But to prevent all prospect of a flight,  
Some of my lambs\* shall be your guard to-night;  
By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd;  
They seldom ask a favour that's refus'd:  
Perhaps you'll find them so genteelly bred,  
They'll leave you but few virtuous tears to shed.

\* Kirke used to call the most inhuman of his soldiers his lambs.

Surrounded with so innocent a throng,  
The night must pass delightfully along :  
And in the morning, since you will not give  
What I require, to let your husband live,  
You shall behold him sigh his latest breath,  
And gently swing into the arms of death.  
His fate he merits, as to rebels due :  
And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.'

Oh, Cælia, think ! so far as thought can show,  
What pangs of grief, what agonies of woe,  
At this dire resolution, seiz'd my breast,  
By all things sad and terrible possess'd.  
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,  
For all my prayers were to a tiger made :  
A tiger ! worse ; for, 'tis beyond dispute,  
No fiend's so cruel as a reasoning brute.  
Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of relief,  
With all the squadrons of despair and grief,  
Ruin—it was not possible to shun :  
What could I do ? Oh ! what would you have done ?

The hours that pass'd, till the black morn return'd,  
With tears of blood should be for ever mourn'd.  
When, to involve me with consummate grief,  
Beyond expression, and above belief,  
'Madam, (the monster cried) that you may find  
I can be grateful to the fair that's kind ;  
Step to the door, I'll show you such a sight,  
Shall overwhelm your spirits with delight.  
Does not that wretch, who would dethrone his king,  
Become the gibbet, and adorn the string ?  
You need not now an injur'd husband dread ;  
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.  
'Twas for your sake I seiz'd upon his life ;  
He would perhaps have scorn'd so chaste a wife.

And, inadam, you'll excuse the zeal I show,  
To keep that secret none alive should know.'

'Curs'd of all creatures! for, compar'd with thee,  
The devils (said I) are dull in cruelty.  
Oh, may that tongue eternal vipers breed,  
And, wasteless, their eternal hunger feed;  
In fires too hot for salamanders dwell,  
The burning earnest of a hotter hell;  
May that vile lump of execrable lust  
Corrupt alive, and rot into the dust!  
May'st thou, despairing at the point of death,  
With oaths and blasphemies resign thy breath;  
And the worst torments that the damn'd should share,  
In thine own person all united bear!'

Oh, Cælia! oh, my friend! what age can show  
Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a woe?  
Indeed it does not infinite appear,  
Because it can't be everlasting here:  
But it's so vast, that it can ne'er increase;  
And so confirm'd, it never can be less.

UPON THE  
*DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.*

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

---

Ἐἷς ἐστὶν Θεὸς  
 Ὃς ἔργον τετυχε καὶ γαίαν μακρὰν.  
 SOPHOC.

---

UNITY. ETERNITY.

WHENCE sprang this glorious frame? or when began  
 Things to exist? They could not always be;  
 To what stupendous energy  
 Shall we ascribe the origin of man?  
 That Cause, from whence all beings else arose,  
 Must self-existent be alone;  
 Entirely perfect, and but one;  
 Nor equal nor superior knows:  
 Two firsts, in reason, we can ne'er suppose.  
 If that, in false opinion, we allow,  
 That once there absolutely nothing was,  
 Then nothing could be now,  
 For, by what instrument, or how,  
 Shall non-existence to existence pass?  
 Thus, something must from everlasting be;  
 Or matter, or a Deity.  
 If matter only uncreate we grant,  
 We shall volition, wit, and reason, want;  
 An agent infinite, and action free;



Whence does volition, whence does reason, flow?  
How came we to reflect, design, and know?

This from a noble nature springs,  
Distinct in essence from material things :  
For, thoughtless matter cannot thought bestow.

But, if we own a God supreme,  
And all perfection's possible in him;  
In him does boundless excellence reside,  
Power to create, and providence to guide;  
Unmade himself, could no beginning have,  
But to all substance prime existence gave :  
Can what he will destroy, and what he pleases save.

#### POWER.

The undesigning hand of giddy Chance  
Could never fill the globes of light  
So beautiful, and so amazing bright,  
The lofty concave of the vast expanse;  
These could proceed from no less power than infinite.  
There's not one atom of this wondrous frame,  
Not essence intellectual, but took  
Existence when the great Creator spoke,  
And from the common womb of empty nothing  
came..

'Let substance be!' he cried : and straight arose  
Angelic, and corporeal too ;  
All that material nature shows,  
And what does things invisible compose,  
At the same instant sprung, and into being flew :  
Mount to the convex of the highest sphere,  
Which draws a mighty circle round  
The' inferior orbs, as their capacious bound ;  
There millions of new miracles appear :

There dwell the eldest sons of power immense,  
Who first were to perfection wrought,  
First to complete existence brought,  
To whom their Maker did dispense  
The largest-portions of created excellence,  
Eternal now, not of necessity,  
As if they could not cease to be,  
Or were from possible destruction free;  
But on the will of God depend:  
For that which could begin, can end.  
Who, when the lower worlds were made,  
Without the least miscarriage or defect,  
By the Almighty Architect,  
United adoration paid,  
And with ecstatic gratitude his laws obey'd.

Philosophy of old, in vain essay'd  
To tell us how this mighty frame  
Into such beauteous order came;  
But, by false reasonings, false foundations laid:  
She labour'd hard; but still the more she wrought,  
The more was wilder'd in the maze of thought.  
Sometimes she fancied things to be  
Coëval with the Deity,  
And in the form which now they are  
From everlasting ages were:  
Sometimes the casual event,  
Of atoms floating in a space immense,  
Void of all wisdom, rule, and sense;  
But, by a lucky accident,  
Jumbled into this scheme of wondrous excellence.  
'Twas an establish'd article of old,  
Chief of the philosophic creed,  
And does in natural productions hold;  
That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed:

Material substance never could have rose,  
If some existence had not been before,  
In wisdom infinite, immense in power.  
Whate'er is made a maker must suppose,  
As an effect a cause that could produce it shows.  
Nature and art, indeed, have bounds assign'd,  
And only forms to things, not being, give ;  
That from Omnipotence they must receive :  
But the eternal self-existent mind,  
Can, with a single fiat, cause to be  
All that the wondrous eye surveys,  
And all it cannot see.  
Nature may shape a beauteous tree,  
And art a noble palace raise,  
But must not to creative power aspire ;  
That, their God alone can claim  
As pre-existing substance doth require :  
So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

## WISDOM.

Matter produce'd, had still a chaos been :  
For jarring elements engag'd,  
Eternal battles would have wag'd,  
And fill'd with endless horror the tumultuous scene;  
If wisdom infinite, for less  
Could not the vast prodigious embryo wield,  
Or strength complete to labouring Nature yield,  
Had not, with actual address,  
Compos'd the bellowing hurry, and establish'd peace,  
Whate'er this visible creation shows  
That's lovely, uniform, and bright,  
That gilds the morning, or adorns the night,  
To her its eminence and beauty owes.

By her all creatures have their ends assign'd,  
 Proportion'd to their nature, and their kind;  
     To which they steadily advance,  
     Mov'd by right Reason's high command,  
     Or guided by the secret hand  
 Of real instinct, not imaginary chance.  
 Nothing but men reject her sacred rules;  
 Who from the end of their creation fly,  
     And deviate into misery :  
 As if the liberty to act like fools  
 Were the chief cause that Heaven made them free

## PROVIDENCE.

Bold is the wretch, and blasphemous the man,  
 Who, finite, will attempt to scan  
 The works of him that's infinitely wise,  
 And those he cannot comprehend, denies;  
 As if a space immense were measurable by a span  
     Thus the proud sceptic will not own  
     That providence the world directs,  
     Or its affairs inspects;  
     But leaves it to itself alone.  
 How does it with almighty grandeur suit,  
 To be concern'd with our impertinence;  
 Or interpose his power for the defence  
 Of a poor mortal, or a senseless brute?  
 Villains could never so successful prove,  
 And unmolested in those pleasures live,  
     Which honour, ease, and affluence give;  
 While such as Heaven adore, and virtue love,  
 And most the care of Providence deserve,  
 Oppress'd with pain and ignominy starve.  
 What reason can the wisest show,  
 Why murder does unpunish'd go,

If the Most High, that's just and good,  
Intends and governs all below, [blood?  
And yet regards not the loud cries of guiltless  
But shall we things unsearchable deny,  
Because our reason cannot tell us why  
They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?  
'Tis equally above the reach of thought,  
To comprehend how matter should be brought  
From nothing, as existent be

From all eternity :

And yet that matter is, we feel and see :

Nor is it easier to define

What ligatures the soul and body join ;

Or how the memory does the' impression take  
Of things, and to the mind restores them back.

Did not the' Almighty, with immediate care,  
Direct and govern this capacious all,

How soon would things into confusion fall !

Earthquakes the trembling ground would tear,

And blazing comets rule the troubled air ;

Wide inundations, with resistless force,

The lower provinces o'erflow.

In spite of all that human strength could do

To stop the raging sea's impetuous course :

Murder and rapine every place would fill,

And sinking virtue stoop to prosperous ill :

Devouring pestilence rave,

And all that part of nature which has breath

Deliver to the tyranny of death,

And hurry to the dungeons of the grave,

If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.

Let the brave soldier speak, who oft has been

In dreadful sieges, and fierce battles seen,

How he's preserv'd, when bombs and bullets fly  
So thick, that scarce one inch of air is free ;

And though he does ten thousand see  
Fall at his feet, and in a moment die,  
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the victory.

Let the poor shipwreck'd sailor show,  
To what invisible protecting power  
He did his life and safety owe,  
When the loud storm his well-built vessel tore,  
And a half-shatter'd plank convey'd him to the  
shore.

Nay let the' ungrateful sceptic tell us how  
His tender infancy protection found,  
And helpless childhood was with safety crown'd,  
If he'll no Providence allow ;

When he had nothing but his nurse's arms  
To guard him from innumerable fatal harms :  
From childhood how to youth he ran  
Securely, and from thence to man ;  
How in the strength and vigour of his years,  
The feeble bark of life he saves,  
Amidst the fury of tempestuous waves,  
From all the dangers he foresees or fears ;  
Yet every hour 'twixt Scylla and Charybdis steers,  
If Providence, which can the seas command,  
Held not the rudder with a steady hand.

#### OMNIPRESENCE.

'Tis happy for the sons of men, that he,  
Who all existence out of nothing made,  
Supports his creatures by immediate aid ;  
But then this all-intending Deity  
Must Omnipresent be ;

For how shall we by demonstration show  
The Godhead is this moment here,  
If he's not present every where.

And always so?

What's not perceptible by sense, may be  
Ten thousand miles remote from me,  
Unless his nature is from limitation free.

In vain we for protection pray;  
For benefits receiv'd high altars raise,  
And offer up our hymns and praise;  
In vain his anger dread, or laws obey.

An absent god from ruin can defend  
No more, than can an absent friend;  
No more is capable to know

How gratefully we make returns,  
When the loud music sounds, or victim burns,  
Than a poor Indian slave of Mexico.

If so, 'tis equally in vain

The prosperous sings, and wretched mourns;  
He cannot hear the praise, or mitigate the pain.

But by what Being is confin'd

The Godhead we adore?

He must have equal or superior power.

If equal only, they each other bind,

So neither's God, if we define him right,  
For neither's infinite.

But if the other have superior might,  
Then he, we worship, can't pretend to be

Omnipotent, and free

From all restraint, and so no Deity.

If God is limited in space, his view,

His knowledge, power, and wisdom, is so too;

Unless we'll own that these perfections are  
 At all times present every where,  
 Yet he himself not actually there; [brings,  
 Which to suppose, that strange conclusion  
 His essence and his attributes are different things.

## IMMUTABILITY.

As the supreme, omniscient mind  
 Is by no boundaries confin'd;  
 So reason must acknowledge him to be  
 From possible mutation free:  
 For what He is, He was from all eternity.  
 Change, whether the effect of force or will,  
 Must argue imperfection still.  
 But imperfection in a Deity,  
 That's absolutely perfect, cannot be:  
 Who can compel, without his own consent,  
 A God to change, that is omnipotent?  
 And every alteration without force,  
 Is for the better or the worse.  
 He that is infinitely wise,  
 To alter for the worse will never choose,  
 That a depravity of nature shows:  
 And he, in whom all true perfection lies,  
 Cannot by change to greater excellencies rise.  
 If God be mutable, which way, or how,  
 Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now.  
 Which did a thousand years ago?  
 And 'tis impossible to know,  
 What He forbids, or what He will allow.  
 Murder, enchantment, lust, and perjury,  
 Did in the foremost rank of vices stand  
 Prohibited by an express command:  
 But whether such they still remain to be,



No argument will positively prove,  
 Without immediate notice from above :  
 If the Almighty Legislator can  
 Be chang'd, like his inconstant subject, man,  
 Uncertain thus what to perform or shun,  
 We all intolerable hazards run,  
 When an eternal stake is to be lost or won.

## JUSTICE.

Rejoice, ye sons of piety, and sing  
 Loud hallelujahs to his glorious name,  
 Who was, and will for ever be the same :  
 Your grateful incense to his temples bring,  
 That from the smoking altars may arise  
 Clouds of perfume to the imperial skies.  
 His promises stand firm to you,  
 And endless joys will be bestow'd,  
 As sure as that there is a God, [pursue.  
 On all who virtue choose, and righteous paths  
 Nor should we more his menaces distrust,  
 For while he is a deity he must  
 (As infinitely good) be infinitely just.  
 But does it with a gracious Godhead suit,  
 Whose mercy is his darling attribute,  
 To punish crimes that temporary be,  
 And those but trivial offences too,  
 Mere slips of human nature, small and few,  
 With everlasting misery ?  
 This shocks the mind with deep reflections  
 fraught,  
 And reason bends beneath the pondrous thought :  
 Crimes take their estimate from guilt, and grow  
 More heinous still, the more they do incense  
 That God to whom all creatures owe

Profoundest reverence :

Though as to that degree they raise  
The anger of the merciful Most High,  
We have no standard to discern it by,  
But the infliction He on the offender lays.  
So that if endless punishment on all  
Our unrepented sins must fall,  
None, not the least, can be accounted small.  
That God is in perfection just, must be  
Allow'd by all that own a Deity :  
If so, from equity he cannot swerve,  
Nor punish sinners more than they deserve.  
His will reveal'd, is both express and clear :

‘ Ye cursed of my Father, go  
To everlasting woe !’

If everlasting means eternal here,  
Duration absolutely without end ;  
Against which sense some zealously contend,  
That when applied to pains, it only means,  
They shall ten thousand ages last ;  
Ten thousand more, perhaps, when they are past ;  
But not eternal in a literal sense :  
Yet own the pleasures of the just remain  
So long as there's a God exists to reign.  
Though none can give a solid reason, why  
The word eternity,  
To heaven and hell indifferent join'd,  
Should carry senses of a different kind ;  
And 'tis a sad experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

But if there be one attribute divine  
With greater lustre than the rest can shine,

'Tis goodness which we every moment see  
The Godhead exercise with such delight :

It seems, it only seems to be  
The best-belov'd perfection of the Deity,  
And more than infinite.

Without that, he could never prove  
The proper objects of our praise or love.  
Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd  
To hear the wretched in affliction cry,  
Or see the guiltless for the guilty die,  
Than Nero, when the flaming city burn'd,  
And weeping Romans o'er its ruins mourn'd.

Eternal justice then would be  
But everlasting cruelty ;  
Power unrestrain'd, almighty violence  
And wisdom unconfined, but craft immense.  
'Tis goodness constitutes him that he is ;  
And those

Who will deny him this,  
A God without a Deity suppose.  
When the lowd atheist blasphemously swears,  
By his tremendous name,

There is no God, but all's a sham ;  
Insidious tattling, praise and prayers ;  
Virtue, pretence ; and all the sacred rules  
Religion teaches, tricks to cull the fools :

Justice would strike the' audacious villain }  
dead ; }  
But Mercy, boundless, saves his guilty head, }  
Gives him protection, and allows him bread. }  
Does not the sinner, whom no danger awes,  
Without restraint, his infamy pursue,  
Rejoice and glory in it too ;  
Laugh at the Power Divine, and ridicule his laws ;

Labour in vice his rivals to excel,  
 That, when he's dead, they may their pupils tell }  
 How wittily the fool was damn'd, how hard he fell? }  
 Yet this vile wretch in safety lives,  
 Blessings in common with the best receives;  
 Though he is proud to' affront the God those bless-  
     ings gives.  
 The cheerful sun his influence sheds on all,  
     Has no respect to good or ill;  
 And fruitful showers without distinction fall,  
 Which fields with corn, with grass the pastures fill.  
 The bounteous hand of Heaven bestows  
 Success and honour many times on those }  
 Who scorn his favourites, and caress his foes. }

To this good God, whom my adventurous pen  
     Has dar'd to celebrate  
     In lofty Pindar's strain;  
 Though with unequal strength to bear the weight  
 Of such a pondrous theme, so infinitely great:  
 To this good God, celestial spirits pay,  
 With ecstasy divine, incessant praise;  
 While on the glories of his face they gaze,  
 In the bright regions of eternal day.  
 To him each rational existence here,  
 Whose breast one spark of gratitude contains,  
 In whom there are the least remains -  
     Of piety or fear,  
 His tribute brings of joyful sacrifice,  
 For pardon prays, and for protection flies:  
 Nay, the inanimate creation give,  
     By prompt obedience to his word,  
     Instinctive honour to their lord,  
 And shame the thinking world, who in rebellion live.

With heaven and earth then, O my soul! unite;  
And the great God of both adore and bless,  
Who gives thee competence, content, and peace,  
The only fountains of sincere delight:  
That from the transitory joys below,  
Thou by a happy exit may'st remove  
    To those ineffable above;  
Which from the vision of the Godhead flow,  
And neither end, decrease, nor interruption know.

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### ELEAZER'S LAMENTATION

OVER JERUSALEM.

*Paraphrased out of Josephus.*

ALAS, Jerusalem! alas! where's now  
    Thy pristine glory, thy unmatched renown,  
To which the heathen monarchies did bow?  
    Ah, hapless, miserable town!  
Where's all thy majesty, thy beauty gone,  
Thou once most noble, celebrated place,  
The joy and the delight of all the earth;  
    Who gav'st to godlike princes birth,  
And bred up heroes, an immortal race?  
Where's now the vast magnificence, which made  
    The souls of foreigners adore  
    Thy wondrous brightness, which no more  
Shall shine, but lie in an eternal shade?  
Oh, misery! where's all her mighty state,  
    Her splendid train of numerous kings,  
Her noble edifices, noble things,  
Which made her seem so eminently great,

That barbarous princes in her gates appear'd,  
 And wealthy presents, as their tribute, brought,  
 To court her friendship? for her strength they fear'd,  
 And all her wide protection sought.

But now, ah! now they laugh and cry,  
 See how her lofty buildings lie!  
 See how her flaming turrets gild the sky!

Where's all the young, the valiant, and the gay,  
 That on her festivals were us'd to play  
 Harmonious tunes, and beautify the day?

The glittering troops, which did from far  
 Bring home the trophies and the spoils of war,  
 Whom all the nations round with terror view'd,

Nor durst their godlike valour try?  
 Where'er they fought, they certainly subdued,  
 And every combat gain'd a victory.

Ah! where's the house of the Eternal King:  
 The beauteous temple of the Lord of Hosts,  
 To whose large treasures our fleet did bring  
 The gold and jewels of remotest coasts?  
 There had the infinite Creator plac'd

His terrible, amazing name,  
 And with his more peculiar presence grac'd  
 The heavenly sanctum, where no mortal came,  
 The high-priest only; he but once a-year  
 In that divine apartment might appear:  
 So full of glory, and so sacred then,  
 But now corrupted with the heaps of slain, [fane.  
 Which, scatter'd round with blood, defile the mighty

Alas, Jcrusalem! each spacious street

Was once so fill'd, the numerous throng  
 Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,

And thousands did with thousands meet ;  
The darling then of God, and man's belov'd retreat.  
In thee was the bright throne of justice fix'd,  
Justice impartial, and vain fraud unmix'd !  
She scorn'd the beauties of fallacious gold,  
Despising the most wealthy bribes ;  
But did the sacred balance hold  
With godlike faith to all our happy tribes.  
Thy well-built streets, and every noble square,  
Were once with polish'd marble laid,  
And all his lofty bulwarks made  
With wondrous labour, and with artful care.  
They pondrous gates, surprising to behold,  
Were cover'd o'er with solid gold ;  
Whose splendour did so glorious appear,  
It ravish'd and amaz'd the eye ;  
And strangers passing, to themselves would cry, }  
'How thick the bars of massy silver lie !  
What mighty heaps of wealth are here !  
O happy people ! and still happy be,  
Celestial city, from destruction free,  
May'st thou enjoy a long, entire prosperity.'

But now, oh wretched, wretched place !  
Thy streets and palaces are spread  
With heaps of carcasses, and mountains of the dead,  
The bleeding relics of the Jewish race !  
Each corner of the town, nor vacant space,  
But is with breathless bodies fill'd,  
Some by the sword, and some by famine, kill'd,  
Natives and strangers are together laid :  
Death's arrows all at random flew  
Amongst the crowd, and no distinction made,  
But both the coward and the valiant slew.

All in one dismal ruin join'd,  
(For swords and pestilence are blind)  
The fair, the good, the brave, no mercy find:  
Those that from far, with joyful haste,  
Came to attend thy festival,  
Of the same bitter poison taste,  
And by the black, destructive poison fall;  
For the avenging sentence pass'd on all,  
Oh! see how the delight of human eyes  
In horrid desolation lies!  
See how the burning ruins flame!  
Nothing now left, but a sad, empty name!  
And the triumphant victor cries,  
'This was the fam'd Jerusalem!'

The most obdurate creature must  
Be griev'd to see thy palaces in dust,  
Those ancient habitations of the just:  
And could the marble rocks but know  
The miseries of thy fatal overthrow,  
They'd strive to find some secret way unknown,  
Maugre the senseless nature of the stone,  
Their pity and concern to show;  
For now, where lofty buildings stood,  
Thy sons' corrupted carcasses are laid:  
And all by this destruction made  
One common Golgotha, one field of blood!  
See how those ancient men, who rul'd thy state,  
And made thee happy, made thee great;  
Who sat upon the awful chair  
Of mighty Moses, in long scarlet clad,  
The good to cherish, and chastise the bad,  
Now sit in the corrupted air,  
In silent melancholy, and in sad despair.



See how their murder'd children round them lie !

Alh, dismal scene ! hark how they cry—

' Woe ! woe ! one beam of mercy give,

Good Heaven ! alas, for we would live !

Be pitiful, and suffer us to die !'

Thus they lament, thus beg for ease ;

While in their feeble, aged arms they hold

The bodies of their offspring, stiff and cold,

To guard them from the ravenous savages :

Till their increasing sorrows death persuade

(For death must sure with pity see

The horrid desolation he has made)

To put a period to their misery.

Thy wretched daughters that survive,

Are by the heathen kept alive,

Only to gratify their lust,

And then be mix'd with common dust.

Oh ! insupportable, stupendous woe !

What shall we do ? ah ! whither shall we go ?

Down to the grave, down to those happy shades  
below,

Where all our brave progenitors are bless'd

With endless triumph and eternal rest.

But who, without a flood of tears, can see

Thy mournful, sad catastrophe ?

Who can behold thy glorious temple lie

In ashes, and not be in pain to die ?

Unhappy, dear Jerusalem ! thy woes

Have rais'd my griefs to such a vast excess,

Their mighty weight no mortal knows,

Thought cannot comprehend, or words express,

Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.

Good Heaven had been extremely kind,

If it had struck me dead, or struck me blind,

Before this cursed time, this worst of days.  
Is death quite tir'd? are all his arrows spent?  
If not, why then so many dull delays?  
Quick, quick, let the obliging dart be sent!  
Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,  
Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive: that I  
    May, happily, be sure to die.  
Yet still we live, live in excess of pain!  
    Our friends and relatives are slain!  
    Nothing but ruins round us see,  
Nothing but desolation, woe, and misery!  
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding hearts, complain,  
    Our enemies without, prepare  
Their direful engines to pursue the war;  
And you must slavishly preserve your breath,  
Or seek for freedom in the arms of death.

Thus then resolve; nor tremble at the thought:  
    Can glory be too dearly bought?  
Since the Almighty wisdom has decreed,  
That we, and all our progeny, should bleed,  
It shall be after such a noble way,  
Succeeding ages will with wonder view  
    What brave despair compell'd us to!  
No, we will ne'er survive another day!  
    Bring then your wives, your children, all  
That's valuable, good, or dear,  
    With ready hands, and place them here;  
They shall unite in one vast funeral.  
I know your courages are truly brave,  
    And dare do any thing but ill:  
    Who would an aged father save,  
That he may live in chains and be a slave,  
Or for remorseless enemies to kill?

Let your bold hands then give the fatal blow :  
 For, what at any other time would be  
 The dire effect of rage and cruelty,  
 Is mercy, tenderness, and pity, now !  
 This then perform'd, we'll to the battle fly,  
 And there, amidst our slaughter'd foes, expire.  
 If 'tis revenge and glory you desire,  
 Now you may have them, if you dare but die !  
 Nay, more, ev'n freedom and eternity !

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*A PROSPECT OF DEATH.*

A PINDARIC ESSAY.

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———Sed omnes una manet nox  
 Et calcanda semel via lethi.

HORACE.

---

SINCE we can die but once, and after death  
 Our state no alteration knows ;  
 But, when we have resign'd our breath,  
 The' immortal spirit goes  
 To endless joys, or everlasting woes :  
 Wise is the man who labours to secure  
 That mighty and important stake :  
 And, by all methods, strives to make  
 His passage safe, and his reception sure.  
 Merely to die, no man of reason fears ;  
 For certainly we must,  
 As we are born, return to dust :  
 'Tis the last point of many lingering years :

But whither then we go,  
Whither, we fain would know;  
But human understanding cannot show.  
This makes us tremble, and creates  
Strange apprehensions in the mind;  
Fills it with restless doubts, and wild debates,  
Concerning what we, living, cannot find,  
None know what death is, but the dead;  
Therefore we all, by nature, dying dread,  
As a strange, doubtful way, we know not how  
to tread.

When to the margin of the grave we come,  
And scarce have one black, painful hour, to live;  
No hopes, no prospect, of a kind reprieve  
To stop our speedy passage to the tomb:  
How moving, and how mournful, is the sight!  
How wondrous pitiful, how wondrous sad?  
Where then is refuge, where is comfort, to be had  
In the dark minutes of the dreadful night,  
To cheer our drooping souls for their amazing flight?  
Feeble and languishing in bed we lie,  
Despairing to recover, void of rest;  
Wishing for death, and yet afraid to die:  
Terrors and doubts distract our breast,  
With mighty agonies and mighty pains oppress'd.

Our face is moisten'd with a clammy sweat!  
Faint and irregular the pulses beat;  
The blood unactive grows,  
And thickens as it flows,  
Depriv'd of all its vigour, all its vital heat.  
Our dying eyes roll heavily about,  
Their light just going out;

And for some kind assistance call :  
But pity, useless pity's all  
Our weeping friends can give,  
Or we receive ;  
Though their desires are great, their powers are  
small,  
'The tongue's unable to declare  
The pains and griefs, the miseries we bear ;  
How insupportable our torments are.  
Music no more delights our deafening ears,  
Restores our joys, or dissipates our fears ;  
But all is melancholy, all is sad,  
In robes of deepest mourning clad ;  
For every faculty, and every sense,  
Partakes the woe of this dire exigence.

Then we are sensible too late,  
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great ;  
For all the fulsome pride and pageantry of state  
No consolation brings :  
Riches and honours then are useless things,  
Tasteless, or bitter, all ;  
And, like the book which the apostle eat,  
To the ill-judging palate sweet,  
But turn at last to nauseousness and gall.  
Nothing will then our drooping spirits cheer,  
But the remembrance of good actions pass'd :  
Virtue's a joy that will for ever last,  
And makes pale Death less terrible appear ;  
Takes out his baneful sting, and palliates our fear.  
In the dark anti-chamber of the grave  
What would we give (ev'n all we have,  
All that our care and industry have gain'd,  
All that our policy, our fraud, our art, obtain'd)

Could we reeal those fatal hours again,  
 Which we eonsum'd in senseless vanities,  
 Ambitious follies, or luxurious ease !  
 For then they urge our terrors, and inerease our  
 pain.

Our friends and relatives stand weeping by,  
 Dissolv'd in tears, to see us die, }  
 And plunge into the deep abyss of wide eternity. }  
 In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve :  
 Their sorrows cannot ours relieve.  
 They pity our deplorable estate :  
 But what, alas ! ean pity do  
 To soften the deerees of fate ?  
 Besides, the sentenee is irrevocable too.  
 All their endeavours to preserve our breath,  
 Though they do unsuecessful prove,  
 Show us how much, how tenderly, they love,  
 But eannot eut off the entail of death.  
 Mournful they look, and erowd about our bed :  
 One, with officious haste,  
 Brings us a cordial we want sense to taste ;  
 Another softly raises up our head ;  
 This wipes away the sweat ; that, sighing cries—  
 ‘ See what eonvulsions, what strong agonies,  
 Both soul and body undergo !’  
 His pains no intermission know ;  
 For every gasp of air he draws, returns in sighs.  
 Eaeh would his kind assistanee lend, }  
 To save his dear relation, or his dearer friend ; }  
 But still in vain with destiny they all contend. }  
 Our father, pale with grief and watehing grown,  
 Takes our eold hand in his, and eries, ‘ Adieu !  
 Adieu, my ehild ! now I must follow you :’  
 Then weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our sons, who, in their tender years,  
 Were objects of our cares, and of our fears,  
 Come trembling to our bed, and, kneeling, cry,  
 ‘ Bless us, O father ! now before you die ;  
 Bless us, and be you bless’d to all eternity.’ }  
 Our friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,  
 Compassionate and kind,  
 Cries, ‘ Will you leave me here behind ?  
 Without me fly to the bless’d seats above ?  
 Without me, did I say ? Ah, no !  
 Without thy friend thou canst not go : }  
 For, though thou leav’st me groveling here below, }  
 My soul with thee shall upward fly, }  
 And bear thy spirit company, }  
 Through the bright passage of the yielding sky. }  
 Even death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be  
 Incapable to separate  
 (For ’tis not in the power of fate)  
 My friend, my best, my dearest friend, and me :  
 But, since it must be so, farewell ;  
 For ever ? No ; for we shall meet again,  
 And live like gods, though now we die like men,  
 In the eternal regions, where just spirits dwell.’  
 The soul, unable longer to maintain  
 The fruitless and unequal strife,  
 Finding her weak endeavours vain,  
 To keep the counterscarp of life,  
 By slow degrees, retires towards the heart,  
 And fortifies that little fort  
 With all its kind artilleries of art ;  
 Botanic legions guarding every port.  
 But death, whose arms no mortal can repel,  
 A formal siege disdains to lay ;  
 Summons his fierce battalions to the fray,  
 And in a minute storms the feeble citadel.

Sometimes we may capitulate, and he  
 Pretends to make a solid peace;  
 But 'tis all sham, all artifice,  
 That we may negligent and careless be:  
 For, if his armies are withdrawn to-day,  
 And we believe no danger near,  
 But all is peaceable, and all is clear;  
 His troops return some unsuspected way;  
 While in the soft embrace of sleep we lie,  
 The secret murderers stab us, and we die.

Since our first parents' fall,  
 Inevitable death descends on all;  
 A portion none of human race can miss:  
 But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is }  
 The fears of misery, or certain hopes of bliss.  
 For, when the' impenitent and wicked die,  
 Loaded with crimes and infamy;  
 If any sense at that sad time remains,  
 They feel amazing terrors, mighty pains;  
 The earnest of that vast, stupendous woe,  
 Which they to all eternity must undergo,  
 Confin'd in hell with everlasting chains.

Infernal spirits hover in the air,  
 Like ravenous wolves, to seize upon the prey,  
 And hurry the departed souls away  
 To the dark receptacles of despair:  
 Where they must dwell till that tremendous day,  
 When the loud trump shall call them to appear  
 Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe;  
 By whose just sentence they must go  
 To everlasting pains, and endless woe.

But the good man, whose soul is pure,  
 Unspotted, regular, and free



From all the ugly stains of lust and villainy,  
 Of mercy and of pardon sure,  
 Looks through the darkness of the gloomy night:  
 And sees the dawning of a glorious day;  
 Sees crowds of angels ready to convey

His soul whene'er she takes her flight  
 To the surprising mansions of immortal light.  
 Then the celestial guards around him stand;  
 Nor suffer the black demons of the air  
 To' oppose his passage to the promis'd land,  
 Or terrify his thoughts with wild despair;  
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.  
 His prayers, his charity, his virtues, press  
 To plead for mercy when he wants it most;  
 Not one of all the happy number's lost:  
 And those bright advocates ne'er want success.  
 But when the soul's releas'd from dull mortality,  
 She passes up in triumph through the sky;  
 Where she's united to a glorious throng  
 Of angels; who, with a celestial song,  
 Congratulate her conquest as she flies along.

If, therefore, all must quit the stage,  
 When, or how soon, we cannot know;  
 But, late or early, we are sure to go;  
 In the fresh bloom of youth, or wither'd age.  
 We cannot take too sedulous a care,  
 In this important, grand affair:

For as we die, we must remain:  
 Hereafter all our hopes are vain, [again. }  
 To make our peace with Heaven, or to return }  
 The heathen, who no better understood  
 Than what the light of nature taught, declar'd  
 No future misery could be prepar'd  
 For the sincere, the merciful, the good;

But, if there was a state of rest,  
 They should with the same happiness be bless'd  
 As the immortal gods (if gods there were) possess'd.

We have the promise of the' eternal truth,  
 Those who live well, and pious paths pursue,  
 To man, and to their Maker, true,  
 Let them expire in age, or youth,  
 Can never miss

Their way to everlasting bliss:  
 But from a world of misery and care  
 To mansions of eternal ease repair;  
 Where joy in full perfection flows,  
 And in an endless circle moves,  
 Through the vast round of beatific love,  
 Which no cessation knows.

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ON THE  
*GENERAL CONFLAGRATION;*  
 AND ENSUING JUDGMENT.

*A Pindaric Essay.*

---

Esse quicque in fati reminiscitur, affore tempus;  
 Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli  
 Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laborat.

OID MET.

---

Now the black days of universal doom,  
 Which wond'rous prophecies foretold, are come:  
 What strong convulsions, what stupendous woe,  
 Must sinking Nature undergo;  
 Amidst the dreadful wreck, and final overthrow!

Methinks I hear her, conscious of her fate,  
With fearful groans, and hideous cries,  
Fill the presaging skies :  
Unable to support the weight  
Or of the present, or approaching miseries.  
Methinks I hear her summon all  
Her guilty offspring raving with despair,  
And trembling, cry aloud, ' Prepare,  
Ye sublunary powers, to' attend my funeral !'

See, see the tragical portents,  
Those dismal harbingers of dire events !  
Loud thunders roar, and darting lightnings fly  
Through the dark concave of the troubled sky ;  
The fiery ravage is begun, the end is nigh.  
See how the glaring meteors blaze !  
Like baleful torches, O they come,  
To light dissolving Nature to her tomb !  
And, scattering round their pestilential rays,  
Strike the affrighted nations with a wild amaze.  
Vast sheets of flame, and globes of fire,  
By an impetuous wind are driven  
Through all the regions of the' inferior heaven ;  
Till, hid in sulphurous smoke, they seemingly expire.

Sad and amazing 'tis to see  
What mad confusion rages over all  
This scorching ball !  
No country is exempt, no nation free,  
But each partakes the epidemic misery.  
What dismal havoc of mankind is made  
By wars, and pestilence, and dearth,  
Through the whole mournful earth ?  
Which with a murdering fury they invade,  
Forsook by Providence, and all propitious aid !

Whilst fiends let loose, their utmost rage employ,  
To ruin all things here below;  
Their malice and revenge no limits know,  
But, in the universal tumult, all destroy.

Distracted mortals from their cities fly  
For safety to their champaign ground:  
But there no safety can be found;  
The vengeance of an angry Deity,  
With unrelenting fury, does inclose them round:  
And whilst for mercy some aloud implore  
The God they ridicul'd before:  
And others, raving with their woe,  
(For hunger, thirst, despair, they undergo) [adore:  
Blaspheme and curse the Power they should  
The earth, parch'd up with drought, her jaws ex-  
And, opening wide a dreadful tomb, [tends;  
The howling multitude at once descends  
Together all into her burning womb.

The trembling Alps abscond their aged heads  
In mighty pillars of infernal smoke,  
Which from their bellowing caverns broke,  
And suffocates whole nations where it spreads.  
Sometimes the fire within divides  
The massy rivers of those secret chains,  
Which hold together those prodigious sides,  
And hurls the shatter'd rocks o'er all the plains:  
While towns and cities, every thing below,  
Is overwhelm'd with the same burst of woe.

No showers descend from the malignant sky,  
To cool the burning of the thirsty field;  
The trees no leaves, no grass the meadows yield,  
But all is barren, all is dry.

The little rivulets no more  
To larger streams their tributes pay,  
Nor to the ebbing ocean they ;  
Which, with a strange unusual roar,  
Forsakes those ancient bounds it would have pass'd  
before :

And to the monstrous deep in vain retires ;  
For ev'n the deep itself is not secure,  
But belching subterraneous fires,  
Increases still the scalding calenture,  
Which neither earth, nor air, nor water, can endure.

The sun, by sympathy, concern'd  
At those convulsions, pangs, and agonies,  
Which on the whole creation seize,  
Is to substantial darkness turn'd.  
The neighbouring moon, as if a purple flood  
O'erflow'd her tottering orb, appears  
Like a huge mass of black corrupted blood ;  
For she herself a dissolution fears.  
The larger planets, which once shone so bright  
With the reflected rays of borrow'd light,  
Shook from their centre, without motion lie,  
Unwieldy globes of solid night,  
And ruinous lumber of the sky.  
Amidst this dreadful hurricane of woes,  
(For fire, confusion, horror, and despair,  
Fill every region of the tortur'd earth and air)  
The great archangel his loud trumpet blows ;  
At whose amazing sound fresh agonies  
Upon expiring Nature seize :  
For now she'll in few minutes know  
The ultimate event and fate of all below.

‘Awake, ye dead, awake! (he cries)  
(For all must come)

All that had human breath, arise,  
To hear your last, unalterable doom!’

At this the ghastly tyrant, who had sway’d  
So many thousand ages uncontroll’d,  
No longer could his sceptre hold;  
But gave up all, and was himself a captive made.  
The scatter’d particles of human clay,  
Which in the silent grave’s dark chambers lay,  
Resume their pristine forms again,  
And now from mortal, grow immortal men.  
Stupendous energy of sacred Power,  
Which can collect, wherever east,  
The smallest atoms, and that shape restore  
Which they had worn so many years before,  
Though through strange accidents and numerous  
changes past!

See how the joyful angels fly  
From every quarter of the sky,  
To gather and to convoy all  
The pious sons of human race  
To one capacious place,  
Above the confines of this flaming ball.  
See with what tenderness and love they bear  
Those righteous souls through the tumultuous air;  
Whilst the ungodly stand below,  
Raging with shame, confusion, and despair,  
Amidst the burning overthrow,  
Expecting fiercer torment, and acuter woe.  
Round them infernal spirits howling fly:  
‘O horror, curses, tortures, chains!’ they cry,  
And roar aloud with execrable blasphemy.

Hark how the darling sons of infamy,  
 Who once dissolv'd in pleasures lay,  
 And laugh'd at this tremendous day,  
 To rocks and mountains now to hide them cry;  
 But rocks and mountains all in ashes lie.  
 Their shame's so mighty, and so strong their fear,  
 That rather than appear  
 Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd  
 Amongst the burning ruins of the world,  
 And lie conceal'd, if possible, for ever there.  
 Time was they would not own a Deity,  
 Nor after death a future state;  
 But now, by sad experience, find, too late,  
 There is, and terrible to that degree,  
 That rather than behold his face, they'd cease to be.  
 And sure 'tis better, if Heaven would give consent,  
 To have no being; but they must remain,  
 For ever, and for ever be in pain.  
 O inexpressible, stupendous punishment,  
 Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwent!

But now, the eastern skies expanding wide,  
 The glorious Judge omnipotent descends,  
 And to the sublunary world his passage bends;  
 Where, cloth'd with human nature, he did once  
 reside.

Round him the bright ethereal armies fly,  
 And loud triumphant hallelujahs sing,  
 With songs of praise, and hymns of victory,  
 To their celestial king;

All glory, power, dominion, majesty,  
 Now, and for everlasting ages, be  
 To the Essential One, and Co-eternal three.

}

Perish that world, as 'tis decreed,  
Which saw the God incarnate bleed !  
Perish by thy almighty vengeance those  
Who durst thy person, or thy laws expose ;  
The cursed refuge of mankind, and hell's proud seed.  
Now to the unbelieving nations show  
Thou art a God from all eternity :  
Not titular, or but by office so ;  
And let them the mysterious union see  
Of human nature with the Deity.

With mighty transports, yet with awful fears,  
The good behold this glorious sight !  
Their God in all his majesty appears,  
Ineffable, amazing bright,  
And seated on a throne of everlasting light.  
Round the tribunal, next to the Most High,  
In sacred discipline and order, stand  
The peers and princes of the sky,  
As they excel in glory or command.  
Upon the right hand that illustrious crowd,  
In the white bosom of a shining cloud,  
Whose souls, abhorring all ignoble crimes,  
Did, with a steady course, pursue  
His holy precepts in the worst of times,  
Maugre what earth or hell, what man or devils  
could do ;  
And now that God they did to death adore,  
For whom such torments and such pains they  
bore,  
Returns to place them on those thrones above,  
Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess  
Divine, substantial happiness,  
Unbounded as his power, and lasting as his love.



'Go, bring (the Judge impartial, frowning, cries)  
 Those rebel sons, who did my laws despise;  
 Whom neither threats nor promises could move,  
 Not all my suffering, nor all my love,  
 To save themselves from everlasting miseries.'  
 At this ten millions of archangels flew  
 Swifter than lightning, or the swiftest thought,  
 And less than in an instant brought  
 The wretched, curs'd, infernal crew;  
 Who with distorted aspects come,  
 To hear their sad, intolerable doom.

'Alas! (they cry,) one beam of mercy show,  
 Thou all-forgiving Deity!  
 To pardon crimes is natural to thee:  
 Crush us to nothing, or suspend our woe:  
 But if it cannot, cannot be,  
 And we must go into a gulf of fire,  
 (For who can with Omnipotence contend?)  
 Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,  
 And all our tortures have an end.  
 Eternal burnings, O, we cannot bear!  
 Though now our bodies too immortal are,  
 Let them be pungent to the last degree:  
 And let our pains innumerable be;  
 But let them not extend to all eternity!'

}

Lo, now there does no place remain  
 For penitence and tears, but all  
 Must by their actions stand or fall:  
 To hope for pity is in vain;  
 The die is cast, and not to be recall'd again.  
 Two mighty books are by two angels brought:  
 In this, impartially recorded, stands  
 The law of nature, and divine commands:

In that, each action, word, and thought,  
Whate'er was said in secret, or in secret wrought.

Then first the virtuous and the good,  
Who all the fury of temptation stood,  
And bravely pass'd through ignominy, chains, and }  
blood,

Attended by their guardian angels come  
To the tremendous bar of final doom.  
In vain the grand accuser, railing, brings  
A long indictment of enormous things,  
Whose guilt, wip'd off by penitential tears,  
And their Redeemer's blood and agonies,  
No more to their astonishment appears,  
But in the secret womb of dark oblivion lies.

'Come, now, my friends, (he cries) ye sons of  
grace,  
Partakers once of all my wrongs and shame,  
Despis'd and hated for my name ;  
Come to your Saviour's and your God's embrace !  
Ascend, and those bright diadems possess.  
For you by my eternal Father made,  
Ere the foundation of the world was laid,  
And that surprising happiness,  
Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be  
less.

For when I languishing in prison lay,  
Naked, and starv'd almost for want of bread,  
You did your kindly visits pay,  
Both cloth'd my body, and my hunger fed.  
Wearied with sickness, or oppress'd with grief,  
Your hand was always ready to supply :  
Whene'er I wanted, you were always by,  
To share my sorrows, or to give relief.

In all distress, so tender was your love,  
 I could no anxious trouble bear :  
 No black misfortune, or vexatious care,  
 But you were still impatient to remove,  
 And mourn'd your charitable hand should unsuccessful prove :

All this you did, though not to me  
 In person, yet to mine in misery :  
 And shall for ever live  
 In all the glories that a God can give,  
 Or a created being's able to receive.'

At this the architects divine on high  
 Innumerable thrones of glory raise,  
 On which they, in appointed order, place  
 The human coheirs of eternity,  
 And with united hymns the God incarnate praise :

' O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Eternal God, Almighty One,  
 Be Thou for ever, and be Thou alone,  
 By all thy creatures, constantly ador'd !

Ineffable, co-equal Three,  
 Who from non-entity gave birth  
 To angels and to men, to heaven and to earth,  
 Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.

But for thy mercy, we had ne'er possess'd  
 These thrones, and this immense felicity ;  
 Could ne'er have been so infinitely bless'd !  
 Therefore, all Glory, Power, Dominion, Majesty,  
 To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,  
 For ever, longer than for ever, be !'

Then the incarnate Godhead turns his face  
 To those upon the left, and cries,  
 (Almighty vengeance flashing in his eyes)  
 ' Ye impious unbelieving race,

To those eternal torments go,  
Prepar'd for those rebellious sons of light,  
In burning darkness and in flaming night,  
Which shall no limit or cessation know,  
But always are extreme, and always will be so.<sup>3</sup>  
The final sentence past, a dreadful cloud  
Inclosing all the miserable crowd,  
A mighty hurricane of thunder rose,  
And hurl'd them all into a lake of fire,  
Which never, never, never can expire ;  
The vast abyss of endless woes :  
Whilst with their God the righteous mount on high,  
In glorious triumph passing through the sky,  
To joys immense, and everlasting ecstasy.







